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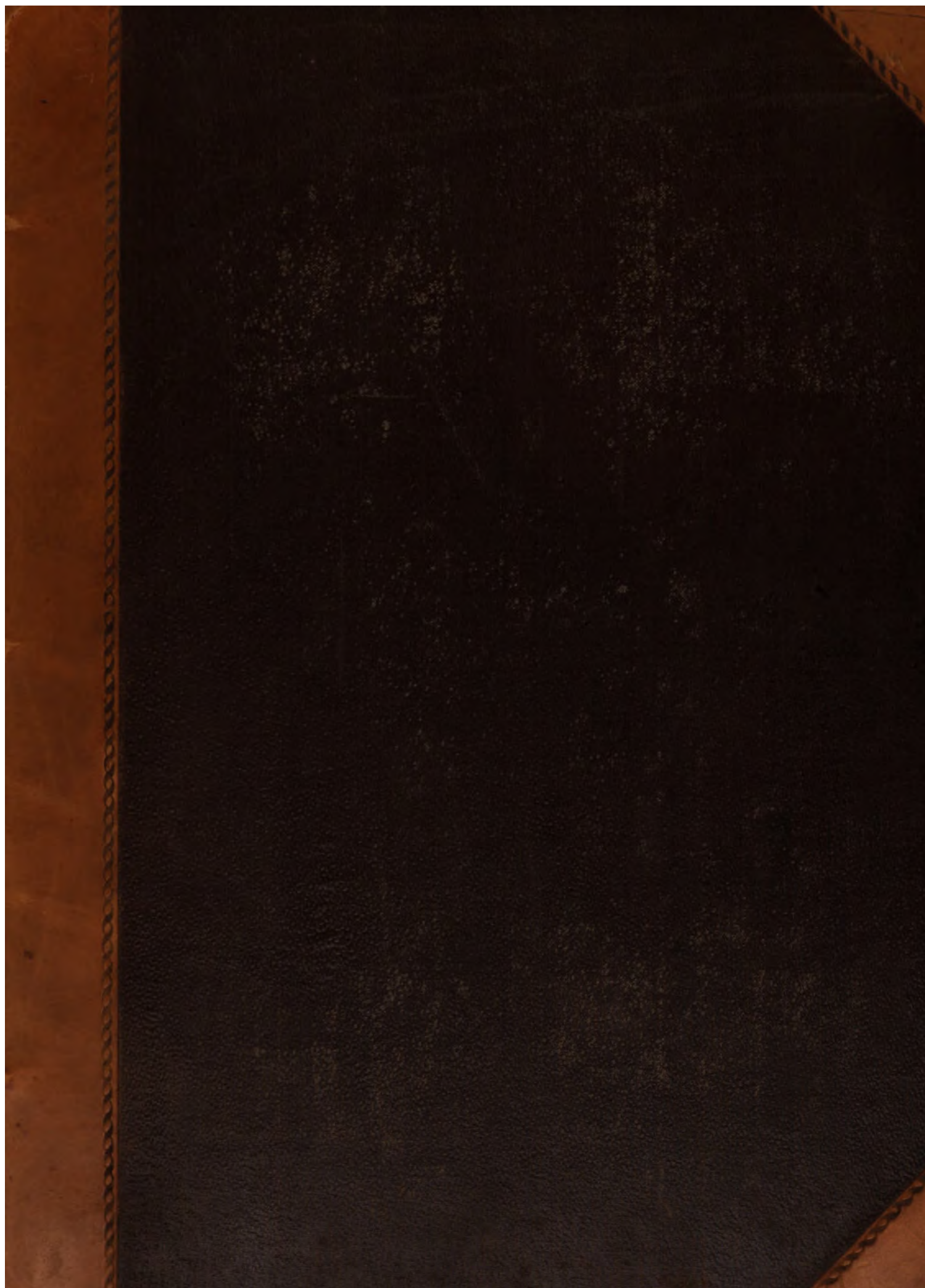
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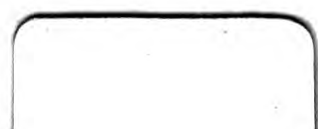
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London press

A. R. Payne sc

*The Chocolate Girl.*

London: Wm. & John G. Chapman, 15, Abchurch Lane.

PAYNE'S UNIVERSUM,  
OR  
PICTORIAL WORLD:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

*Engravings of Views in all Countries,*

PORTRAITS OF GREAT MEN, AND SPECIMENS OF WORKS OF ART, OF ALL  
AGES AND OF EVERY CHARACTER.

EDITED BY CHARLES EDWARDS.

VOL. II.

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LONDON:  
E. T. BRAIN AND CO., 88, FLEET STREET.



170 . 9:.. 106 .

JOSEPH PICKERP, PRINTER,  
SHERBOURNE LANE, KING WILLIAM STREET,  
CITY.



## P R E F A C E .

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THE close of the second volume of the Pictorial World calls for a renewal of thanks from the Publishers, to those numerous friends who have so kindly supported them in their endeavours to produce a Work of Art, not unworthy of admission into the drawing-room of the wealthy, although published at a price which brings it within the reach of those of humbler means. The numerous publications called into existence by the announcement and signal success of the *Universum*, were but so many indications that the want of a work of this kind, tending to diffuse a love of the beautiful through all classes of society, had been as generally felt, as its appearance was generously patronized. The Publishers trust, that they will not have been found wanting in their exertions to deserve the favour of the public : their efforts are unceasingly directed to the command of artistic resources in the different quarters of the globe to which, at the present moment, the expectations, the hopes, and the fears of mankind alternately tend. Independently of those nearer, and, comparatively speaking, more familiar scenes which, either from the beauties which nature has lavished upon them, with no sparing hand, or from the classical associations connected with them, have for ages been the goal of the European traveller, there is scarcely one of the great divisions of the earth which the varying circumstances of the times does not invest with a high and peculiar interest.

The vast empire which, for the last two thousand years, has guarded its frontiers with such jealous care against the contaminating influence of the barbarian eye, has now yielded to its destiny, and must undergo a considerable, although gradual, modification, from the overpowering influence of modern civilization. To the west of the Asiatic continent, the bravery and good fortune of the English arms have subdued the haughty spirits of the Punjaub, and added new realms to the wonderful fabric of our Eastern Empire. The bold mountaineers of the Caucasus still continue their heroic, and not unsuccessful efforts against the Leviathan of the north ; whilst the expeditions and razzias of our Gallic neighbours have failed to subdue the courage or conciliate the affections of the Arab tribes of Africa.

Meanwhile colonization advances across the ocean ; the once powerful realm of Mexico, which fell before the cruel valour of Spanish adventurers, is become a theme of daily conversation, from the contest into which it has been impelled by the restless activity of the great American Republic ; and even the shores of the Pacific, now barren, but of immense importance to future ages, attract our rational curiosity.

Distinguished travellers and able artists, with a liberality for which they beg leave to return their most grateful thanks, have placed the results of their researches at the disposal of the Publishers ; whilst the possessors of private galleries kindly enable them to reproduce the works of modern masters in addition to the well-known treasures of public collections. Thus supported, they trust that the forthcoming volume will prove that encouragement and experience of the past will but stimulate them to exertions for the future, and ensure a continuance of that patronage with which they have been so highly honoured.

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# THE PICTORIAL WORLD.

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## THE CHOCOLATE-GIRL.

THIS well-known picture in the Dresden Gallery, is one of the few which will contribute to ensure a lasting reputation to the painter, Liotard of Geneva, commonly called "the Turk," and is undoubtedly one of his happiest productions. The tone is light, and the various shades in the cap, the face, the kerchief, and the dress are in excellent keeping with the still and demure character of the figure. Had the picture been more highly laboured, it would have worn an air of pretension which might have called up opposition in the spectator; but so gently has the artist raised his simple subject, that no visitor passes it by without bestowing upon it some moments of agreeable contemplation, notwithstanding the great masterpieces that surround him on all sides.

In the conceptions of the Italian painters, worked out with all that instinctive feeling of beauty and grandeur which distinguish those wonderful men, we are apt to lose sight of the merits of the execution in the sublimity of moral feeling which they excite: in landscape-painting the diversity of nature, with silver stream and verdant mead, adds its soothing influence to the painter's art; and even in a more circumscribed scene, as in the beautiful picture of the Hermit, by Gerhard Dow; the difference between the deep religious fervour of the solitary, and the indicated glimpses of serene and smiling nature, brings the aid of moral contrast; but in such subjects as in the plate before us, with no adventitious aid from without, where the painter voluntarily imposes upon himself the shackles of conventional life, the question naturally forces itself upon the mind; whence arises this feeling of pleasure, which painting conveys in a degree so much superior to that which we derive from the subject itself in real life? We apprehend that a great part of the interest arises from the totality of the conception; it tells us in one simple figure the ideal history of a whole class. At first sight there may, indeed, seem to be little poetry in the subject; and truly, what there is, is but a moment, as it were, caught up in some daguerotyped idyllic representation of still life, in the midst of the noise and bustle,

and turmoil of the city. Let the male frequenters of the house form part of the picture, and however masterly be the representation of the painter, the interest inspired by the work is of a coarser nature, and divided, if not frittered away: in the painting before us, a part of woman's destiny is pleasingly and undividedly brought before the mind. Imagine a smart waiter, with his napkin under his arm, moving briskly about, as waiters move about in these quick and unromantic times, and we defy the best painter to give interest to the subject: although we are by habit reconciled to it in daily life, who is there that does not feel that there is something in it the very contrary to every thing that gives interest to art? But woman! it is her nature to minister to man, and whether she does it untiringly in the sick room, or in the grateful services of daily life, she spreads a charm round her by the quiet grace and good-humoured cheerfulness with which she discharges her allotted duties. Nor are our reflections on contemplating the figure before us disturbed by any necessary allusion to the darker shades that occasionally overshadow the valley of human life. Light and easy is her task; in a few short hours, the labours of the day, if they deserve so heavy a name, are over; it is a kind of holiday work: she can daily enjoy the innocent vanities of dress, so dear to woman's heart, and which the painter has happily given with the spotless cleanliness which doubtless characterized the original; for the few records that we have of this artist, hand down his memory to us as of one that was but little disposed to revel in the flights of fancy or imagination.

Liotard was born at Geneva in the year 1702. His father originally determined to bring him up as a merchant, but some friends of the family, perceiving the genius of the youth, prevailed upon him to allow his son to devote himself to the arts. He went to Paris, and seems soon to have attracted the attention of the nobility of several countries. In 1738 he accompanied the Marquiss de Puisieux, the French ambassador, to the court of Naples, as far as Rome. In this latter city, he enjoyed the patronage of the Earl of Sandwich, and of Lord Duncannon, afterwards Earl of Besborough, with whom Liotard went to Constantinople. His usual good fortune attended him, and Sir Everard Fawkener, the English ambassador at Constantinople, persuaded him to come to England. He was most probably a man of agreeable manners, or he could hardly have been so uniformly successful in his intercourse with the great. He remained in England two years, retaining the Oriental dress which he had adopted, and appearing in public with a long beard. It gave great effect to his portraits of himself; and if he wore it for this reason, he indulged his own vanity more than he did that of his customers, but he seems to have known the value of eccentricity. On returning to the continent he married a wife much younger than himself, who persuaded him to sacrifice his beard. He repeated his visit to England in 1772, and made a considerable profit by a sale of pictures by different masters, and by the extravagant prices which he demanded for some paint-





*St. Michael's.*

ings on glass by himself, with extraordinary effects of light and shade, although this was not produced by pure artistic means, as these effects could only be brought out by darkening the room in which they were exhibited. As a portrait painter, he was highly esteemed, and several crowned heads sat to him. He painted beautifully in miniature and in enamel; although he seldom practised this last branch of art. But it is by his works in crayons that he is most distinguished. The high rank of the persons who introduced him, procured him many sitters, but his customers gradually fell off in the second year, for "his likenesses were as exact as possible, and too like to please those who sat to him. Devoid of imagination, he could render nothing but what he saw before his eyes. Freckles, marks of the small-pox, everything found its place; not so much from fidelity as because he could not conceive the absence of anything that appeared to him. Truth prevailed in all his works, grace in very few, or none. Nor was there any ease in his outline, but the stiffness of a bust, in all his portraits." Such was the judgment of a cotemporary, severe and probably sarcastic, which at least will hardly be borne out by his picture of the Chocolate-Girl.

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## MERKENSTEIN.

AUSTRIA is rich in romantic ruins, and among these, Merkenstein is entitled to a distinguished place. It is situated to the south-west of Vienna, beyond Baden and Grossan, in a beautiful country; but its chief interest arises from its associations with the olden time. After passing through the forest which covers the ascent, the visitor enters the castle through a colossal gate, built in the rock, which gives imposing evidence of the former strength of the building, the greater part of which is still accessible. The chapel and the great cistern are in the best state of preservation, and the remains of the fortifications may still be traced beyond the road, and extending to the other side of the mountain.

The name of the family from whom the castle took its name, occurs as early as the twelfth century; but since the fourteenth, it has frequently changed masters, and has recently been given by the emperor to the Count of Münch-Bellinghausen. In the war between Austria, and Matthias Corvinus, John of Hohenberg, a partisan of the latter, defended it against the imperial troops, until he was relieved by King Matthias. In the terrible war between Austria and Turkey, in the year 1683, a brave soldier, whose name, unfortunately, history has not preserved, defended the castle with two hundred men for nearly a month, against fifteen thousand Turks,

until at length, his small force being reduced by famine and attacks to fifty-nine men, he found a heroic death in a sally against the enemy. The Turks vented their rage against the castle which had so long baffled their efforts, and the present desolate state of the building is a touching monument to the courage and patriotism of its nameless defenders.

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### MOSES GOING TO THE FAIR.

AMONG the many excellencies of Goldsmith's inimitable tale, not the least remarkable is the great variety of subjects, which, at the first reading, immediately suggest themselves to the mind of the painter as admirably adapted for pictorial representation. The situations are so happily chosen, the diction so truly natural, the combination of natural simplicity with arch yet gentle humour so unrivalled, that the artist has but to transfer the prose description to the canvas. It is no small test of perfection that numerous and excellent as are the illustrations to the *Vicar of Wakefield*, the weight of obligation is exclusively on the side of the artist. Few poets require so little the aid of the painter to enhance his beauties as Goldsmith; there is perhaps none who so richly repays the labour of love, which his charming work so temptingly invites. All classes, ranks, and ages do him homage, and their delight is renewed when their favourite scenes speak to them once more from the canvas. The scene before the reader, the homage of a foreigner to the genius of Goldsmith, is treated with a mastery that may compare with the best illustrations of the work, and the earnestness with which the whole family regard and admonish our good, though somewhat consequential, Moses, is but a foreshadowing of the chagrin that on his return overwhelms all, except the excellent and philosophical vicar.

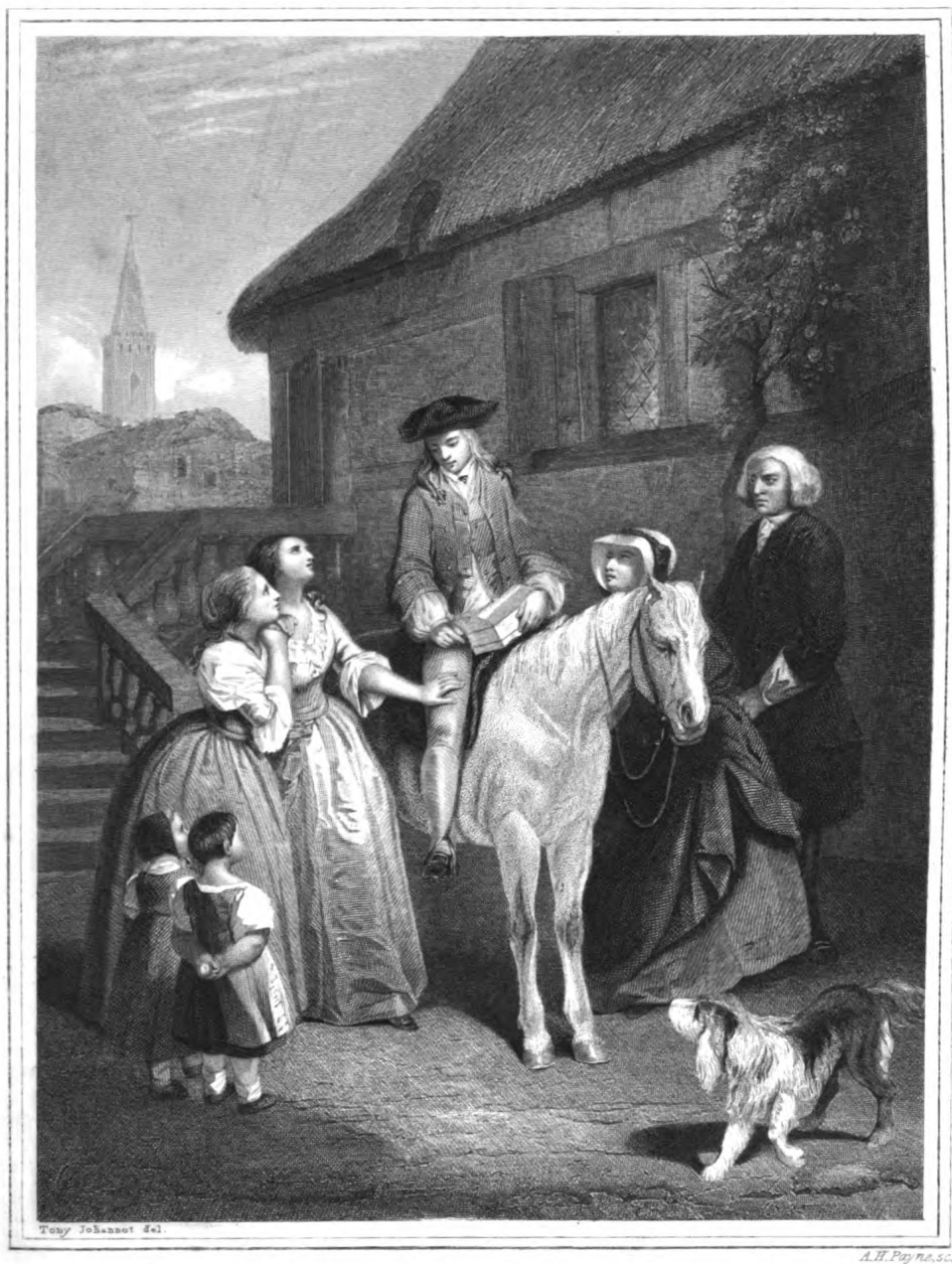
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### THE HERMIT.

THE "aged sire, in long black weeds yclad, his feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray," with the lowly rustic hermitage,

. . . "hard by a forest's side,  
Far from resort of people that did pass  
In travel to and fro,"

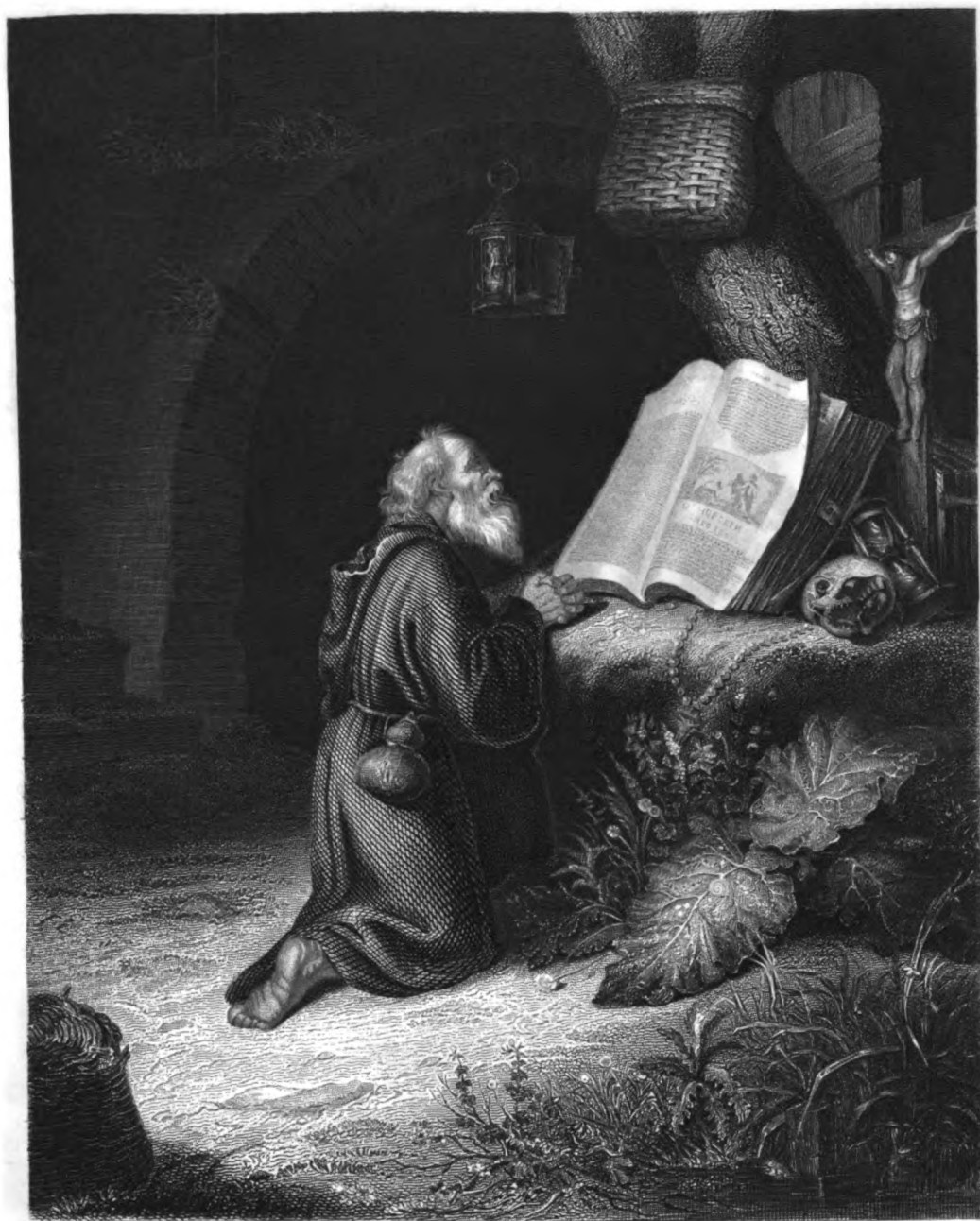




*Moses going to the Fair.*

London: Printed by J. Smith, in Strand, 1811.





G Dow pinx

AH Payne sc

*The Hermit*

London. Bran & Pyne, 12, Paternoster Row.



are well calculated to give the reader a high idea of the softness, brilliancy, and finish, which, perhaps, render Gerard Dow the brightest ornament of the Flemish school.

This celebrated painter was born at Leyden, in the year 1613, and from his earliest years displayed such a love of drawing, that his father placed him under the engraver Bartholomew Dolendo. He afterwards received instruction from Peter Couwhorn, a painter in glass, and in a short time made such progress that he was soon able to assist his father, who followed the occupation of a glazier. But taking a dislike to his new profession, from the danger attached to painting the lofty church-windows, in his fifteenth year he became a scholar of the famous Rembrandt. It was doubtless from this great master that Gerard Dow acquired his unrivalled management of light and shade; but in most other respects, no styles could be more opposite than that of these two artists. The former was distinguished by the marvellous art and freedom, the rapid boldness with which, too often neglecting the minor but highly important details, he struck out and sketched his subject; the latter emulating Rembrandt in the wonderful effects of his *chiaro-scuro*, displayed a delicacy of touch, a carefulness of design, a softness and purity of colouring, which, added to his careful treatment of the slightest minutiae, place him almost alone amongst his countrymen.

From this difference of character and treatment, it may readily be imagined that Gerard Dow gave the preference to Rembrandt's early pictures, before success and rapidity had degenerated, as soothe to say was sometimes the case in his later works, into a negligent boldness, and with which his own distinguishing qualities had little sympathy.

Although Gerard Dow's pictures, and consequently his figures, are almost without exception on a small scale, yet he was by no means insensible to the advantages of drawing in larger proportions. One of his scholars, Carl Moor, who left us his testimony that he was in the habit of reducing his figures from larger designs, and that he constantly impressed upon the minds of his pupils the necessity of studying nature, affirming that nothing was more injurious than for an artist to devote himself exclusively to painting small figures, as it must inevitably lead to incorrectness and negligence. In him, however, truth and fidelity to nature were so conspicuous that he has avoided the errors into which a less skilful artist would inevitably have fallen. There is nothing petty in his manner; on the contrary, his works are excellent models of cabinet pieces, for so they may justly be called. It is but very rarely that naked figures occur in them; the few pieces, however, which exist, display also his great skill in this branch of the art.

As was naturally to be expected the pre-eminent merits of Gerard Dow soon attracted the admiration of his brother artists and the public. Immense sums were

given for the works, and one patron, Mr. Spiering, gave him the sum of one hundred guilders a year, on condition of receiving the first offer of purchasing his pictures, at such prices as the artist himself might choose to fix. He used to put down the number of hours during which he was engaged on each work, and these were paid at the rate of a pound Flemish per hour. That the sums thus paid must have been considerable, will be evident to any who have had an opportunity of admiring the minute care which Gerard Dow bestowed upon his productions. Of this his biographer, Sandrart, relates a remarkable instance on his visit to the artist's study, in company with Peter van Laar. His guests, after admiring the beauty of a picture on which he was engaged, were particularly struck by a little broom, which, as usual, was exquisitely finished. Dow informed them that he had devoted three days to this apparently inconsiderable object. This and similar anecdotes have been repeated by most of his biographers; however, they must hardly be taken literally, as Carl Moor, this scholar before-mentioned, and who must have had good opportunities of observing the method and manner of his master, assures us that he by no means painted so slowly as is commonly supposed, and in fact the number of his works in some measure contradicts the generally received opinion. He probably belonged to those artists who, by patient and judicious employment of their time, effect what seems extraordinary and wonderful to men less happily gifted.

Gerard Dow was likewise a painter of portraits; but it is recorded, and highly probable, that his careful finish tried the patience of his sitters somewhat severely. According to Sandrart, he had taken five days to finish one of the hands in the portrait of Mrs. Spiering, the lady sitting for him the whole of the time. But such a sacrifice could hardly be expected except in a family so enthusiastically his admirers, and thus fortunately he was enabled to devote his time to these gems of art, which will always remain equally the admiration of the painter, the connoisseur and the public.

Notwithstanding the great pains bestowed upon his pictures, they convey no idea of labour or stiffness, their softness and delicacy charm the spectator, and so great was his knowledge of colours, and so perfect his skill in mixing them, that they retain their original lustre to the present day; and it has been remarked that they display the same beautiful effect at whatever distance they may be viewed. One of his most celebrated pictures, that of the Doctor attending the sick Woman, exists in three or four copies, which are executed with such skill that it is difficult to decide which is the original. Turin possesses several of his best works, some exist at Florence, and several are to be found in different galleries, private and public.

Gerard Dow died, according to some of his biographers, in the year 1674; others, leaving the year unnamed, fix the period of his death about the year 1680. He passed the last years of his life in affluence, and left behind him several scholars.





C. Graham del.

A. H. Payne sc.

*Regular*

London: Evans & Tawse 12, Paternoster Row



who occupy a distinguished rank in the Flemish School. Among the most eminent of these may be named Godfrey Schalken, Francis Mieris, John Peter Slingelandt, and Hermann Swanefeld.

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## MOGADOR.

THE city of Mogador was founded by Sultan Muly Mohammed in 1760, and is the nearest port to Morocco, from which it is about forty-eight leagues distant; Saffi, or Asfi, which still enjoys the title of capital of the province, and which is ten leagues nearer to the city of Morocco, having been abandoned as a port from its insecurity, being exposed to the westerly winds. Mogador contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, of whom one thousand three hundred are Jews, and only fifteen or twenty Europeans. The revenue of the customs, previous to the recent attack by the French, was estimated at forty thousand pounds sterling. The town is called Suera by the Mussulmen, the name Mogador being confined to the island; this latter name was given in honour of a saint called Sidi Mogodul, whose tomb, anterior to the foundation of the town, is to be seen on the coast opposite Suera. The walls and ramparts, against which the sea breaks with great violence, were built with great skill and labour by European engineers, among whom was a Frenchman of the name of Cornut. Workmen were also brought from Europe, and some Frenchmen who had been made slaves, were employed on the work. Cornut served the Sultan of Morocco for ten years, but returned to France in a state of poverty. Muly Mohammed transferred thither the inhabitants of Agadir, (Santa Cruz,) and obliged the richest Moors in the neighbouring provinces to colonize here. Every facility for trading and for introducing Europeans to settle there was promised, and the town soon enjoyed a population of twenty-five thousand persons. But, with a short-sighted want of faith, the severe duties and restrictions soon drove away the greater part of the merchants, and the population was reduced to one half. The situation of Mogador has gained for it the name of Suera, or the picture. The minarets and the ramparts bristling with cannon, form, at a distance, a brilliant and imposing view. The island, on the east side of which the vessels are moored in the port, is sheltered from the west and north winds, but exposed to the south-western gales, which frequently cause severe damage. Mogador, until the appearance of the French squadron, had never been bombarded by a European force, although it has been twice besieged on the land side, in the course of civil wars. In its most flourishing times

Mogador exported to Lisbon, Cadiz, Marseilles, Gibraltar, and even to New York, corn, wool, gum, almonds, olive-oil, figs, wax, leather, goat-skins, aniseed, orange-peel, and drugs; and to Guinea, woollens, cotton, and other manufactures, which were bought by the Negroes. It imported bar-iron, steel, cutlery, and hardware, cloth, silk handkerchiefs, ornaments of gold and silver, pearl, amber, and coral necklaces, looking-glasses, sugar, and spices. At one time there were thirty-four Christian houses of commerce, containing about one hundred Europeans. Yet, notwithstanding the great expense and tyrannical means by which Muly Mohammed had called the new town into existence, cupidity, or the fear of that liberty which ever follows the advancement of commerce, induced him to take measures which would keep the inhabitants in poverty and subjection. Muly Soliman, the predecessor of the present emperor, closed the gates of the other cities, and transferred their inhabitants to Mogador, promising them protection: the futility of his promises soon became apparent, for he prohibited the export of some of the most important articles of produce; laying heavy export duties on the remainder. These proceedings drove the people into a state bordering upon rebellion, whilst the government pretended that it was a sin to carry on trade with the infidels. The present emperor, who had for a long time before his accession, been Pacha of Mogador, had been more intimately connected with commerce than his predecessors, and saw the loss that the imperial treasury had sustained from the severity of the restrictions, and it was his endeavour to try how far, by fixing export duties, he could manage to increase his profits. At the same time he exacted from the Europeans a contribution in gunpowder (an article in the management of which the Mussulmen were much inferior) for every sale which was made to them; and finding that, notwithstanding the heavy duties, sales were still effected, he continued this system with all the unscrupulousness of an Oriental despot, until the commerce of Mogador was in danger of annihilation, and it is probable that the operations of the French, and the effects of the civil war raging at the instance of Abd-el-Kader, have but accelerated a state of ruin and desolation, which the short-sighted policy of the reigning emperor must infallibly, sooner or later, have produced.

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## P A L E R M O .

IT is now more than ten years ago that we left Naples on board of a Neapolitan vessel for Palermo, which was to be our starting-point for the tour of Sicily. About





the same time time Captain Basil Hall, with his family, left Naples, on the tour which he describes in "Schloss Hainfeld." His little vessel danced merrily before us on the rippling waves, and we hailed his progress as a good omen for our own. But, alas ! we had not made sufficient allowance for the difference between a captain R. N., and a Neapolitan *padrone*. The wind dropped before we had fairly come within its range, and we soon lost sight of our excellent countryman, to enjoy, rather too much at our leisure, the now familiar prospect of the Bay of Naples. Our sluggish captain and his crew seemed to trust everything to their patron saints, and seldom noticed a change in the wind, until their attention was drawn to it by their heretic passengers. A motley crowd we were, about twenty cabin passengers, and nearly a hundred deck passengers, so that in our lengthened trip we had a favourable opportunity of studying the dialect and the character of our companions. Our captain began to fear that his stock of provisions would force him to put us on short allowance; and the fierce glare of the sun in calms, only broken by short breezes, made us cast a longing look to the south, and we at length beheld in hazy distance the lines of mountain coasts. As we approached, the sun, sinking towards the horizon, brought out all objects into clearer light, the romantic forms of the rocks arrested our attention, and soon we admired the beautiful situation of Palermo, as inclosed between two gigantic rocky walls; to the north it borders the harbour, and stretching far away in the luxuriant plain, leans upon the soft hills which rise like an amphitheatre behind it, allowing the eye to wander with delight on the orange and cypress groves, and splendid villas which are seen above the flat roofs of the palaces of Palermo.

The city is irregularly built, and although the long street, named Cassaro, and the Toledo and its continuation, the Macqueda, which intersect the former at right angles, contain some very fine houses, they will bear no comparison with the magnificent palaces that adorn the chief cities of Italy; nor is cleanliness here considered next to godliness. Already at the Marina, or Strand, our attention was drawn to the swarthy African features of the numerous beggars, old and young, of both sexes, who surrounded us, and, with an excess of vociferation and animated pantomime which far surpassed that of the Neapolitans, demanded alms. Woe be to the unthinking wight or gentle-hearted fair one who confers on the *poverino* the envied picture of his Majesty of the Two Sicilies, for, alas ! in this unhappy land, the number of the miserable is legion, and persevering are they in their attacks. "I have never in all my travels," said an intelligent foreigner, our companion, and he had travelled much, "seen such misery, except in Ireland." The observation was extremely painful, and we cast down our eyes in shame and sorrow.

But although the city of Palermo cannot vie with Rome or Florence in its domestic architecture, there is perhaps hardly any city in which such an interesting

point is to be found, as that afforded by the intersection of the Toledo and Macqueda with the Cassaro. On three sides rise beautiful hills, and on the fourth the eye beholds the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The din and noise of the streets is perhaps more striking here than at Naples; they are full of life, and trades of all kinds are carried on in the open air; and for an hour before sunset the fair sex of Palermo inhale the cooler air on their balconies. As the traveller wanders through the principal streets he sees, in the upper stories, the grated windows of the nunneries. Poor souls! it is to be hoped that behind these jealous walls which guard them from the basilisk eye of man, some garden, with its orange-tree perfume, allows them at least to breathe the free air of this delicious climate.

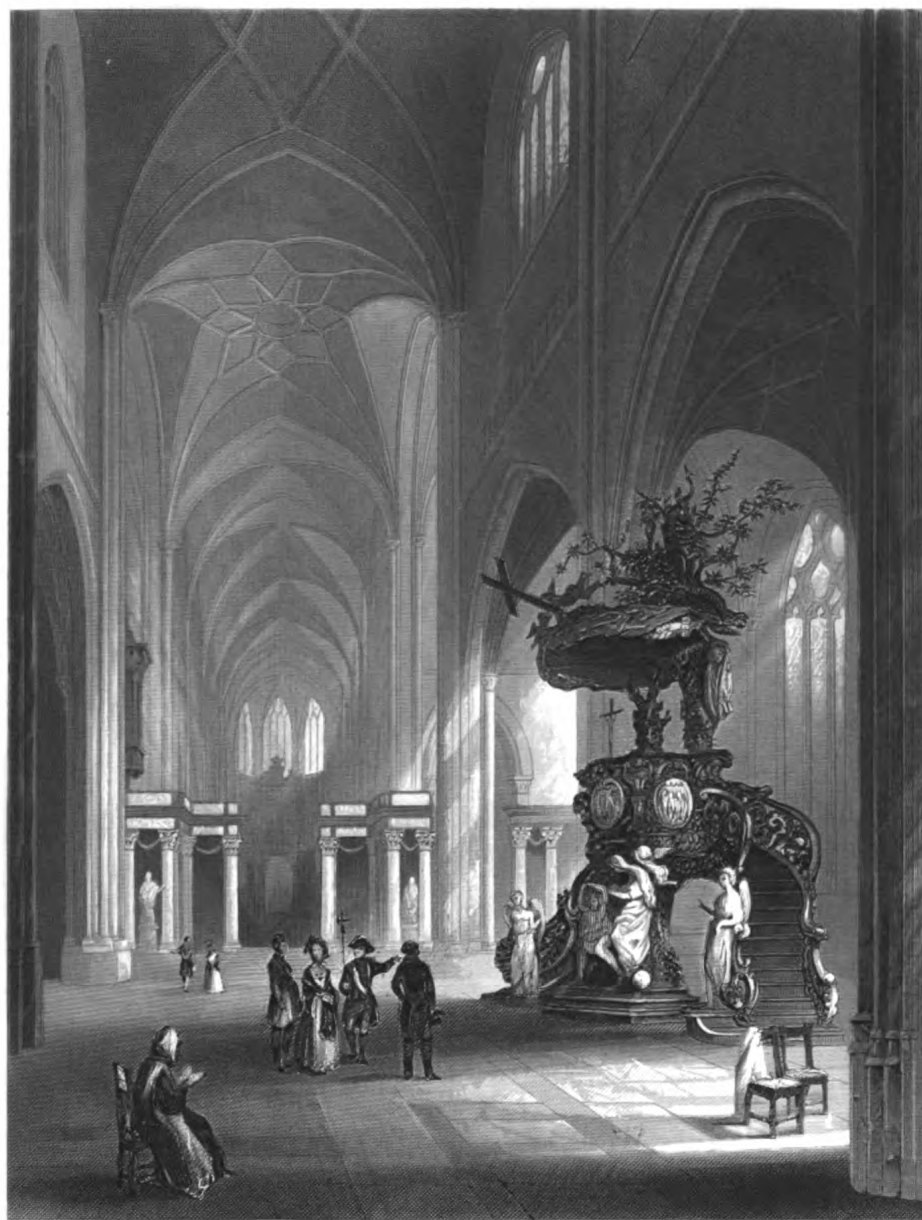
We found the Sicilians frank, generous, and hospitable; they expressed a profound contempt for the frivolous character of the Neapolitans, from which, as far as our experience goes, we should be inclined to pronounce them free; nor do we think it would be a difficult matter, in case of a war, to raise the standard of rebellion against masters whom they despise. In truth, throughout the many misgoverned states of Italy, this beautiful island has been one of the most hardly used. Its revenues squandered to support an enormous number of idle monks and nuns, whilst poverty and misery prevail, paying for the last hundred and fifty years an enormous road-tax, and yet, till within the last fifteen years, without a road, excepting in the northern part of the island; the traveller who rides on break-neck mule-paths up to some city containing twenty thousand inhabitants or more, cannot but sympathise with the indignation of the people. The intentions of the present monarch seem to be good; but he must be a second Hercules, if he can succeed in cleansing this Augean stable.

Who would leave Rome without seeing the Pope? or who can speak of Palermo and forget Saint Rosalia? Amidst the hosts of saints with which the peninsula is deluged, commend us to the taste of the people of Sicily. Their saints are mostly noble, fair, and young; Saint Rosalia, Santa Lucia, Santa Clara, and the Madonna della Lettera, the Holy Virgin, who in a period of famine, sent a vessel laden with corn, to Messina, accompanied with a letter, which doubtless exists, although our profane eyes never beheld it.\* On Mount Pellegrino, which forms a striking feature in the landscape, and which was famous in the first Punic war for the stand which Hamilcar Barcas made here, for three years, against the Romans, is a grotto to which Rosalia, a princess of the royal Norman blood, retired in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the court of King Roger, to lead a solitary and holy life. Some hundred and fifty years ago, the plague was stopped by a miraculous dis-

\* We, however, saw with our own eyes, a letter, we forget in which church in Sicily, which, the monks gravely assured us, was written by the devil, and which is carefully preserved.







W. Scott, pinx

A. H. Payne sc

*Cathedral of St. Peter.*



covery of her remains, and the grotto is often visited by devout pilgrims or curious strangers. The 15th of July, and several successive days, are devoted to magnificent and gorgeous festivals and processions in honour of this favourite saint. From far and near the town is crowded, and if our memory do not deceive us, a living representative is drawn through the city in a triumphal car, so lofty, that on this account the principal street has no arch facing the sea. These processions are real popular festivals, and are attended with circumstances indicative of extraordinary superstition, and, in the case of Messina at least, of great cruelty to the infant actors in them.

The public buildings of Palermo, particularly the churches, are built in a singularly fantastic and tasteless style; the ornaments are of various colours, which are staring and exaggerated. The cathedral, however, is a very interesting building, although a mixture of Saracenic, Norman, and Italian architecture. It contains the mausoleums of Henry VII., Roger, and Constantia. In the palace of the viceroy is the Norman chapel of Roger. Singularly worked columns support the bold arches; the walls have become grey in the course of centuries, and the lofty narrow windows, with their sharply pointed arches, but dimly light the gloomy spaces. The traveller should not neglect to visit the two Saracenic country houses, Cuba and Zisa, which names still record the two sultanas who lived there. The latter is in a much better state of preservation than the former, and the view from its flat roof, the admiration of all visitors. There are several agreeable promenades and rides about the city to the different villas of the nobility, one of which, the residence of Prince Palagonia, at La Bagaria, contains a strange collection of statues of monsters; many of them have, however, been removed by the good taste of the present prince. In wandering through the streets, the artist should not neglect to look into the nooks and courts, in which he will sometimes find many little picturesque subjects for his portfolio. In the summer, the inhabitants suffer much from the hot blast of the scirocco, against which they can only defend themselves by closing the doors and windows, and by casting water on the brick floors, to generate a cooler atmosphere in the room. Of the scirocco, as of a cold, the Italians have a proverb *nasce, cresce, muore*, on the first day it is born, on the second it grows, on the third it dies; we have, however, to our cost, known both the one and the other to last twice the time.

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## CATHEDRAL OF ST. BAVON, GHENT.

THE church of St. Bavon, notwithstanding it has suffered from the various fierce revolutions of which Ghent has been the scene, is still one of the most interesting

religious edifices in Europe. Few cathedrals are so richly ornamented ; the choir is closed by copper gilt gates, and its chapels, twenty-four in number, are enriched with many fine pictures, and marble and metal decorations.

The church, which was formerly dedicated to St. John, was consecrated 841, by the Bishop of Tournay ; it was rebuilt in the thirteenth century, but not entirely finished until the beginning of the sixteenth century. The roof of the great nave was destroyed by fire, June 1st, 1641, and a second time, September 11th, 1822. In 1540, it was consecrated to St. Bavon, when Charles V. transferred thither the college which bore the name of that saint. Pope Paul IV., at the request of Philip II., erected it into a cathedral in 1559. The tower is 272 feet high and of very elegant proportions. It terminates at present in a platform, from which the view extends to a distance of thirteen leagues. Our limits will only permit us to notice some of the most remarkable objects worthy the attention of the visitor. The pulpit in the nave is of wood, supported by statues, and decorated with bas-reliefs in marble, the work of Delvaux, a sculptor of Namur. They are of the size of life, representing Truth revealing the Scriptures to Time ; and on either side, at the foot of the stair, is an angel in an attitude expressive of attention and admiration, the size of the principal figures, and also of white marble ; the whole resting on a base of black marble. The canopy over the pulpit is supported by the trees of Life and Knowledge, and appropriately decorated.

We have already mentioned that the cathedral contains twenty-four chapels. Of these, the eleventh, called the *Chapel of the Lamb*, derives its name from the celebrated picture by the brothers Van Eyck, the inventors of oil painting. The subject is taken from the Apocalypse. "This composition," says M. Duplessy, to whom we are indebted for these details, "represents the celestial Lamb surrounded by angels and adored by all the saints of the Old and New Testament, arranged in four groups ; on the right and kneeling are the patriarchs and prophets of the old law, on the left the apostles and confessors of the Gospel, among whom are the portraits of the two brothers, Hubert and John van Eyck ; in the middle are virgins and other saints, bishops, and chiefs of monastic orders, bearing palms in their hands. In the background, no doubt intended to represent the towers of Jerusalem, are those of Maestricht, a town near Maeseyck, the country of Van Eyck. Over this picture are three other compositions ; the middle one represents our Saviour in pontifical robes, sitting upon a throne. The subject of the picture on the left is the holy *Virgin*, as beautiful as one of Raphael's or Leonardo da Vinci's Madonnas ; on the other side *St. John the Baptist*, whose figure forms a happy contrast with that of the holy Virgin. The picture of the Lamb, one of the most precious ever produced, is as remarkable by the merit of its composition and execution, as by its antiquity. Though it has been painted more than four hundred years, (for the Van Eycks

flourished at the end of the fourteenth century,) it seems as if it had but just left the painting-room. The freshness and brilliancy of the colours are such, that whilst we admire it, we are inclined to believe that the brothers, Van Eyck, have not left to posterity the entire secret of their wonderful invention, as time, which blackens other pictures, has had no effect upon those of these great masters.

According to the custom of the period, the Van Eycks had accompanied their picture by two shutters, consisting of eight leaves, on which different subjects were represented; and, among others, the portraits of Philip the Good and those of the two painters. One may imagine that such a collection of masterpieces, the just pride of the church of St. Bavon, must have given Philip II. a great desire to possess them: but his gold and his power could obtain nothing from the chapter, which only granted the monarch permission to have them copied by any painter he should choose. Michel de Coxie, surnamed the Flemish Raphael, being entrusted with this difficult task, executed it admirably; and the copy, painted on wood, like the originals, was placed in the gallery of the Escorial: it was taken away during the occupation by the French, then it passed into the hands of a general officer, and became the property of a rich inhabitant of Brussels.

During the French Revolution, the precious original disappeared: it was fortunately preserved, and was found again, but with only two leaves of the shutters; the six others, which had fallen into the hands of people who did not know their value, had been sold for the trifling sum of six thousand francs: they now adorn the cabinet of the King of Prussia, who has paid 410,900 francs for them; we may therefore judge, by the enormous price paid for these accessory pictures, both of the loss endured by Belgium, and of the inestimable value of *the picture of the Lamb*.

We must add, to complete its history, that it had been ordered of the brothers Van Eyck, by Josse de Vyts\* and his wife, who presented it to the canons of St. Bavon, and that the Van Eycks painted it at the house of one of the two brothers, situated near the Kauter, and on the site of which another house has been built, adorned in front with their portraits. The fame of this picture was not long before it spread over all Europe, and admirers came from all parts to see it. It is said that Albert Durer and John of Mauberge, after having long admired it, saluted it with respect, and asked permission to deposit a kiss upon it. It was formerly only shown to great personages, and exposed to the view of the people at great solemnities."

In the fourteenth chapel is the picture of *St. Bavon received into the Abbey of*

\* Other authorities say that this famous picture was painted by order of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, Count of Flanders. The Penny Encyclopædia says, that the clergy, since 1815, sold the six pannels now in possession of the King of Prussia; a statement completely at variance with that of M. Duplessé, which we have adopted in the text, but which, it is to be supposed, the writer has not advanced without sufficient authority.

*St. Amand*, one of Ruben's finest works, and the only one by that master in any of the churches of Ghent. It was taken by the French, but returned in 1815. After remaining for some time in the Gallery at Brussels, it was, on application, restored to its original destination.

The four handsome candelabras, before the grand altar, were once the property of King Charles I. of England, and the baptismal-font in the cross-aisle was used at the baptism of the Emperor Charles V.

There is also a subterraneous church under the choir. It is divided into fifteen chapels, and contains several tombs, among which are those of Hubert van Eyck and his sister.

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## CARDINAL WOLSEY ENTERING THE ABBEY OF LEICESTER.

KING HENRY VIII. ACT IV.—SCENE II.

*Queen Kath.* Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead?

*Grif.* Yes, madam; but I think your grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Kath.* Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:  
If well, he stepp'd before me happily,  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam:  
For after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward  
(As a man sorely tainted,) to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,  
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas, poor man!

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,  
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;



*Cardinal Wolsey.*





To whom he gave these words.—*O father abbot,  
An old man, broken with the storms of state,  
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;  
Give him a little earth for charity !*

So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness  
Pursu'd him still ; and three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight, (which he himself  
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentances,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

*Kath.* So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity :—He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking  
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion  
Ty'd all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;  
His own opinion was his law : I' the presence  
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,  
Both in his words and meaning : He was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;  
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your highness  
To hear me speak his good now ?

*Kath.* Yes, good Griffith.  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;  
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not ;  
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,

(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,  
 He was most princely : Ever witness for him  
 Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you.  
 Ipswich, and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,  
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it :  
 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ·  
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
 And found the blessedness of being little :  
 And to add greater honours to his age  
 Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

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## DONAUSTAUF.

ON introducing our readers to that noble stream, the Danube, it may not be uninteresting to preface our remarks with a brief sketch of the general course of this extensive river, which, from the rapid diffusion of railroads through Germany, will probably soon become a favourite tour with English travellers. There is, perhaps, hardly any subject in geography that is more interesting, or that exercises a more immediate influence upon the welfare of mankind, than the configurations and relative directions of the streams of inland waters. Never were we more strongly impressed with this, than when, on a recent tour, after a rapid passage from London to Hamburg, we found ourselves immediately afterwards ascending the Elbe, from the latter city to Magdeburg. Of what vast importance is that comparatively petty river, the Thames ! what restless activity pervades its surface ! and what without it would be that most wonderful of cities, London ? Compared in volume with the Thames, the Elbe is a mighty stream ; yet as the traveller leaves Hamburg, no proud and graceful three-masters bear on its surface the riches of the four quarters of the world : few and far between, the unwieldly sails of the Elbe boats exert their disproportioned force to bear inland their petty cargoes on the surface of the broad, but shallow and uncertain river. A few feet more of water, and how changed would be the scene ! Large cities would then meet the eye, where now we behold but a few







small, scattered hamlets, some, it may be, dignified with the name of towns ; instead of the solitary steam-boat, which now daily plies the Elbe, the waters, like those of the Thames, would be incessantly agitated with the revolving wheels of hundreds.

The Rhine and the Danube, the two great rivers of Germany, present remarkable differences in their conformation. The Rhine breaks through the chain of mountains, which in vain opposes its progress ; and to this peculiarity is owing the succession of inland lakes, which have been so often the theme of poet's song. The course of the Danube at first gives but little promise of romantic beauty. Soon after it issues from the low woody mountains in which it takes its rise, it washes, on the one side, for more than one hundred and fifty miles, partly in a marshy bed, the uniform slopes of the same low chain, whilst, on the other, it edges the most monotonous plateaus of the whole middle mountain-range that traverses Europe in this direction. This monotony proceeds from the circumstance that the Danube follows, or rather accompanies, these ridges *lengthwise*, instead of breaking through them *transversely*, like the Rhine. This peculiarity, in a greater or less degree, characterizes the Danube through its course, with few exceptions ; the only one of any importance in the Upper Danube occurs at the pass between *Grein* and *Krems* ; and even here it is not forced by the river, but is rather the termination of two chains of mountains, of very different character and directions. If we attach any value to the name, as indicative of the chief stream, the Danube can hardly be called an Alp river, but as the Inn, at its confluence, surpasses it in volume and dimensions, the Alps may in some measure be looked upon as the source of the upper basin. If we take the Inn as the chief stream we shall find a striking analogy with the upper basin of the Rhone. Below Passau the heights of the Bayer-Wald (which the Danube accompanies from Ratisbon—*Regensburg*) approach nearer to the river, which here exhibits scenes which for romantic variety and beauty rival the Rhine, until, rushing with great rapidity through the narrow passage between Grein and Krems, it expands and flows through woody banks and meadows. At Vienna, where it enters the plains, it is only four hundred and sixty-six feet above the sea. The lower sloping course of the Danube is more expansive and grander than any other river which rises in the mountains of Europe, now bounded in its wide expanse by plains, and now forcing its way between low mountain-promontories, through the narrow outlets of the valleys. From this circumstance, it displays features very different from the general character of rivers as they approach the end of their course, until at last it divides into innumerable streams, which are frequently many miles apart from each other, forming a very labyrinth of islands and islets. Here its fall becomes less rapid, and it deposits masses of fertilising mud and mountain *detritus*, on the banks of the luxuriant woods and gardens of these river-islands, the forms of which are constantly,

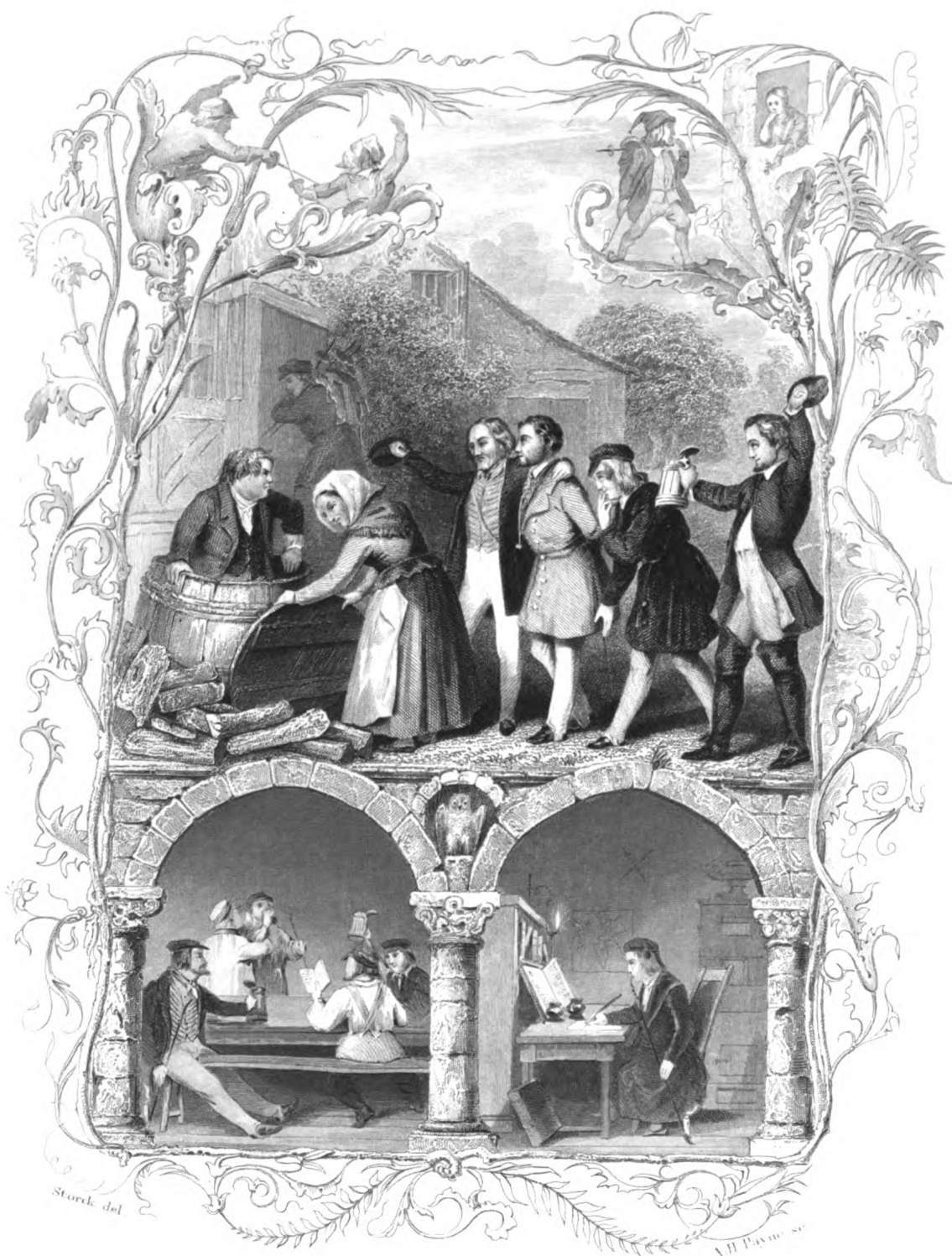
and at periods of high-water so rapidly changing, that the unsuspecting mariner finds ground to-day, where yesterday he anchored in perfect security.

Such are a few features, hastily sketched, of this most interesting river, the scenery of which we propose occasionally to place before our readers. The subject of the plate before us is Donaustauf, or as its name implies Stauf on the Danube, and is celebrated by the beauty of its situation. The market-town of the same name contains about eight hundred inhabitants.

The ruin, which commands a magnificent view of the extensive scene, is mentioned in charters as early as the tenth century, and soon afterwards became the property of the Bishops of Ratisbon, which gave rise to frequent disputes with the rulers of Bavaria. In 1262 it was the residence of the celebrated *Albertus Magnus*; the successors of this bishop seem to have been involved in great pecuniary difficulties, as it was pledged to several creditors in the latter half of the fourteenth century, imperial, ducal, gentle, and simple; among the first, was the Emperor Charles IV., who was so pleased with its beauty that he often made it the residence of the court.

In 1388 the castle resisted the attack of Albert, Duke of Bavaria, who laid the market-town in ashes. In 1634 Stauf surrendered to Duke Bernhard of Weimar, and the fortifications were blown up. In 1715 the bishops resumed their sovereignty, and maintained it, notwithstanding the opposition of the House of Bavaria. In 1803 it was incorporated into the newly created and ephemeral principedom of Ratisbon. In 1810 Bavaria came into possession, but it has since 1812 remained the property of the Prince of Thurn and Taxis, the latter part of whose name might prophetically indicate the blessings for which travellers are indebted to him, as postmaster general of several of the German states. Since the destruction of the fortifications in 1634, the ruins of the Castle of Donaustauf form a picturesque feature in the landscape, and it is one of the few vestiges of antiquity that are carefully preserved. The present possessor has laid out the grounds with great care and judgment, so as to admit of the full enjoyment of the surrounding scenery and distant views. A wooden bridge, not in the best state of repair, unites the two banks, and has often been witness to the destruction of the primitive vessels on the Danube. Not far from this bridge, on an elevated situation, stands St. Saviour's, a favourite place of worship of the surrounding peasantry, and near it, the Walhalla, of which we have given an account in a former number.





*Students' Life in Germany.*  
 (The interior.)





*Students Life in Germany.*



## STUDENT-LIFE IN GERMANY.

IT is not our intention to enter into a consideration of the comparative merits of the English and German university systems; our readers have recently had an opportunity of being edified on this subject by the collective wisdom of the country in the House of Commons. It cannot be denied that the system pursued in Germany is eminently favourable to free and dauntless investigation, save and except the region of practical politics, where truly the censorship and the police take care to keep the wings of liberty somewhat closely clipped. But these unnatural restraints do but enhance the value of the freedom of the mind permitted in German universities. It is true that this freedom leads to daring speculations in religion, and to a treatment of the most illustrious men that have adorned their literature, which sometimes startles Englishmen accustomed to bow down in willing reverence before the genius of Shakspeare and Milton; yet, with all its defects, we think that this system leads to a more unbiassed love of truth, for its own sake, unobscured by the shadow of great authorities. The idle and the weak suffer, and yield more easily to temptation, unable to bear the strong light which bursts upon them; the more diligent, highly-gifted and strong-minded gain by it immeasurably. If a speculative philosopher, whose life had been passed remote from places where students most do love to congregate, were asked what would be the demeanour of those who devote themselves to the pursuits of vital medicine, graver law and theology, "which treats of things divine," his answer would most probably be, "Serious and sedate, as the subjects of their pursuit." Ye gods! what shouts of laughter would at this answer rend the skies, from Cam and Isis, Seine and Spree! Something too much there is of Saturnalia and Carnival in the three or four happy years of the German student. But the *whole* of their life is not to be pourtrayed after the fashion of "Peter Priggins, Scout." The noise, the folly, and excess, like all worthless and trivial things, float upon the surface. These form, however, but the reverse of the picture, which, viewed from the opposite side, exhibits the image of Apollo or Minerva in bright majesty, holding the laurel-crown which they are ever willing to confer upon their ardent votaries.

The stream which never overflows, seldom fructifies; and bounteous nature has decked all the flowers and blossoms, the sweet promise of future riches, in her gayest colours. The mind of youth is never more apt to run riot, than when it has been poring over serious studies: there is an insolence of wealth about it, that displays itself in freaks, at which the staid and sober stand aghast. We abominate the beer

which the German students offer in such plentiful libations at the shrine of Gaminus, and we think the noble art of self-defence was given for other purposes, than in boyish quarrels, or no quarrels, to slit each other's noses; but we must take men as we find them: their wild oats sown, these lawless sons of Alma Mater frequently become the ornaments of their country. Moreover, although there is no Father Matthew in that country, the Saxon of the present day may read certain not very complimentary passages in the Merchant of Venice, with as safe a conscience as an Englishman. But a few short years, and many of the singular scenes here represented to our readers will have passed away.

Turn we now to the plates before us, and let us give, as in duty bound, due preference to the Pedell, who, like his English namesake, the beadle (or proctor) is a personage not to be trifled with.

#### THE PEDELL.

A merry story I have boys, to tell,  
Of crabbed Old Spyright, the prying Pedell,  
Who never has anything better to do  
Than pick holes in the coat of a student or two.  
So listen while I tell  
Of the old Pedell.

Karl and Heinz, as you know, were determined to fight,  
In good student fashion, as was ever our right;  
So without more ado, for why waste precious words,  
They sent their man Michael to carry their swords.  
"A rat I smell,"  
Said the old Pedell.

For Mike he espied, as he stole through the gate,  
And he hasten'd away, to lie for us in wait  
At good widow Gumprecht's, for there well he knew  
Was, on all such occasions, our rendezvous.  
"They'll be here pell-mell,"  
Said the old Pedell.

"Now where shall I hide, for if I'm seen here,  
They'll be off ere one swallows a *töpfchen* of beer.  
I have it,—for there stands close by the hut,  
Just the thing, I declare, the old waterbutt."  
And in it he fell,  
Did the old Pedell

So he drew on the cover and hid himself under,  
 When, lo, with a noise like the roaring of thunder,  
 Which made to congeal every drop of his blood,  
 Widow Gumprecht's *knecht* hurl'd down a *klafter* of wood.  
     " My funeral knell,"  
     Thought the old Pedell.

Karl and Heinz fenc'd awhile, but they did no great harm,  
 Only Karl got a very slight scratch on the arm;  
 The duel just over, we heard a strange sound  
 Which seem'd as if coming right out of the ground.  
     It came from the cell  
     Of the old Pedell.

Not a soul could we see, which we thought very queer,  
 For we still heard most plainly, " I'm stifling, oh dear !"  
 Till Heinz, after list'ning, said, " Sure as a nut  
 There's somebody hidden in that waterbutt."  
     What a spell  
     For the old Pedell !

So to it we went, and the wood threw about,  
 And after much labour at length got him out.  
 When he beheld us, I thought he would faint,  
 To have seen his queer phiz would have tickled a saint.  
     " It's a regular sell,"  
     Gasp'd the old Pedell.

## MORAL.

Never turn yourself into a butt, there's no need,  
 For others will do it, unless you take heed.  
 With this sage advice my song I have ended,  
 And if unto it he had better attended,  
     It had been well  
     For the old Pedell.

In the plate below to the left, two students are drinking brotherhood together ; the arms are entwined as they drink, and the ceremony concludes with a kiss. The parties after this call one another " thou," not " they," as the perplexing fashion of the German language otherwise requires, although the quaker-mode of address prevails among students. To the right a solitary student with his unfailing pipe, now, however, somewhat yielding to the less lengthy fragrance of the cigar, with sparing

lamp, pursues his midnight toil, undisturbed by his boisterous neighbours. This piece is an especial favourite of the artist's, on account of the excessive rarity of the species.

The second plate above, to the left, represents a well-known German song of no great poetical merit, beginning,

" The professor to-day does not come into college,  
No blossoms to pick from the fair tree of knowledge :  
To strengthen our hearts against the dire disaster,  
We'll drink *töpfchens* of beer and smoke pipes of canaster."

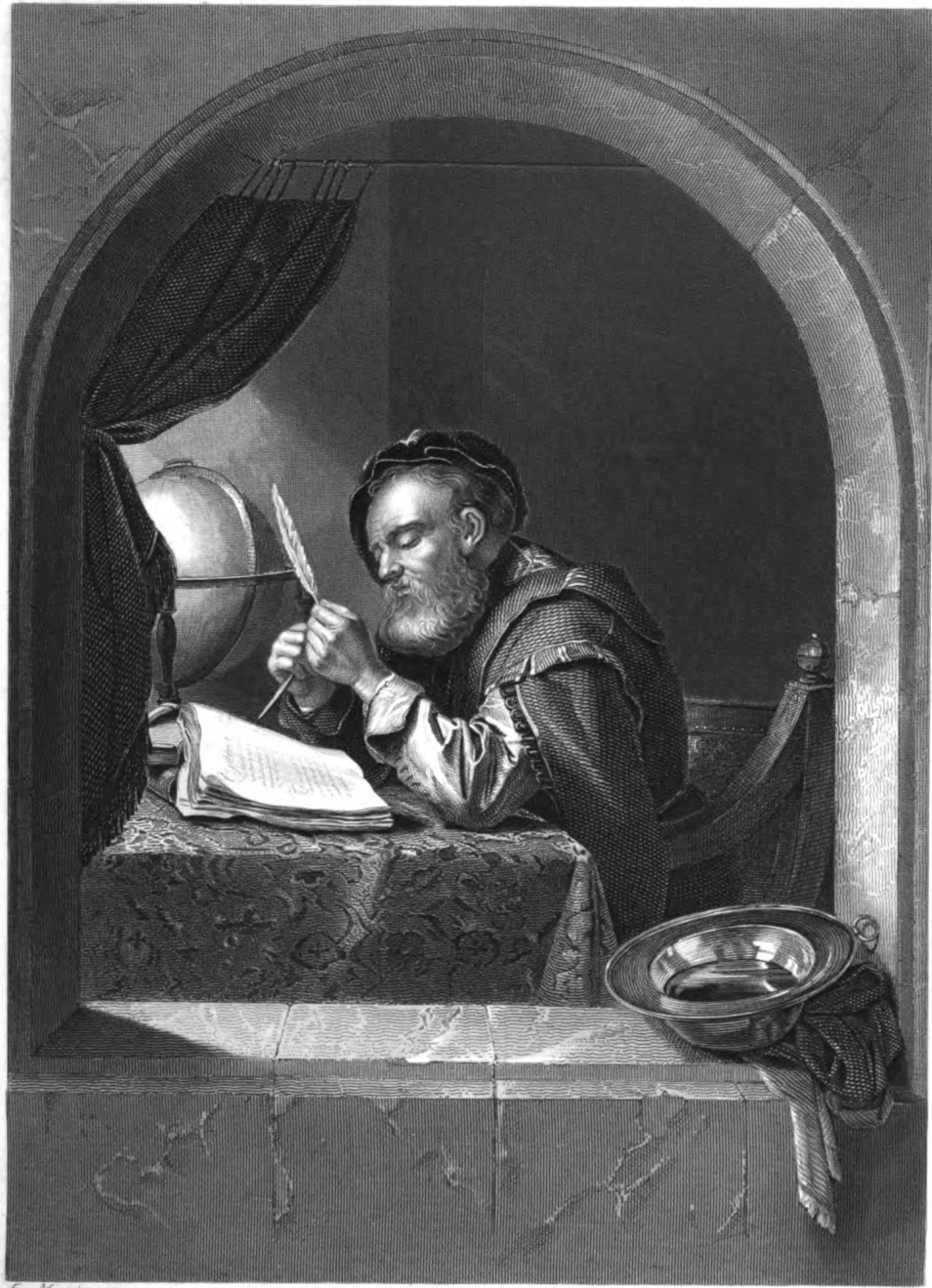
Its pendant shows that the custom of applying to the children of Israel is not exclusively confined to the elder sons of the English nobility and gentry, who can give their conscientious creditors a *post-obit*.

The plate below represents a Bacchanalian scene, *der Fürst von Toren*, or the Prince of Fools, but in these better days of temperance, we would rather decline a translation.

## THE MAN OF LETTERS.

BY F. MIERIS

THE French, German, and Dutch languages have a single word which expresses in itself a man that has received a university education, or sometimes in a second degree, a man who makes literature his profession. The English language, less fortunate in this respect, does not contain a suitable and corresponding appellation, and we have therefore been obliged to have recourse to a circumlocution. We have presented our readers with some of the wild scenes, which, with greater expense and perhaps with more outward elegance of manner, inasmuch as the actors in them belong principally to a higher and more wealthy class of society, may be found in other countries besides Germany. In the plate before us, we may contemplate the sequel of the student's course. The boisterous student has now settled down into a quiet family man; the daring spirit, after a few meteoric eccentricities, which the governments were too wise to notice, has become an orderly citizen; and if raised to the highest object of his ambition, the professor's chair, and his button-hole adorned with some of the many-coloured ribbands, (such instances of professional vanity do sometimes occur,) he preaches the duties of order and obedience to the powers that



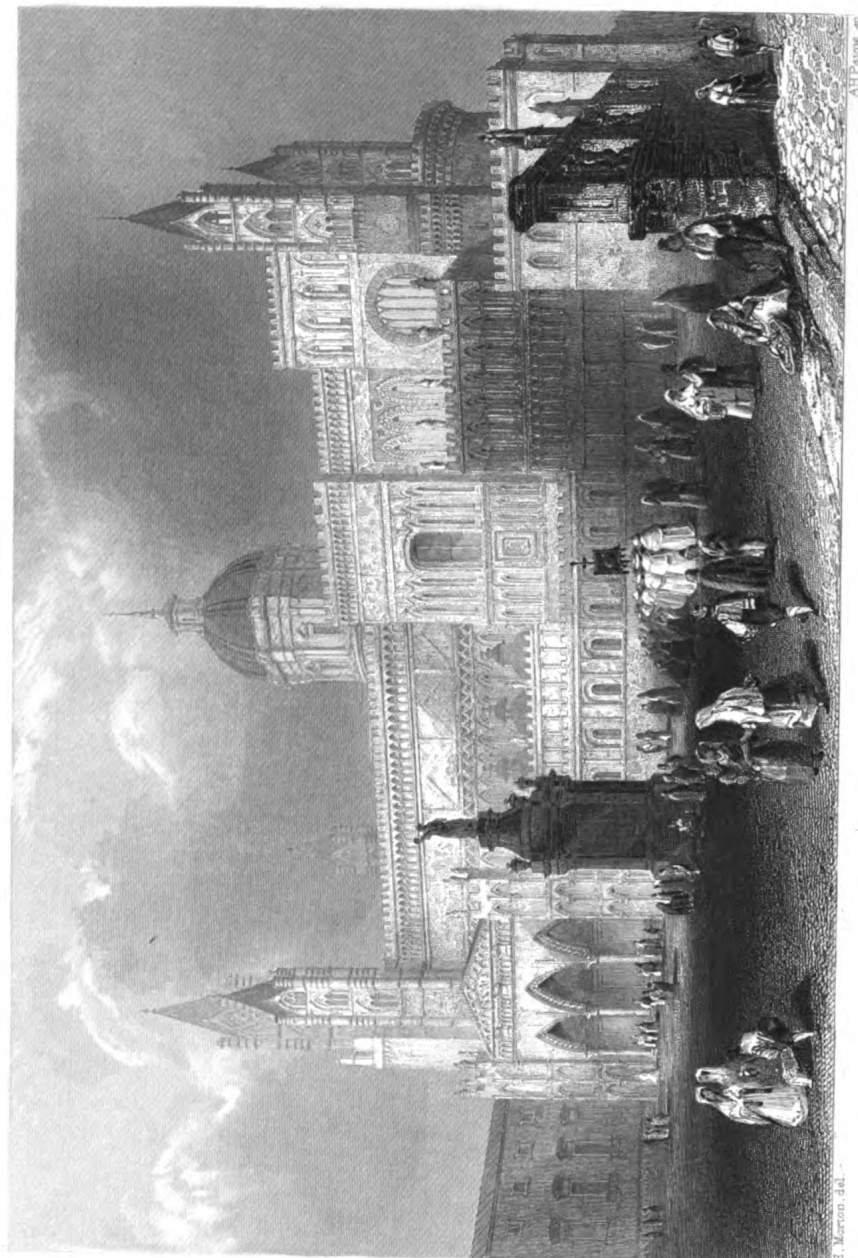
F. v. M. 1711 p. 1711

A. H. Payne sc.

*The Man of Letters.*







*Palermo Cathedral.*



be, in a manner that is certainly very proper and edifying, albeit not in exact keeping with the retrospect of a few short years, now past for ever.

The artistic execution of the picture is worthy of the celebrated pupil of Gerhard Dow, Francis Mieris, a native of Leyden, born in 1635. In the opinion of some critics, he rivalled his great master. The favourite subjects in which these two famous painters delighted, were similar; scenes in civil, but not low life, in which a certain neatness and elegance prevails, and silk curtains, or velvet carpets with their rich tints gave them an opportunity of displaying their wonderful management of light and colour. The pictures of Mieris are distinguished by high finish and attention to minutæ, although not at the expense of breadth and truth. These qualities, added to the comparative rarity of his works, have always caused them to be highly appreciated. For one of them, representing a lady fainting, attended by a physician, the Grand Duke of Tuscany offered three thousand florins, but in vain. There is a pleasing anecdote on record, which displays his character in an amiable light. Returning on a dark night, late from his friend Jan Steen's, who was fond of the bottle, Mieris, seduced by the wine and jovial company, did not find his way home with the same precision as usual, but unluckily fell into an open sewer, from which he was rescued by a cobbler and his wife, to whom he sent a picture painted in his best style, telling them to take it to his friend Cornelius Plaats. Great was the joy of the good woman on receiving the sum of eight hundred florins. He died in the year 1681.

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## PALERMO CATHEDRAL.

THE Cathedral of Palermo, one of the most interesting specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in all Italy, is dedicated to Saint Rosalia, the beautiful niece of King William the Good, who was afterwards canonized for her virtues. The present edifice is erected on the place where stood a cathedral, which, during the period of the dominion of the Saracens, had been converted into a mosque. The exterior (which, notwithstanding several incongruities, produces a very imposing effect) bears the character of the Norman-Arabic style of architecture, as does the crypt; the principal entrance and a porch on the west-side belong to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; the latter still retains several inscriptions in the Arabic language. The interior has at different periods undergone considerable modifications, and the principal changes are of very recent date, the cupola having been added between

the years 1781 and 1801. The church is adorned with eighty columns of granite, and a great number of precious stones glitter in different parts. The statue of Jesus Christ is from the hand of Antonio Gagini. The Chapel of Saint Rosalia is fitted up with extraordinary magnificence, the altar is of solid silver, as is likewise the sarcophagus, which weighs one thousand two hundred and ninety-eight Sicilian pounds. Both are only opened to public view on the feast of the saint, the great holiday of the inhabitants of Palermo and the adjacent country. This famous festival takes place in the month of July, and continues six days. The celebration is conducted with extraordinary pomp, and the city, on ordinary occasions sufficiently populous, can hardly contain the vast multitudes that crowd hither at this period to gratify their vanity, curiosity, or devotion. The people and the clergy in grand procession accompany a triumphal car of immense size, built in the form of a dome or cathedral. The dimensions of this machine, which is ornamented with trees and flowers, and contains a full orchestra, are seventy feet in length, thirty feet in breadth, and eighty feet in height. Forty oxen groan beneath its weight, as it slowly rolls along, to the applauses of the admiring Palermotans. Every evening during the continuance of the festival the city is splendidly illuminated, and fireworks and the discharge of fire-arms, the indispensable accompaniment of a religious festival, lend their brilliant and noisy aid to complete the animated scene. The subjects of the reliefs refer to the lives of the saints of the Roman Catholic church. In this cathedral lie the remains of several sovereigns, viz. King Roger II., who died 1154; Constance of Normandy, his daughter, 1198; Henry VI., her consort, emperor of Germany, 1197; the Emperor Frederic II., their son, 1250; Constance of Arragon, his wife, 1222. On opening the sarcophagi of the two latter, in 1781, inscriptions in modern Arabic were found on their garments, and Frederic lay in his imperial robes and arms. In the belfry, which is united to the church by two wide-pointed arches, the Chancellor Stephen, in 1169, found an asylum from the rebellion which had been fomented against his meritorious rule.

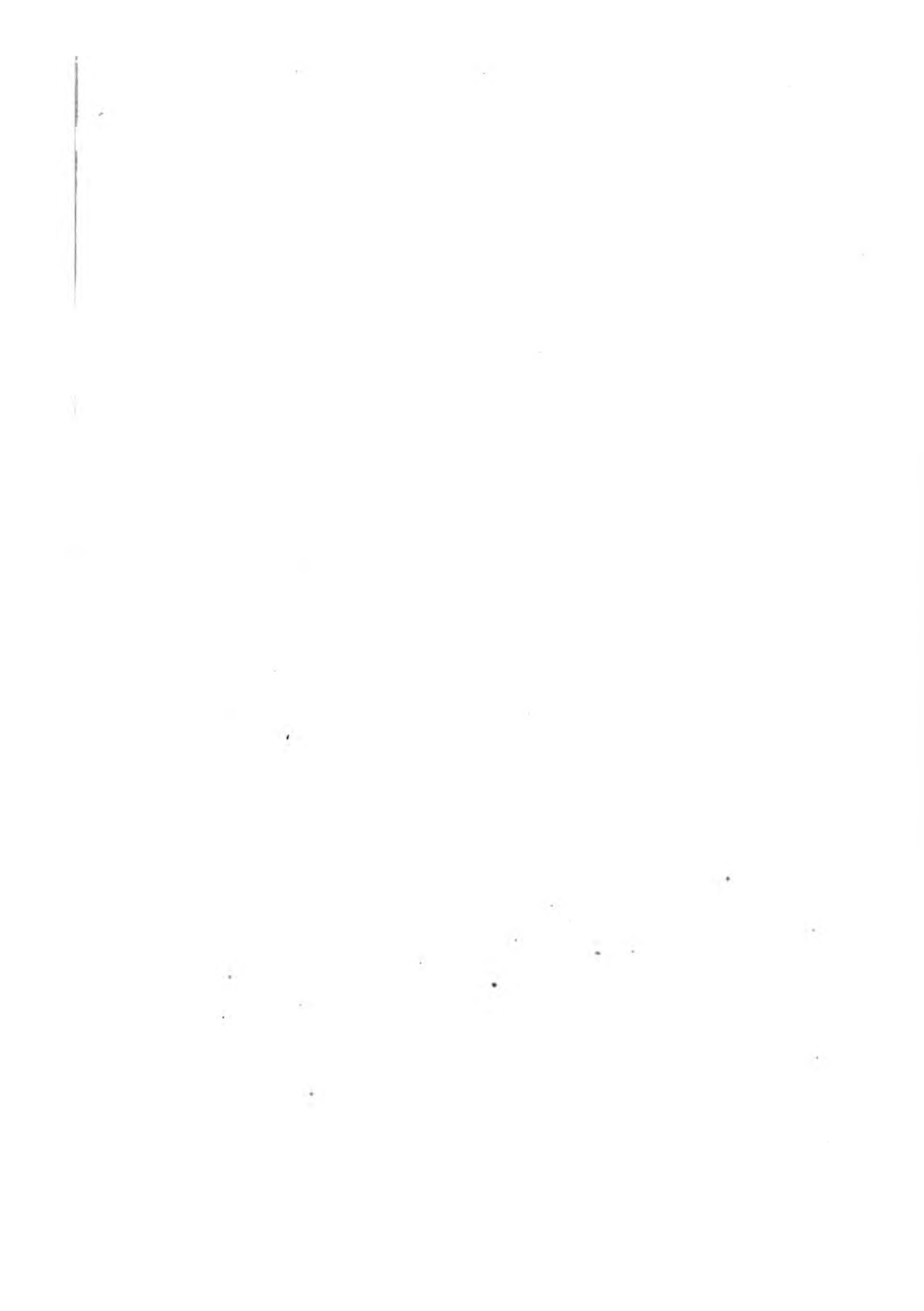
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## TAORMINA.

THERE is a proverb, the justice of which will be admitted by all travellers, that he, who has not visited Sicily, has seen but the half of Italy. The North part of this beautiful island abounds in scenery of the most magnificent description. It was on an excursion by sea from Syracuse to Catania, that we first beheld the stupendous

*St. Michael's*





form of Mount *Ætna*, the ascent of which had long been one of the most ardent of our youthful aspirations. The day was cloudless, and we kept our eyes constantly fixed on the mighty mass, from whose summit volumes of smoke rolled from time to time, light and fleecy, into the clear blue sky. The sides of the mountain, embrowned and blackened by the lava of different centuries, told more clearly than map or chronicle could have done, the awful history of the mighty convulsions that have spread terror into the hearts of thousands. There are, perhaps, few things in nature calculated to awaken in the mind more profound and varied emotions than the sight of a volcano in a southern climate. At its base, fertility crowns the light labours of the husbandman; corn and fruits and flowers shed their varied perfumes and colours over the land; the blue sea lies like a glorious mirror below it, and wafts its refreshing breeze, strengthening the labourer in the morning as he goes forth to his daily toil, and refreshing him after the burning heat of the noontide sun and the labours of his calling are past. Anon, as at *Vesuvius*, the traveller is soon awakened to the sublime dangers which lurk amid the smiling scene; a few steps bring him to the city of the dead, warning the inhabitants of the fearful scene which may again make their resting-place a mark of awe and wonder for succeeding centuries. As we ascend, the last trace of vegetation disappears; the lava, of different colours, presents a scene of desolation, which fills the heart of him who beholds it for the first time with oppressive wonder. Above, the mysterious orifice, which, after slumbering for centuries, suddenly, and with a noise louder than man's weak artillery can produce, suddenly bursts into full activity, and columns of fire tower in the air, rivers of liquid fire indent the soil. A few hundred paces below, the landscape smiles in all its wonted loveliness, and men pursue their labours, as if this miracle of nature did not concern them.

Such is the aspect of a smaller volcano, like *Vesuvius*. Its base is crowded with cities and villages, the population of which cannot be much less than half a million, some of which rest upon the hardened ruins of their predecessors; but the noise and bustle which attend the out-of-door life of the Neapolitan, proclaims so loudly the activity of man, that but little time is left for meditations, which require solitude and silence. Far different are the feelings inspired by a view of *Ætna*. As the traveller lands at Catania, the lofty mountain towers above, and the most careless spectator is impressed with the conviction, that upon *Mongibello* (as the Sicilians call it) depends the fate of the inhabitants of the surrounding country. Thirteen hours are required to reach its summit: in the course of his ascent the traveller passes, as it were, through the torrid, temperate, and frigid zones; dark, waving lines of lava still show the track pursued by the destructive element two hundred years ago, overwhelming towns and villages in its resistless course, and rushing into the sea, leaving the once famous port of Catania accessible only to smaller vessels. In the immediate vicin-

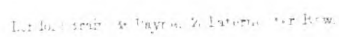
ity of Catania, vast blocks of lava, as black as pitch, although such a length of time has elapsed, stand awful chroniclers of the sad event. After passing Nicolosi, the last inhabited place, the signs of tropical vegetation disappear; the traveller rides over an ascending plain of sultry ashes; and after entering the woody region, soon emerges into the masses of bare lava above. The sides of the mountain are studded with eighty minor volcanoes, some of which have their own names, and in Italy yield in size to Vesuvius alone. They are connected by internal communications; and it was from a twin volcano of this description, (*I Monti Rossi*,) the Red Mountains, that the eruption burst forth, which, in the latter half of the seventeenth century, destroyed the city of Catania. Such are some of the features that distinguish this vast mountain, whose summit, shrouded in perpetual snow, crowns the prospect now before the reader, and formed the background of the stage of the theatre of Taormina.

This city, the ancient Tauromenium, now a poor town of 5 or 6000 inhabitants, is often mentioned by historians as rich and flourishing. Like the river Tauromenium, (now the Alcantara,) it derived its name from Mount Tarus, on which it was built. Amidst the conflicting accounts respecting its foundation, it seems certain that it was a colony, or place of refuge for the inhabitants of the neighbouring city of Naxos. Like the rest of the islands, it suffered at times considerably from different tyrants and oppressions, until it enjoyed a greater degree of tranquillity under the Roman rulers, subject, of course, to the exactions of the governors, of whom the notorious proprietor, Verres, has been handed down to posterity in the glowing eloquence of Cicero. The principal deity worshipped by the ancient Tauromenians was Apollo, likewise the national god of the Naxians, although coins in honour of Bacchus, Minerva, and Jupiter have likewise been found here. In later times, the city was conquered from the Saracens by King Roger.

The situation of Taormina is one of the most magnificent in all Sicily; and even when seen at a disadvantage, immediately after the traveller has enjoyed the sublime spectacle which the view from the summit of Mount Ætna affords, and when the mind is still too much agitated to be susceptible of minor impressions, the varied charms of the scene will recur in after times, and raise up feelings in which delight and regret equally predominate. As the spectator sits on the stone benches of the theatre, so picturesque in its decay, on his right the ruined castle of the Saracens crowns the lofty hills, Ætna lends its magic influence to the scenic effect, whilst below the sloping hill, cool with verdant green, yet studded here and there with white edifices, standing out in almost dazzling brightness, curves gracefully to the blue sea, whose murmuring shore is diversified with grotesque rocks of lava; beyond this the eye rests upon the line of Calabrian hills. From Taormina to Messina, the road leads through an earthly paradise, so rich and varied are the beauties which nature has here bestowed in lavish profusion.









The form of the theatre is semicircular, the style Corinthian. The *scena* has three entrances from the proscenium, the space between which was occupied by niches. Underneath the two former runs a subterranean passage, the purpose of which has not been clearly ascertained. The whole building was faced with marble, and rich in columns and ornaments, many of which were dug up in the years 1748 and 1749. The old Saracenic castle commands a still more extensive prospect. The church of St. Pancratius is manifestly the cell of an ancient Greek temple, the walls of which are still extant. Near this are the fragments of an aqueduct, and of a temple, supposed to have been sacred to Apollo. In the cloister of the Dominicans, which likewise commands a most beautiful view, strangers who are provided with letters of recommendation are hospitably received.

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## BEETHOVEN.

THE four great heroes of German music are Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The first will descend to posterity as one of the most glorious masters of the art, maintaining his exalted position with equal majesty; and many of his pieces will probably suffer but little from the changing modes of the science, and will in future centuries excite in the minds of the religious and the thoughtful, the same delightful emotions which rise before the mental eye at the present day in our own country, the classic land for the performance of Handel's music. When any of our tuneful English vocalists have, on the continent, sung his admirable sacred songs, they have been received with an enthusiasm which we have seldom seen equalled; and we must consider it, in some measure, as a reproach to the German taste, that so few opportunities are, in that music-loving country, afforded to the lover of Handel of hearing his inimitable oratorios.

Haydn's simple and lovely melodies, although occasionally apparently forgotten, will from time to time act with refreshing coolness whenever a healthy reaction shall take place, and the overwhelming, deafening music of some of the more recent fashionable composers shall have palled upon the ear, and called forth a longing for the more simple expression of natural feeling. Mozart still keeps his due place with undiminished fame

The fourth, and in the opinion of many, the most sublime of this great company, Beethoven, was pre-eminently distinguished by analytic genius. He roamed at will through the realms of harmony, and seemed at first to be playfully in search of that high ideal, which alone could embody and realize the lofty thoughts with which his mind was pregnant. Wayward his themes sometimes appear to the mere casual

hearer, until the attention is forcibly arrested. The seriousness of life is reflected in his music: gradually the single forms start into concrete existence, the waving thoughts unite, the author combines them more largely with brilliant colours, until at last the Promethean spark ignites, and the whole grand idea rises before the enraptured hearer in a full burst of glorious harmony. The wrapt artist, revelling in the beauties of his creation, then descends from his lofty height, and selecting single gems from the diamond wreath, brings forth from each the dazzling flash, and now with ease displays their separate charms, revealing, as it were, the magic process by which he wields the mighty power of tone. By turns he pleases with simple national airs, melts with the most touching pathos, or exalts with seraphic strains of joy. Without derogating from his illustrious compeers, or entering upon a comparison alike useless and impossible, Beethoven must be exalted upon the highest pinnacle, and if there is room for others to stand beside him on the narrow base, let them ascend and welcome.

Ludwig van Beethoven was born December 17th, 1770, at Bonn, where his father was tenor in the chapel of the Elector. From this circumstance, his attention was early directed to music, and after receiving instruction from Van Eden, organist to the court, and from the composer Neefe, his eminent talent soon became the subject of conversation in the musical circles of his native city. Like most of the modern masters of German music who have attained celebrity, the works of that profound composer, Sebastian Bach, became the objects of his diligent study; and when eleven years of age, young Beethoven gained great applause by his performance of Bach's difficult exercises (*Wohltemperirtes Clavier, le Clavecin bien temperé*) containing his fugues and preludes in every key.

In 1783, in his thirteenth year, Beethoven published his first songs and sonatas. The Prince Elector of Cologne was a steady patron of the youthful composer, and conferred upon him the title of organist to the court. By the advice of this prelate he went to Vienna in 1792, in order to perfect himself in composition under Haydn and Albrechtberger; but the former, in consequence of his engagement with Mr. Salomon, soon left for England; and the latter, who was celebrated for his knowledge of theory, had the merit of completing his musical education. In the Austrian capital, his extempore performances, or free fantasies, excited general admiration. His compositions, although they did not always escape without severe criticism, proclaimed his future eminence. Vienna became his favourite place of residence; and after the death of his patron, the Elector of Cologne, he seldom left it, except to make occasionally some short excursion in the neighbourhood. As he advanced in life, he sometimes exchanged his residence in the capital for a few months' repose in a country-house in the vicinity. His fame was now spreading widely; he was offered an engagement in England, which, however, he declined; and when he was

subsequently invited to accept the place of Westphalian Kapellmeister, the enthusiasm of some of his admirers, at the head of whom were the Archduke Rudolf, and the princes Lobkowitz and Kinsky, induced them to offer him an annual income of about four hundred pounds, until he should be appointed to an adequate situation in the Austrian empire. The calamities of war deprived him of two of his generous patrons, Prince Kinsky being soon after killed, and Prince Lobkowitz himself involved in pecuniary difficulties. It is probable, therefore, that Beethoven derived but little assistance from this well-meant offer, as he soon afterwards expressed a desire to travel. The first Societies of Europe were eager to secure the services of so great a master, and the London Philharmonic Society offered him a liberal engagement. But at the last moment he suddenly gave up the idea of visiting this country, and remained to the end of his life stationary at Vienna.

Thus he enjoyed a freedom of existence the most favourable to an artist, and was at liberty to pursue without fetters the workings of his genius. He had but little intercourse with the world, which he but little understood, and he became still more isolated and driven back upon himself, by a hardness of hearing, which at length gradually increased to almost total deafness. The peculiarities of his mind were thus fostered undisturbed, and display themselves in his sublime symphonies, his quartetts, full of profound speculation and mysterious revelations, in his opera of *Fidelio*, with its glorious overtures, the admiration alike of the learned and the simple, and in the sonatas for the pianoforte, which express the various results of life, the most manifold series of human feelings, combined with reflections which indicate the isolated character of the composer. The history of the opera of *Fidelio* is very interesting, as displaying the seriousness and perseverance which form an integral part of the mental nature of men of genius.

These excellent and varied compositions, to appreciate which attentive study and an intelligent and susceptible mind are essential requisites, filled the musical world with astonishment, and have effected a complete revolution in the science. They were hailed with enthusiasm by the more highly gifted; but it was not until the master-spirits, who directed at the different German concerts, had, by repeated performances, forced them upon public notice, that they received that homage to which they are so justly entitled.

Beethoven did not in his first works display that vastness and originality of idea which afterwards so eminently distinguished him; on the contrary, he leaned on those who had preceded him, and followed in the paths traced out by Haydn and Mozart. In the chronological series of his works the student will easily perceive the gradual progress and rapid advance which they display. Next to the symphonies, we may perhaps name his music to Goethe's *Egmont*, and above all, the four overtures to *Fidelio*, of which only the shortest and least difficult is gene-

rally performed. In his vocal music, to which some of his greatest compositions belong, the influence of his deafness is occasionally observable; and to this may perhaps be attributed certain peculiarities which sometimes disturb the full enjoyment of the hearer. His "Gellert's Songs" and "Cycle of Songs to a distant Mistress" are not sufficiently known.

Beethoven enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health, the only illness which he underwent being that which terminated in his death. From his isolated mode of life he had contracted many eccentricities: his character was kind and affectionate, until rendered more stern by ungrateful conduct. In his later years he was supposed to have been in indigent circumstances, and the Philharmonic Society sent him one hundred pounds, with a promise of more, if he should be in need of it; but this sum with others, to the amount of one thousand pounds, were found in an old chest after his death. Mr. Russell, in his *Travels in Germany*, gives an affecting description of his playing on the piano-forte, at a period when his deafness had rendered him incapable of hearing his own performance. He died March 26th, 1827.

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## THE LACE-WORKER.

GABRIEL METZU, or Metsu, one of the most distinguished Dutch painters, was born at Leyden in the year 1615. Little or nothing is known of his early years or of his first instructors, but it is probable that the works of Gerhard Douw and of Terburg gave the first impulse to his youthful genius. He soon obtained a high reputation among his contemporaries. The year of his death has not been clearly ascertained. D'Argenville, Descamps, and others relate that he died in his forty-third year, in consequence of a surgical operation, but this cannot be correct, as he was still alive in 1664, whilst their account would give 1658, as the year in which he died.

In the colouring of this artist's pictures a diligent study, or perhaps rather imitation of Van Dyck, is discernible, and in the softness and harmony which he displayed in this most important branch of the art few have excelled him. In the choice of his subjects he resembled many of the best painters among his countrymen; his heads are graceful, his figures drawn with great taste, and the attitudes easy and unconstrained. In the management of his pencil he was accurate and studious, but more free, and less painfully minute than Gerhard Douw. One great merit in the works of Metzsu consists in the finer shading of his colours, which too often in this school become harsh and staring, but in him are beautifully softened, and gra-





H. G. P. 1711

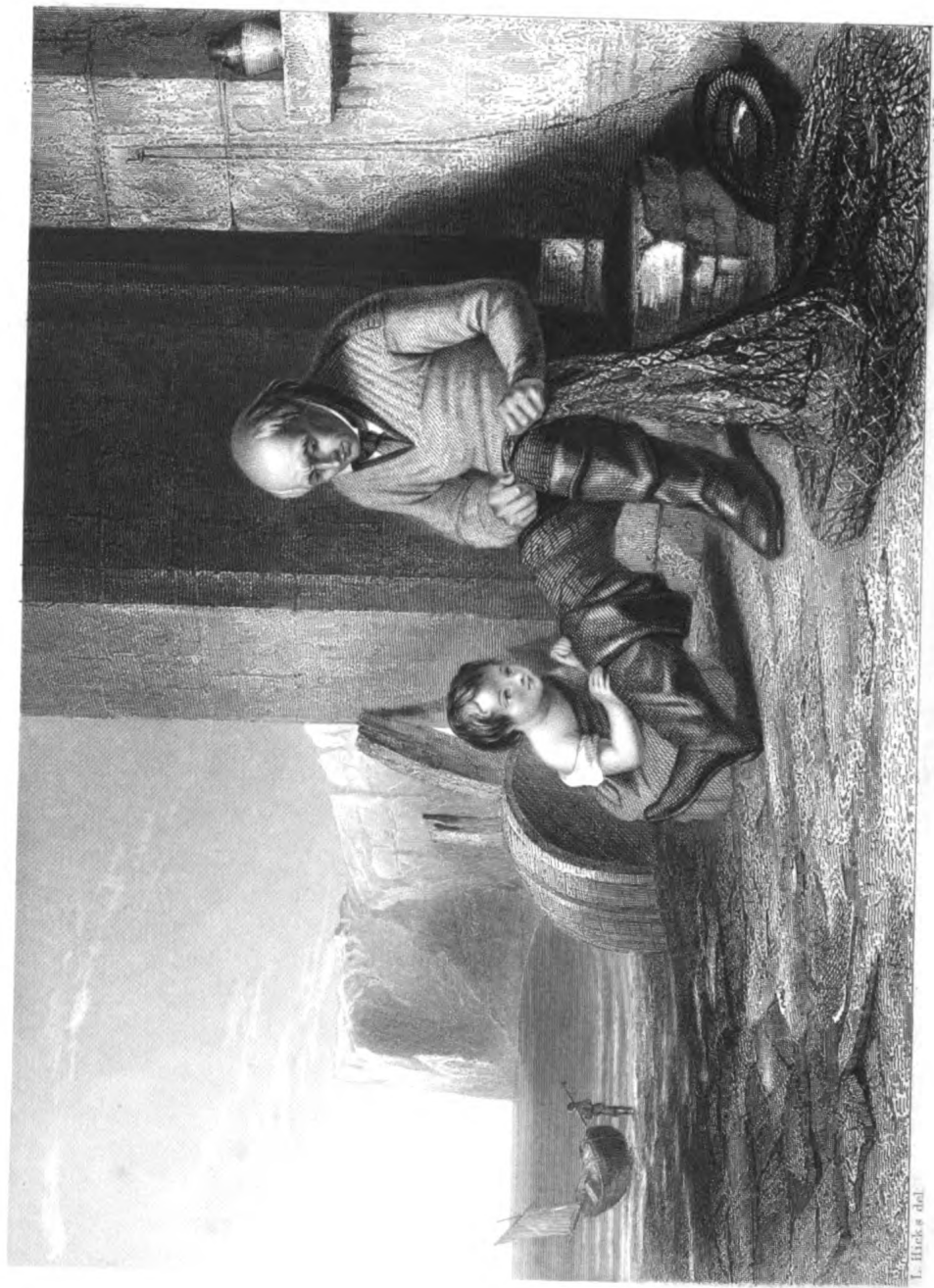
A. H. P. 1711

*The Lux Worker.*

London: Printed & Sold by J. W. & J. W. 1711







The Fisherman



dually modified by the accessories of his pictures. This excellence may be attributed to his careful study of aerial perspective at different distances, and by this means the gradation of the objects themselves and his skill in *chiaro-scuro* produces the contrasts more naturally than by a sudden and violent change of colour. The Gallery of the Louvre in Paris contains more of this artist's best pictures than any other collection in Europe. One of the most celebrated represents the Vegetable Market at Amsterdam, and places before the eye of the spectator, with his usual fidelity and some humour, the scolding, flirting, and different objects of animated and still life, for which such a subject gives ample scope. It was bought, in 1776, for twenty-five thousand eight hundred francs.

The print before us is a favourable specimen of the richness of colouring and softness of effect which distinguished his works. The slightest details of the picture are brought out with great art and judgment, the contrasts gradual, well managed, and softening into each other. The buxom form, the leisure with which she pursues her occupation, the materials of her dress, point out the dilettante. The figure naturally suggests a comparison with the hard fate of the poor needlewomen of our times, whose destitute condition is so frequently and painfully brought before the public. The well-meant exertions of the philanthropists will prove but a doubtful palliative of this evil, which is intimately connected with the terrible pauperism that, we fear, is destined, at the next commercial crisis, to play a part which we shudder to contemplate.

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## THE FISHERMAN.

No longer now the waves, with sullen roar  
Of mighty thunder, dash against the shore ;  
In gentle murmurs they exhaust their power,  
And ocean glistens in the noontide hour,  
The bright sun pours a flood of glorious light,  
Reflected from the rocks of dazzling white ;  
Whilst man, and beast, and bird have sought the shade,  
The fisher to the strand hath boldly stray'd,  
Launches his bark and hoists the spreading sail,  
And whistles, eager for the tardy gale.

His sire remains at home—a hale old man,  
Whose life is lengthen'd o'er the common span :—  
He hoists no more the sail or plies the oar,  
His strength suffices for such tasks no more ;  
But many a word of wisdom hath he taught,  
By years of toil and danger dearly bought ;  
For to the observant eye of age 'tis given  
To tell the signs on earth, or sea, or heav'n.  
Many a rash youth, who had his counsel shunn'd,  
Had for his rashness with his life aton'd.  
The lighter labours of the house he shares,  
Bids when to sail, or the torn net repairs :  
Beside him sits his grandchild, for her smile  
And infant prattle the long hours beguile ;  
And many an artless question does she ask,  
That cheers him as he plies his simple task—  
Now this, now that, with curious mind would know,  
“ And why her father out to sea must go,  
In cold and stormy nights, and when the winds did blow.”  
“ My child,” the old man said, “ the fisher's life,  
Like all mankind's, is mingled ease and strife—  
'Tis light to guide the bark, when the mild breeze  
Wafts its frail burthen on the rippling seas.  
He casts his nets, and soon with plenteous store,  
Well pleas'd, he sails back to the welcome shore ;  
But when with furious force the waves are driv'n  
High up in air, as if they'd mix with heav'n,  
With fear and awe the fisher's heart is riv'n :  
He hears the raging tempest's howling blast,  
And knows that each dark hour may prove his last :—  
Bravely he strives his much-lov'd home to reach ;  
But oft, alas ! the fragments on yon beech  
Have told the tale, that the relentless wave  
Has borne the fisher to his watery grave.  
Me from this fate a gracious God hath spar'd ;  
But all should be in life for death prepar'd.  
Now let us rise, my child, my task is done,  
Thy father beckons, and we must be gone.”





J. H. B. pinx.

A. H. Duvet sculp.

*The Belle of the Village.*

London: J. H. B. & J. H. D. 1788.



## THE BELLE OF THE VILLAGE.

RAILROADS are certainly an admirable invention, and forty miles an hour are not to be despised when one is in a hurry ; but for a tour of pleasure, when it does not matter much whether you are ten or twenty hours on the road, give me the stage-coach, such as stage-coaches used to be in the days of their prime. You have time to look about you—you pick up little bits of local information, and gain, now and then, an insight into national and individual character. But Washington Irving, in that delightful chapter of his Sketch Book, entitled “The Stage Coach,” has painted the subject with a master’s hand, and our pen must not attempt the venturesome theme. His charming sketch may now serve for the coachman’s epitaph. Such were my meditations as I was whirled along the lowest level, boxed up in one of the so-called carriages of the South-Eastern, on my way to the village of Welsdon. I knew every step of the road, for I had often travelled it on foot and by coach, for the last twenty years ; but now I had no more enjoyment of the scene than if I were crossing the desert from Cairo to Suez, and I was glad to set my foot once more on *terra-firma*, at the station.

I had availed myself of a few leisure days to get free from the smoke and bustle of our vast metropolis, to pay a visit to my old friend ———, who lived in a pleasant retirement at Welsdon, as pretty a village as is to be found in all England ; and this is a bold word, for England is, *par excellence*, the land of pretty villages. Other countries may boast of purer skies, of loftier mountains, and broader streams ; but in the course of my travels I have never met with anything that could bear comparison with an English village, with its healthy labourers, buxom lasses, and pretty children. A long and straggling village is Welsdon, with its cottages and gardens, and some ten or twelve gentlemen’s seats, a bubbling brook, not quite unknown to fame in the annals of trout-fishing, with here and there a rural bridge thrown over it, gives additional freshness to the scene. The inhabitants are probably peacefully inclined, at least it cannot boast of the doubtful advantage of a lawyer’s residence ; healthy they must be, for the only remedy to the “thousand ills that flesh is heir to,” is administered by a country apothecary, who lives two or three miles off, and calls once or twice at the tailor’s, who is his factotum in the simple remedies that he employs, unless he thinks it necessary to assume additional importance, by adopting some of the more formidable terms of the pharmacopeia. Father Matthew has not, as far as I have heard, honoured Welsdon with a visit in the course of his meritorious peregrinations ; at any rate, the noise of uproarious jollity is still occasionally heard at one or both of the public-houses, whose staring signs still betoken

good refreshment for man and horse. The Red Lion is the favourite resort of the village toppers, and its rampant figure seems to threaten destruction to its opposite neighbour, the White Horse, which the limner has painted in a meagre style, which need not excite the envy even of Rosinante; and the host with his white apron is standing at the door, and wondering at the bad taste which induces the Welsdoners to throng to his rival's tap-room, while his own bar is so unaccountably deserted. Perhaps his wife's shrill voice, which you can hear in the kitchen scolding the maids, and which induces our Boniface himself to make a rapid retreat, fearing his turn may come next, may have something to do with it, for, I am sorry to say, she is the scold of the village. Just beyond is the blacksmith's shop, with its "sooty cyclops in brown-paper cap." A crowd of staring urchins, as usual, has been attracted by the "asthmatic engine," the bellows, and the roaring fire, and the horses. Opposite, projecting from his neat one-storied house, stands the stall of the merry lame cobbler, whose voice may be heard accompanying his hammer from morning to night. Cobbler! I beg his pardon, how could I be so blind, when "John Transom, Shoemaker," in large letters, stares me in the face? I suppose he will tell me, as usual, (for I like to chat a little with the honest, good-humoured old man,) that he has just taken a pair of boots to the vicarage, or to young Mr. Sharpe's, the banker's, and that they assured him they were as good a fit as ever came from the best boot-maker's in London. And there is Betty Transom, the shoemaker's pretty daughter, though somewhat delicate, standing at her window, very busy with her three geraniums, although I suspect that her eye wanders sometimes to her opposite neighbour's, for John Wilson is as fine a specimen of a young blacksmith as you would wish to see; and he has been observed to leave off work, lately, rather sooner than usual, and after he has doffed his paper cap, may be seen occasionally in Master Transom's stall; and when Dick Robson jocularly taxed him with it, at the Red Lion, last Saturday evening, he said it was merely to catch the tune of a new song. Now as John himself is considered one of the best vocalists of the village, and is universally called upon to sing the solos in "God save the Queen," on her Most Gracious Majesty's birth-day, and has been heard, in former times, to speak rather disrespectfully of the shoemaker's voice, (this may have been from rivalry, as village artists have as good a right to this feeling as their professional brethren from foreign parts, who are said not to be quite exempt from it,) I must confess that this circumstance does look a little suspicious, and I should not wonder if there were to be a wedding soon.

Welsdon has its post-office likewise, kept by two sisters, Mrs. Dobbs, a portly widow, and Martha Jinks, a thin old maid, whose sharp features always look as if they wished to pry into the contents of the parcel of letters she is making up for the postboy, who is waiting for them at the door, on his little rusty brown pony, smack-

ing his whip with impatience. But they do not deal only in letters, their shop is a kind of reversed Noah's ark; for every thing, except animal food, may be procured there, unless they happen, unfortunately, to be just out of stock, which, I am sorry to say, is sometimes the case. Pins, needles, tape, thread, silk, cotton, and woollen goods, umbrellas and walking-sticks, lollipops and raspberry tarts, marbles, taws, hats, straw bonnets, bats, balls, and stumps, and doubtless half a thousand things besides, all lie about in such confusion to an inexperienced eye, that it is a wonder how anything can be found when it is wanted. There is also here food for the mind, although not very plentiful, being limited in amount to about three dozen volumes of well-thumbed novels, to which, I hope, will soon be added "Chambers's Journal, or some of Charles Knight's weekly volumes. But foremost among the shops must be reckoned Mr. Beckland's, the butcher's, for he boasts that better meat never came from Leadenhall-market, and I do not think he is far wrong. And there is a seminary for youth, with "Academy" painted in fine gold letters on the portico; and there in his garden, murdering the queen's English, that redoubtable pedagogue, who has a smattering of everything, but who knows nothing in perfection, Mr. Vaucher, a little diminutive Frenchman, standing five feet one in his high-heeled boots; and his excellent wife, the Lady Bountiful of the village, as much beloved by the boys, who are just rushing into the play-ground, as her prim maiden sister, Miss Richards, who can spy out a fault at a mile's distance, is detested.

Welsdon likewise boasts its witch, at least there is a poor unfortunate old woman, who lives on a small unenclosed green, in the middle of the village, that goes by that suspicious appellation. Her habitation, if it can deserve the name, is a wretched hovel, open to the rain, and shaken by every blast of wind. I am sure, at every successive visit that I pay to Welsdon I expect to find it vanished; but there it stands, like many a groaning, wheezing valetudinarian, always ailing, and yet contriving to outlive half the parish. Its miserable inhabitant (I have forgotten her name, in fact I never heard of any one who knew it, and yet I have been acquainted with Welsdon for a longer period than I care to communicate to the reader) is the especial object of torment to all the boys in the village, gentle and simple. She was never known to speak kindly to any one, and her only support is derived from the bones and scraps which she receives daily from the kitchens of the gentlemen's houses in the neighbourhood, and which she thrusts, thanklessly and grumblingly, into her ragged wallet. The elder people all pity her miserable condition, and have tried, in vain, to procure for her a more humane treatment. The youths and lasses, I fear, share the superstition of their younger brothers and sisters; but the urchins revenge themselves upon her for the dread which she inspires, by pelting her goat, her only companion. This raises her ire to the highest pitch—she may be heard within, grumbling and shrieking, and when she stands at the door of her hovel, trembling

with impotent rage, and shaking her crutch, her good-for-nothing tormentors will scamper off, out of hearing of her imprecations, which are dreadful. There she goes, poor thing, dragging her feeble frame along; a few short months will, it is to be hoped, put an end to all her sufferings. A bright contrast to this miserable being is Mrs. Derryman, the aged widow of the late village schoolmaster. She has had her sorrows, for her three hopeful sons are all dead, and her only daughter did not survive the first year of her marriage. One little grand-daughter remains, a curly-pated cherub, the pet and plaything of the whole village.

But now we are come to a house, or rather cottage, that we must contemplate a little more attentively. It is the prettiest house in Welsdon, and so it ought to be, for in it lives no less a person than Ellen Ramsay, the Belle of the village. It is low, and has but one story, and the vines and creeping shrubs which reach to the very roof cover it so completely that you can hardly tell whether it is built of wood, or brick, or stone. Indeed they scarcely leave space enough round the windows for pretty Ellen's face to peep out at; but as she has just come into the porch, which is likewise covered with jessamine, clematis, and passion-flower, that does not much signify. It is not very long since Mrs. Ramsay and her daughter came to live at Welsdon, and their mourning-dress, particularly the mother's widow's-weeds, showed but too plainly that Ellen had lately lost her father. Mrs. Ramsay must have been very beautiful, and is still a comely and very lady-like person, and doubtless possessed of very considerable attainments, as, instead of sending Ellen to a lady's boarding-school, about a mile from the village, she has superintended her education herself.

The figure of Ellen is tall and graceful, her complexion brilliant with the ruddy glow of health, is set off by the profusion of light brown hair; her bright, laughing hazel eyes proclaim the innocent cheerfulness of her mind. Kind, gentle, and good-humoured, she is beloved by her own sex, as she is the admiration of ours. It was not long before she had turned the heads of half the young men in the village, as well as some of those whose right to this appellation was not so certain. Even Mr. Holford, so serious and sedate, that he went by the name of the philosopher, was observed, about a year ago, to be particularly attentive to the minutiae of the outward man, which he had hitherto treated with true philosophical contempt; the barber's man had been seen with him; the poor (not youth, but) middle-aged gentleman of forty, was evidently in love; but as he has recently resumed his former abstract habits, and has been heard to rail against the follies of the fair-sex, (nay, he even favoured his friends lately with a two hours' disquisition upon the advantages of a single life,) it is to be presumed that his visit to the widow's cottage did not altogether end to his satisfaction. Even George Hill, the vicar's eldest son, who is only four-and-twenty, a handsome young man, with all his Oxford laurels (he was senior wrangler last year) fresh upon him, and who has lately been appointed to a good



living, has sued in vain. The folks in the village do not know what to make of it. Short-sighted people that they are, because they never see any strangers at Mrs. Ramsay's they cannot imagine that Ellen is engaged—the good people seem to take it for granted, that because they themselves have lived at Welsdon all their lives, nothing can have happened elsewhere.

It is now five years ago that Ellen and her cousin, George Templeton, were engaged to each other, but their parents agreed that they should not be married till Ellen was twenty-one. The ladies may think this was a long time to wait, but perhaps the parents thought, with the good vicar of Wakefield, that courtship is the happiest period of our lives. Be that as it may, the young folks had been engaged above a year, when, by a freak of fortune, a rich old relative of Ellen's father, dying childless, left him the heir to his very considerable property, although, during his life-time, he had never condescended to take any notice of him or his family. With increase of wealth Mr. Ramsay's pride rose; he thought he had been foolish in giving his daughter to young Templeton, whose parents only possessed a decent competency. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh:"—the Templetons naturally felt indignant at the arrogance of the parvenu, and showed this in their behaviour to him, which Mr. Ramsay thought it as natural that he should resent, by forbidding his daughter to have any intercourse with George Templeton and his family; a proceeding which called forth a similar retaliation on the part of Mr. Templeton. Poor George and Ellen, although dutiful children, could not muster up resolution enough to agree in the parental views upon this subject, and, as the truth must be told, they had kept up a correspondence with each other, which Mrs. Ramsay, who was not so much the slave of gold as her husband, and who brought a woman's feelings to the consideration of this important topic, which so intimately involved her daughter's happiness, could not approve, yet would not altogether forbid. Such was the unsatisfactory state of affairs: the affections of the young people were but the more strongly cemented by the efforts made to disturb their union, while the hard-hearted ambition of Mr. Ramsay took every day firmer possession of his mind: but he was not destined to enjoy for a long period the prosperity which had dazzled him.

In his desire to augment his newly-acquired riches he entered into enormous speculations; the commercial crisis that ensued soon after reduced him to the verge of ruin. He did not long survive the shock, and at his death he left his widow barely sufficient to maintain herself and her daughter in a decent retirement in a country village. They chose Welsdon for their place of abode. George Templeton now hoped, that as Mr. Ramsay, the only offending party, was no more, his father would relent, and that the course of true love might at last run smooth. He had to learn that offended pride strikes deep roots, and perceiving the irritation of

his father's mind he wisely resolved to trust to the soothing influence of time. The event proved that he had acted wisely. The death of Mr. Ramsay, the misfortunes and the comparative poverty to which Mrs. Ramsay and her daughter were now reduced, gradually exercised their influence upon Mr. Templeton's mind; his love for his son came in aid of his better feelings, and he was exalted in his own opinion by the idea that he was acting with no little generosity in consenting to the marriage of the young people on the original conditions; so that, as Ellen now wants but three months of being of age, I am afraid that we shall soon lose the Belle of the Village.

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## GOETHE'S MONUMENT,

IN FRANKFURT ON THE MAINE.

ALREADY, in the life-time of Goethe, his admirers had formed the design of erecting a monument in honour of him, in his native city; but this plan was abandoned in consequence of the objections raised against it by the poet himself. After his death the project was resumed. The famous sculptor, Schwanthaler, lent his willing aid, and the statue, modelled by him, was successfully cast, in a manner worthy of the subject, in the royal foundry of Munich, by Stiglmayer and Miller, and now forms one of the principal monuments of the city of Frankfurt.

The monument, which is worthy of the high fame of the artist, is of colossal dimensions, and consists of three principal parts, viz. the statue itself, which is fifteen feet high; the pedestal, with four bas-reliefs, (illustrative of the varied productions of Goethe's genius,) twelve feet high, and two steps of granite from the Oldenwald, two feet high; so that the height of the whole is twenty-nine feet. The statue and the pedestal are both of beautiful bronze, cast from Turkish cannon, which were sunk in the sea at the battle of Navarino, but now destined to convey to later times the features of a peaceful poet. All the models for this great work were made by Schwanthaler within the space of three years; and the last hours of Stiglmayer, the meritorious director of the Royal Foundry of Munich, were cheered by the news of the successful operation of the casting, under the superintendence of his relative and scholar, Miller. The whole weight of the bronze is about fifty hundred weight. The expences of the monument (including the honorary reward of five thousand guilders, which were offered to Schwanthaler; but which, we believe, the sculptor declined, are to be appropriated to a foundation bearing his name.)



*Goethe.*  
*Monument in Frankfurt. 21/2 m.*

London: Brain & Payne, 12, Paternoster Row



amount to thirty-six thousand guilders, a very small sum, when we consider the magnitude and excellence of the work, and which could by no means have sufficed, but for the liberality of the artists employed, and the moderation of the charges incurred at the Royal Establishment of Munich, in prosecution of the patriotic undertaking.

At length the ponderous car, loaded with this noble work of art, and gaily adorned with flags and flowers, left the capital of Bavaria, and was met at the gates of Frankfurt by the committee, for the erection of the monuments, and a procession of artists, who accompanied it into the town with banners and music. The period was auspicious, just as the first cannon was fired in honour of the eve of the battle of Leipzig, (October 17, 1844,) the procession proceeded to the place where the monument was to be erected, and where, thirty years before, the poet had recited his poem on that great event, amidst the applauses of his fellow-citizens.

On the 22nd of October the good people of the city of Frankfurt moved in long and joyous procession to the inauguration of the monument. As the lengthened trains passed the house where the *Tran Rath* had lived, a flourish of trumpets and the hurrahs of the multitude proclaimed their homage to the distinguished mother of Frankfurt's most illustrious son. In the evening the monument and the house where the family of Goethe lived were illuminated.

The artist has fully succeeded in giving a true and living representation of the majestic form and noble bearing which distinguished the great poet. Goethe, in the full vigour of life, leans against the trunk of a German oak, round which the Rhenish vine is entwined; his fine head, with a proud expression, raised, as if surveying with his characteristic clearness the most profound relations of nature and life; the laurel wreath hangs negligently in his left hand.

The artist has, with great judgment, placed the statue on an elevation three feet above the pedestal, thereby giving still higher effect to the colossal dimensions. The cloak in which the figure is enveloped folds gracefully, and relieves the bareness which the mere statue exhibits when placed in the open air.

The reliefs on the four sides of the pedestal portray the varying productions of the poet. What a state of unwearied intellectual activity do they recall to the spectator, as he rapidly reverts to that brilliant development of German literature, of which Goethe was, for so long a period, the brightest ornament. In few but characteristic touches the sculptor reveals the creative fulness of his manifold productions in the most opposite walks of poetry. Nor are his scientific investigations and discoveries forgotten. These latter are represented by the allegorical figure of Science in an oak grove; Isis rising from the water, alludes to his Neptunian theory of the formation of the earth; the flower-leaf and the blossom indicate his Metamorphosis of the Plants, a discovery which will for ever secure to his name a distinguished place among botanists; the prism alludes to his labours in optics, and to his theory



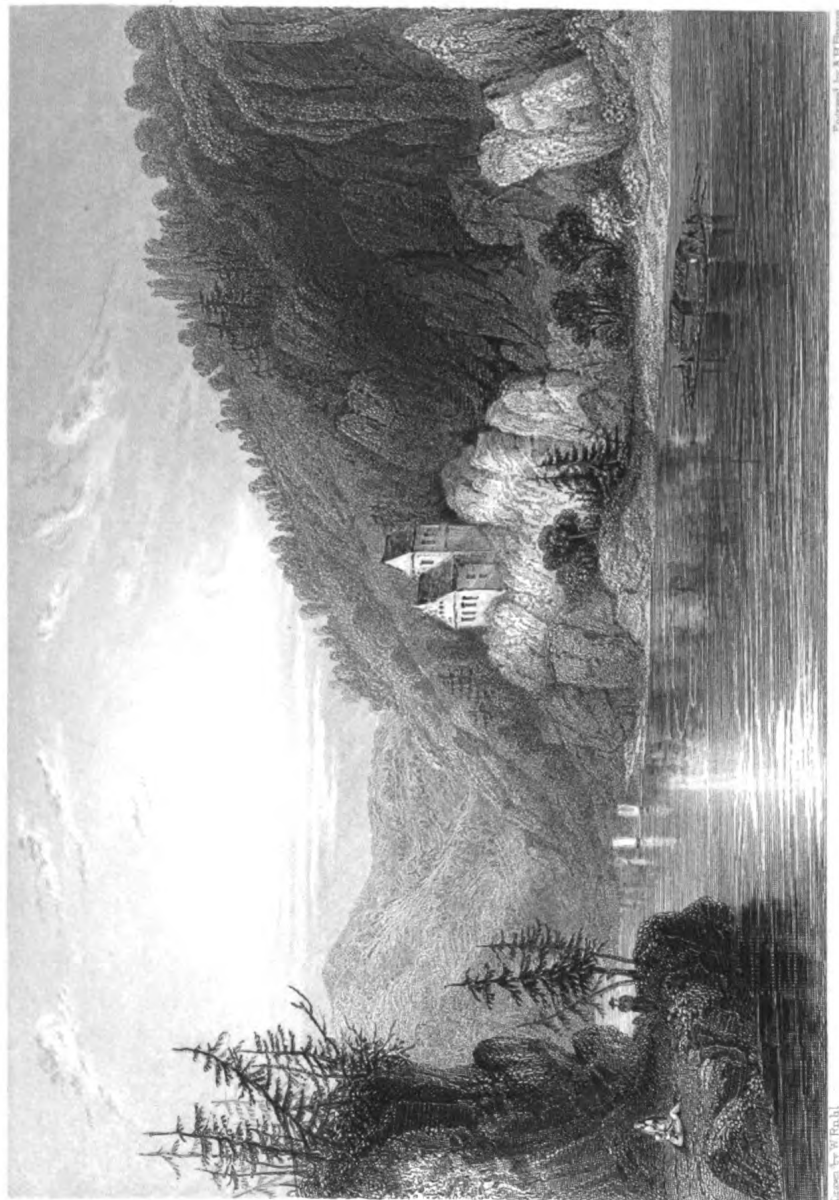
of colours, made known to the British public in the translation of Mr. Eastlake; a skull to his studies in osteology. A tablet, with the inscription *Antiquitati*, refers to his writings on antiquarian subjects; an awkward expedient. We must confess we could have wished for a less prosaic method of allusion, nor would the omission of this homage altogether have given us much cause for regret. Beside the figure of Science recline the allegorical figures of dramatic and lyrical poetry; the former represented by a tragic mask and the staff of Comus, the latter by a lyre and cornucopia. To these two succeed the principal personages who figure in Goethe's dramatic, epic, domestic, and lyrical poems and romances, arranged in appropriate succession. The two processions meet on the reverse of the pedestal and are crowned by a Victory with laurels and wreaths of flowers. Nearest to the dramatic muse the side-relief to the left displays Faust, with the book in his hand, proclaiming his power over the unearthly demons, and Mephistopholes behind him. The Grecian drama is represented by Iphigenia, with Orestes and King Thoas. Further on the reverse come the representatives of his German-national dramatic pieces, Egmont and Goetz von Berlichingen, with Tasso; the figure of the satyr recalls his satirical poems. Beside the lyric muse the lateral relief to the right shows us Dorothea led by Hermann Wilhelm Meister, with Mignon and the Harper in the Grove, and at the side, under poplar-trees, we behold the coffin of Werther.

On the reverse are four subjects indicative of the principles, or elements, that predominate in his different lyrical poems. The *Erl-King*, with a water-nymph of *Nixe*, to represent the German element; *Prometheus* for the antique; a *Parsee* with his mistress, for the Oriental; and the *Bride of Corinth* for the modern Greek. A Victory, with raised hands, holding wreaths, crowns the whole.

The place in which the monument is erected is eminently calculated to give it its full effect, being somewhat narrow, one hundred and sixty feet, and planted with trees before the houses; whilst in front and behind, the space expands considerably, thus limiting and forming a frame, as it were, at the sides, but allowing free access and a distant view to those points whence the statue presents itself to the eye to the greatest advantage.

In conclusion, that we may not altogether lose caste with those readers, if such should honour us with their perusal, who imagine that a writer is nothing if not critical, we may observe, with all due respect to the artist, that the hands are perhaps too heavy, one of the thighs too massive, the right arm, from the folding of the drapery, appears too short, and that the drapery itself, in some parts, is too rounded and somewhat unfinished. Nay, a worthy tailor of Frankfurt insists that the coat is buttoned on the wrong side; but as this enabled the sculptor to draw out the lines more beautifully, we shall not urge Master Snip's scientific objection. And now, having satisfied our conscience by this microscopic inspection, the traveller can, with less remorse, do homage to this fine specimen of Schwanthaler's genius.

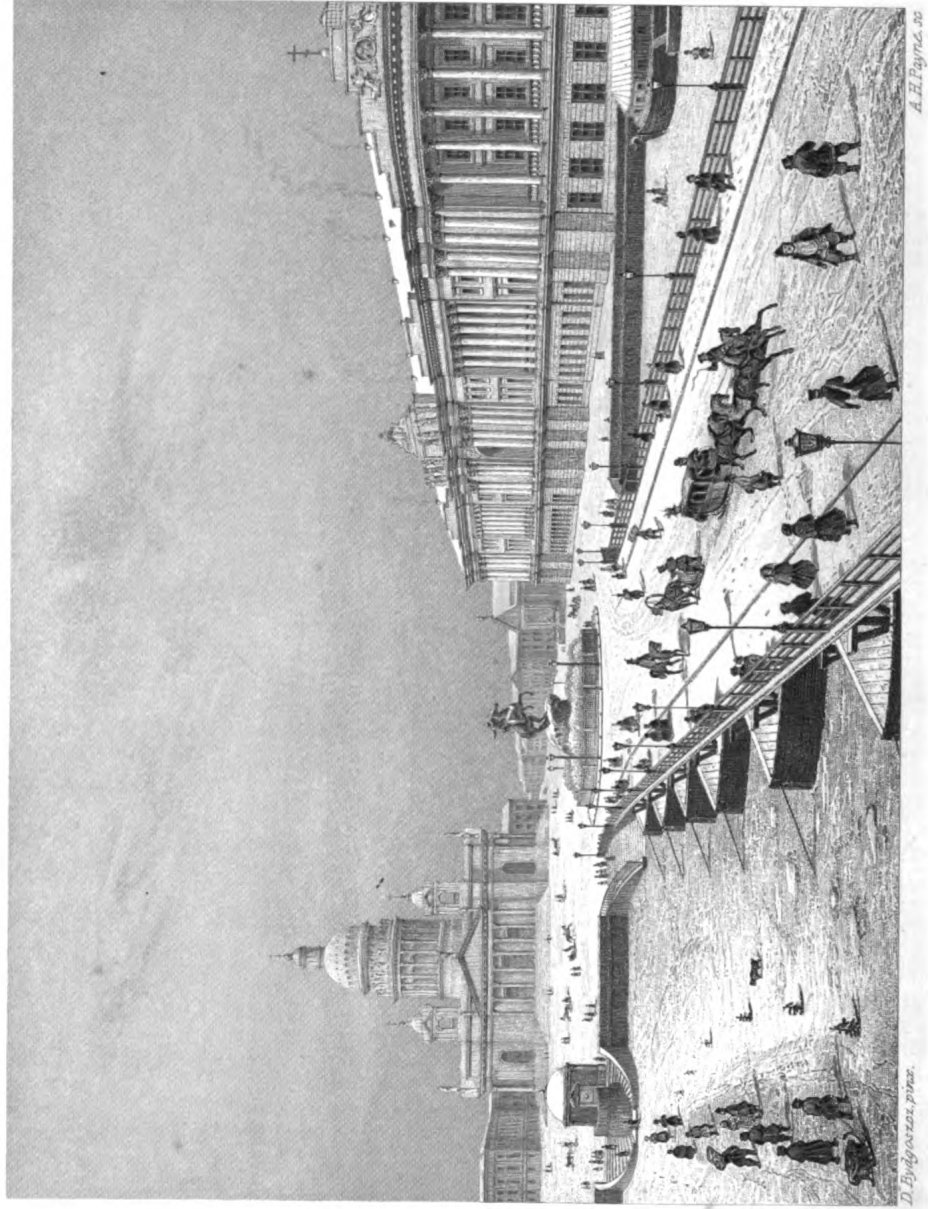




*Schlösser zu Rempenstein*







*The Bridge of Charles of St. Louis.  
Petersburg*

## KREMPENSTEIN.

REFERRING the reader to our general remarks on the character and course of the Danube, in a recent number, we need here only remark, that the Castle of Krempenstein is picturesquely situated at a short distance from the city of Passau, about half-way up the rocks, amidst fir-forests. It was formerly subject to the bishops of Passau, who levied a duty on all vessels navigating this part of the Danube. It is sometimes called the Tailor's Castle by the people of the neighbourhood, owing to the circumstance of a tailor having been drowned in the river below, in attempting to throw into the stream the dead body of a goat.

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THE BRIDGE AND CHURCH OF ST. ISAAC,  
PETERSBURG.

“THE real and peculiar magnificence of Petersburg,” says the amiable and accomplished authoress of *Letters from the Baltic*, “consists in sailing apparently upon the bosom of the ocean into a city of palaces. Granite quays of immense strength now gradually closed in upon us, bearing aloft stately buildings, modelled from the Acropolis, while successive vistas of intermediate streets, and canals as thickly populated, told us plainly that we were in the midst of this northern capital ere we had set foot to ground. . . . The mosque-like form of the Greek churches—the profusion of cupola and minaret—with treble domes, painted blue with silver stars, or green with gold stars, and the various gilt spires, starting at intervals from the low city, and blazing like flaming swords in the cold rays of an October setting sun, gave it an air of Orientalism, little in accordance with the gloomy grey mantle of snow-clouds, in which all this glitter was shrouded. The loftiest and most striking object was the Isaac's Church, still behung with forests of scaffolding, which, while they revealed its gigantic proportions, gave but few glimpses of its form. Altogether I was disappointed at the first *coup-d'œil* of this capital—it has a brilliant face, but wants height to set it off.” Such is the aspect of Petersburg as the traveller ascends the Neva, and stops to enjoy the scene now before the reader, if his patience at the tedious vexa-

tions of the Russian custom-house leave him spirits for the attempt. Far less striking is the impression from the Finland side, which disadvantage is somewhat compensated by passing the noble stream upon the longest bridge. On the road from Narva the stranger is introduced more gradually to the principal features which distinguish this Northern Palmyra from all other capitals.

Petersburg is situated partly on the continent, and partly on islands near the mouth of the Neva, as it winds its way to the Bay of Cronstadt, on the eastern side of the Gulf of Finland. At Schlusselfurg the Neva leaves Lake Ladoga, running at first south-west, then north-west, till it approaches Petersburg; here it takes a northern direction for a short space, receiving on the right the river Ochta; it then turns suddenly to west-south-west, and, before entering the bay, divides into three arms, of which the principal is the southern, or Great Neva, the middle one, the little Neva, and the northern, the Great Nevka. All these rivers are crossed by means of bridges, of which there were, in 1837, no less than one hundred and thirty-three, twenty-six of stone, fourteen of iron, and ninety-three of wood; yet, owing to the great extent of the city, this number is far from sufficient. The bridge of St. Isaac, which forms part of the foreground in the plate before the reader, is one thousand three hundred and fifty feet in length, and rests upon fifteen pontoons. It connects Vassili-Ostrof (*Basil's Island*) with the quarters of the Admiralty. It is unquestionably the most important medium of communication, uniting the two busiest parts of the town, and is for this reason permanent, whilst most of the other bridges are removed on the first appearance of the ice. During the continuance of the navigation, the bridge is opened about an hour after midnight, to allow a passage to the numerous vessels that ascend the river from Cronstadt.

The soil upon which Petersburg is built is alluvial, partly marshy, and hardly firm in any part, in general low and exposed to inundations, the most dangerous of which occurred in 1824, and threatened the greater part of the city with destruction. "No one," says the charming writer to whom we are already indebted, "can judge of the daring position of Petersburg, who has not mounted one of her artificial heights, and viewed the immense body of waters in which she floats, like a bark overladen with precious goods; while the autumn waves, as if maddened by the prospect of the winter's long imprisonment, play wild pranks with her resistless shores, deriding her false foundations, and overturning in a few hours the laboured erections of as many years. We wanted no one to recount the horrors of an inundation, for this is the season when the waters levy their annual tribute. A south-west wind was lifting the gulf furiously towards the city; the Neva was dashing along, rejoicing in its strength, tossing the keels of the vessels over the granite quays, disjoining the planks of the floating bridges, and threatening all who ventured across with sea-sickness, if with no worse danger. The water had already taken possession

of some of the wretched outskirts of the city, adding more misery where there seemed enough before, while flags floated from the tower where we stood, to warn the inhabitants of their dangers; and before we quitted our station, guns from the fortress, the appointed signal on such occasions, bade those remove who had aught to save."

Perilous as this situation is, the bold and fearless mind of Peter the Great, whose penetration foresaw the commercial and political advantages of the site, did not hesitate to lay here the foundations of a mighty capital. He found the Neva in possession of his enemies, the Swedes, who for centuries had maintained a fortress at the confluence of the Ochta with this river. He well knew the necessity of taking the fortress, which he did in 1703, and of making himself master of the whole course of the Neva. A glance at the map of Russia will show the vital importance of this stream to the commerce and inland navigation of the empire. Connected by nature with the Wolchof and Ilm lake, it could easily be joined to Russia's greatest stream, the Wolga, by means of canals, the construction of which already occupied his indefatigable mind. His ideas have been carried out by his successors. Petersburg, by a system of rivers and canals, is connected with the Caspian Sea, whence goods are conveyed for nearly one thousand five hundred miles without landing. The facilities to the north for the conveyance of goods from Siberia and China (although from the distance and the interruption of the long winters, the transit lasts three years) are equally great.

When this vast project had entered the mind of Peter, he lost no time in carrying it into execution with all the resources that his own energy and the despotic nature of his government commanded. He secured the islands, which are the key to the mouth of the Neva, without waiting for a peace with the Swedes, which might confirm his possession of his new conquests. On the 16th of May, 1703, he laid the foundation of a citadel on the little island of Jenissari, (*Hare Island*), situated before the present Petersburg side of the island, which was at that time named Koiwissare (*Birch-tree Island*.) This citadel, which, however, did not assume its present form till a subsequent period, must consequently be considered the cradle of Petersburg. The first private dwellings were behind the fort, on the Petersburg side. On the south-east bank of this side was also the lowly dwelling of Peter, a little hut, protected, since 1779, by a stone covering, and, together with a boat, said to have been constructed by Peter himself, preserved as national relics. To the natural difficulties of the undertaking, arising from the marshy soil, were added the horrors of famine, and it has been supposed that during the first years one hundred thousand men perished. Peter was obliged to use force, not only to procure workmen or to recruit their thinned ranks, but likewise to keep together the inhabitants of the infant city. Under the reign of his successor, Catherine, this system was abandoned, as no

longer necessary—the residence of the czars\* could soon boast of a rapidly increasing population, which has now probably reached the number of half a million, of whom scarcely more than one-third are females, and three-fourths are not natives of the city.

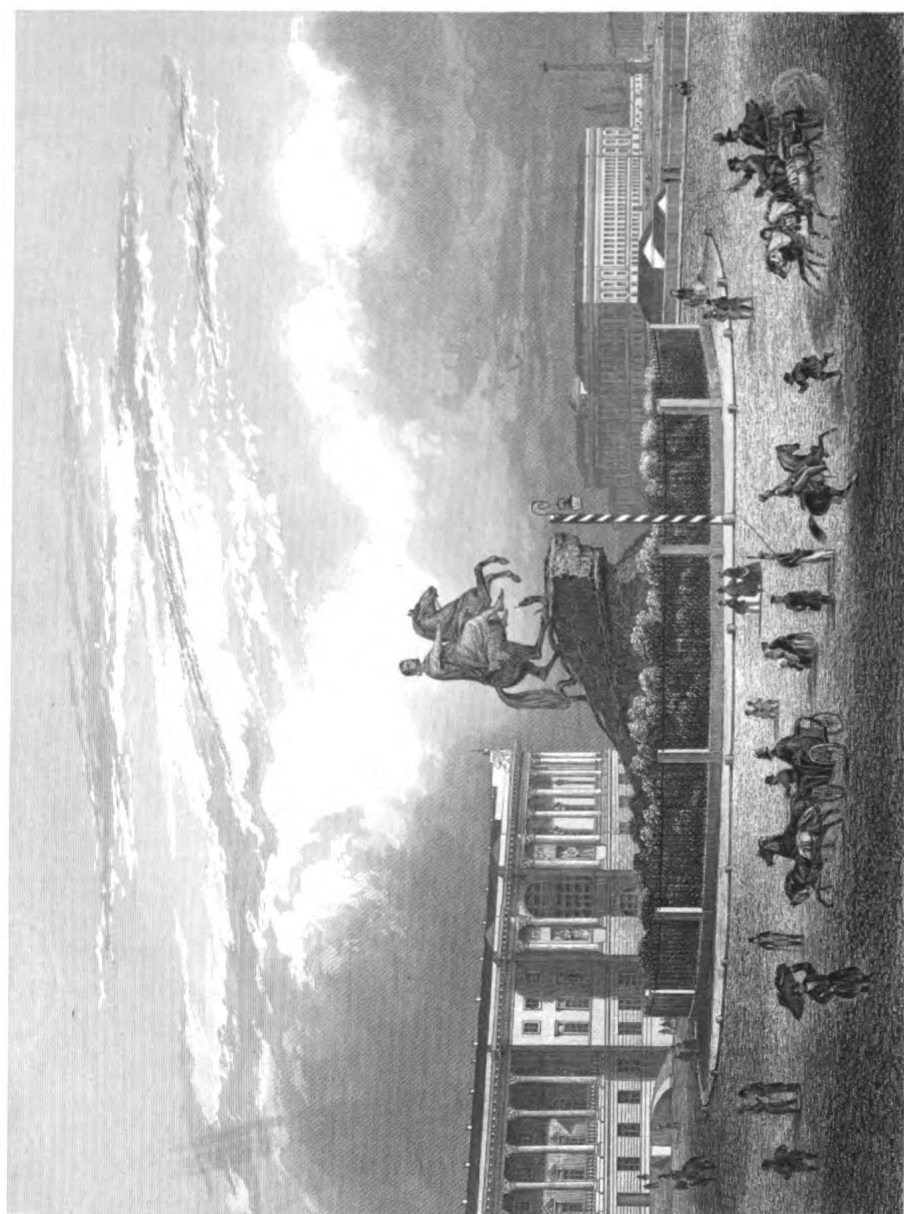
It was not until 1709, after the siege of Pultowa, that Peter made the city that bears his name the capital of his empire. The government edifices were at first erected on Basil's Island; but, probably, owing to the inundations, the rich and the nobles of the country settled on the south side of the Neva. Of the succeeding sovereigns, Catherine the Second contributed most to the progress and extension of the city. Alexander and the present emperor, Nicholas, have continued the work with zeal and energy.

Let us now turn to the magnificent prospect here presented to the reader. The whole city is divided into twelve parts, or quarters, of which nine are on the left and three on the right bank of the Neva. The former expand in a semicircle round the Admiralty, from which three long streets diverge like *radii* to the end of the city, which is designated by the canal (*Sagorodnui*, which signifies *Beyond the City*). These three streets are the Nevsky-Prospect, fourteen thousand three hundred and fifty feet long, so called from the Nevsky-Cloister, at which it terminates; the Garochowaya, or *Pea-Street*, and the Wosnesenskaya, or *Ascension Street*, which begins from the Church of St. Isaac, in the plate before us. The Admiralty, whose lofty gilt tower is visible from afar, and guides the stranger in his wanderings, gives its name to the four first quarters of the town. Next to the Admiralty lies the first Admiralty-Quarter, between the Neva and the Moika. In it we remark the immense square (whose dimensions, perhaps, are unequalled in the world) which surrounds the Admiralty on three sides, and is generally called Isaac Square, although this denomination is strictly confined to the part before the Church of St. Isaac. The traveller who arrives by sea, generally lands on the English quay, (so called from its being the residence of the English, who have here a church.) Opposite the end of the quay—famous for the fine view of the Neva, confined within banks of granite, and for the stately buildings of Basil's Island—is the new Admiralty and the Rumanzoff Museum. If we stand with our back to St. Isaac's Bridge, we are immediately in front of the equestrian statue of Peter the Great and St. Isaac's Church; to the right the new Senate extends its majestic length, in the middle intersected by the Galley Street, under a high arch. Advancing along the chief front of the Admiralty to the eastern extremity, we behold the celebrated winter-palace with its spacious square, and the lofty Alexander Column. But we must leave the extensive prospect which expands in every direction, and return to the striking features in the scene before us.

Peter II. resided at Moscow.







*Monument of Peter the Great*



*The Church of Saint Isaac.*—This Church, which, when completed, bids fair to rival the most splendid specimens of modern ecclesiastical architecture, dates from the time of Peter the Great, who erected a modest church of wood, in honour of Saint Isaac, in the year 1716, which, however, was destroyed by lightning in 1735. Catherine the Second entrusted the erection of the new church, in 1768, to two German architects, Wuest and Stengel. It was to be built after the designs of Rinaldi in Rome, of varied marble, which gave an air of pettiness to the otherwise magnificent plan. The frequent wars in which Russia was subsequently involved hindered its completion. Thirty-one years afterwards the Emperor Paul determined to continue the edifice of brick; but it was not until after his death that it was consecrated, May 30, 1802, the birth-day of Peter the Great and the feast of Saint Isaac. It was afterwards determined to resume the original plan, and to rebuild the church in marble. The foundation of the new building failed, and the work was suspended until the present emperor resolved to complete it on a scale of extraordinary magnificence, after the plan of the French architect Montferrand. The materials are granite and marble, which are brought from the quarries of Finland. Thus in costliness of material it will surpass even St. Peter's of Rome. Forty-eight granite columns, each of one single mass, fifty-six feet in height and seven feet in diameter, form on the four sides the peristyle, of one hundred and twenty feet in length. The columns are of the Doric order, and are surmounted by bronze capitals. Sixteen columns form the chief front, and eight the sides. In the summer of 1836, three thousand workmen were employed on the church. Since this time, twenty-four granite pillars, each forty-two feet in height, support the dome. The exterior, we believe, has been recently completed, and the works in the interior, it is hoped, will admit of its consecration in the course of the year 1846.

*The Statue of Peter the Great.*—The celebrated equestrian statue of Peter the Great is perhaps the most distinguished ornament of Petersburg. It was begun by command of Catherine the Second in the year 1768, and was inaugurated in 1782, on the seventh of August, the day on which Peter ascended the throne. It is seventeen and a half feet high; the height of the rider is eleven feet. Peter on a noble horse is galloping up the inclined plane of an immense block of granite. The calm attitude of the rider is in expressive contrast with the animated movements of the animal which he bestrides. He extends his right hand to the Neva, and the wonders that surround him seem to have risen out of the void at his command. The monarch wears the old Russian costume, with a mantle; on his head he wears a laurel wreath, and sits upon a tiger-skin, without stirrups. Under the hind feet of his horse writhes a serpent, as emblem of the opposition against which the reformer had to contend. As the fore-feet of the animal are raised, the weight of the whole statue rests on the hind legs and tail, together with the dragon. The pedestal con-

sists of a block of ash-coloured granite and two pieces that have been joined to it: it is thirteen feet high, and on the lower surface forty-three feet long and twenty-one broad. The block was originally one mass, and much larger than at present, viz. forty-four feet in length, twenty-two in breadth, and twenty-seven in height. It was partially cleft by lightning and the dimensions subsequently diminished. It is much to be regretted that this mass was not left in its original rough shape; hewn as it is, it is but an affectation of nature, and disturbs the effect of the whole work. Its history is as follows: This granite rock was found in the year 1768, imbedded fifteen feet in the earth, near the Finnish village Lakhta, not far from the Bay of Cronstadt. Its weight was originally forty thousand hundred-weight. Incredible exertions were required to raise it, to transport it on a road constructed for this purpose more than eight versts, (about six miles,) and to place it upon a vessel built expressly to convey it about nine miles on the Neva. The French sculptor Falconet made the model of the statue in Petersburg, with the exception of the head, which was modelled by Marie Callot. Benedict Ersman undertook to cast it, but a difference arising between them, Falconet superintended this operation himself, and with the help of a Russian, Kailoff, effected it in 1777. The thickness of the bronze does not in some parts exceed from three to six lines: that of the tail is four inches. The weight of the whole mass of bronze is forty-four thousand and forty-one pounds, and ten thousand pounds of iron have been inserted in the hind-quarters of the horse. One front exhibits the Latin inscription, "*Petro primo Catharina secunda MDCCLXXXII.*," on the other, the same inscription is repeated in the Russian language.

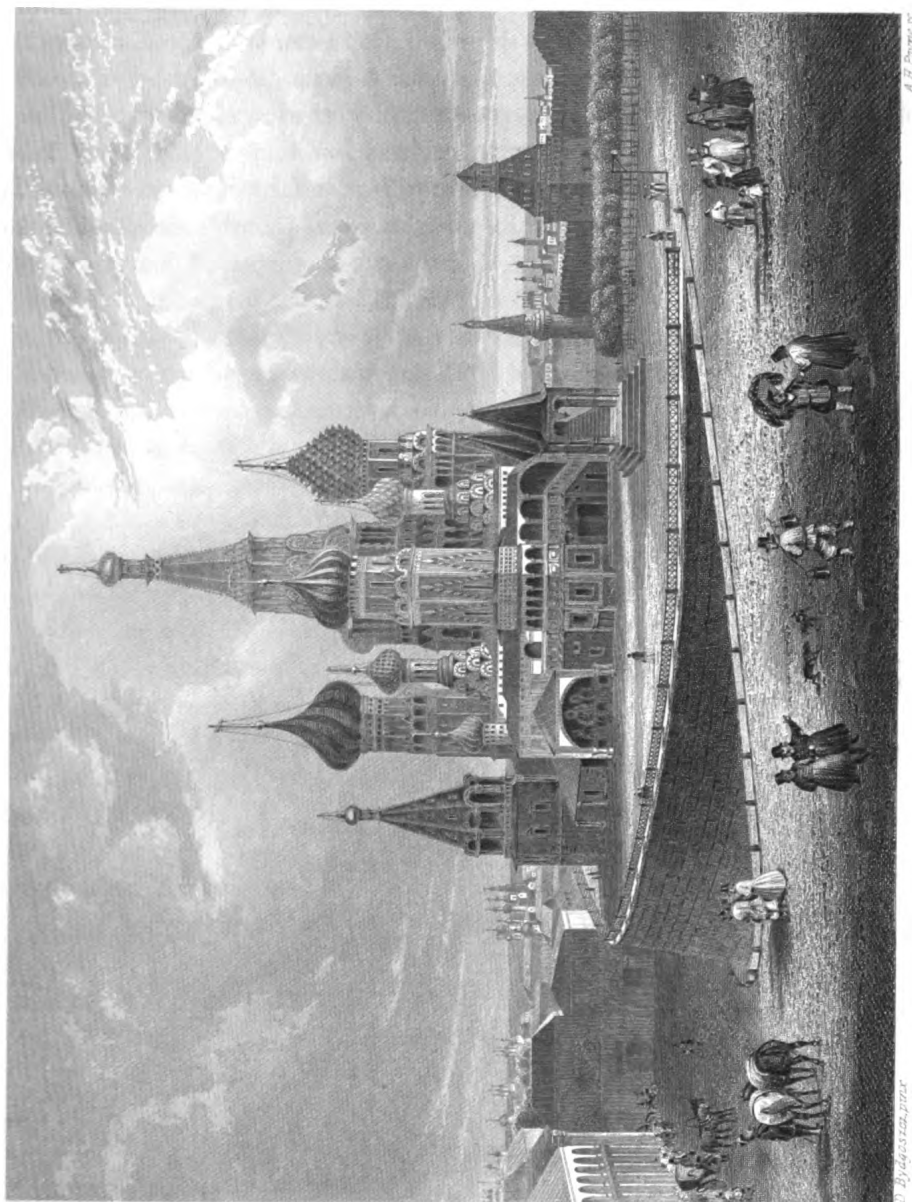
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## WASSILI BLAGENNOI;

OR,

## THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT BASIL, MOSCOW.

"ONE might imagine," says Dr. Clarke, "that all the states of Europe and Asia had sent a building by way of representative to Moscow; timber huts from the regions beyond the arctic; plastered palaces from Sweden and Denmark; painted walls from the Tyrol; mosques from Constantinople; Tartar temples from Bucharia; pagodas, pavilions, and verandahs, from China; cabarets from Spain; dungeons, prisons, and public offices from France; architectural ruins from Rome; terraces



*Wojak, Blagovest, or the Cathedral of St. Basil, Moscow*



and trellises from Naples, and warehouses from Wapping." But Moscow is gradually losing its oriental appearance. In the great fire in which the star of Napoleon set, the greater part of the city was consumed, scarcely one-fifth of the stone buildings and one-third of the wooden houses escaped the flames. "The extraordinary mixture and contrast of magnificent palaces and petty huts," says Dr. Lyall, "so often noticed by foreigners, though still occurring in a few places, no longer strikes the eye as formerly. Moscow is gradually assuming the appearance of the capitals of western Europe. Happily for the lover of venerable antiquity, the Kremlin, which suffered comparatively little, notwithstanding the attempts of the French to blow it up, retains unimpaired its ancient irregularity and grandeur.

Amongst the edifices which display the greatest singularity must be mentioned the Cathedral of Saint Basil, (*Wassili Blagennoi*,) or as it is more generally called, "The Cathedral of the Protection of the Virgin Mary. It is the most extraordinary mass of buildings in Moscow, perhaps in all Christendom. It consists of two stories, and is divided into twenty chapels, or small churches, which are connected with each other, but are of different styles of architecture and have different names. One of them contains the remains of Saint Basil, who, according to tradition, was originally a merchant. Ivan the Sixth, named by the Russians "the Terrible," caused this church to be built in 1554, as a token of his gratitude for the conquest of Casan. It is said that divine service can be performed at the same time in all these chapels, which are so constructed that no disturbance is thereby produced, the service in the one not being audible in the adjoining chapel. The czar was so enchanted with this idea, and the, in his opinion, wonderful beauty of the church, that he deprived the architect of his eyesight, in order that no second building might detract from the unique charms of his favourite edifice. No symmetry can be discovered in the different parts of this cathedral; the sixteen larger and smaller towers and cupolas differ from each other in form and in the colour of their ornaments; above them rises a profusely decorated pyramidal spire, with a bulb-shaped cupola, which, like the smaller ones, is surmounted with a cross upon a crescent.

The following description by the Marquis de Custine, no very laudatory writer when he speaks of Russia, may amuse the reader. "Imagine a conglomeration of unequal small towers, composing together a bush—a nosegay of flowers; imagine rather a species of irregular fruit, bristling with excrescences, or, better still, a crystallization of a thousand colours, whose polished metal reflects from far the rays of the sun, like Bohemian or Venetian glass, or the best varnished China enamel: there are scales of gilt fish, skins of serpents extended on heaps of shapeless stones, heads of dragons, lizards of varying hues, altar ornaments, sacerdotal dresses; the whole surmounted by spires, the painting of which resembles stuffs of shot silk: in the narrow intervals of the belfries you see glittering roofs, painted in the glancing

colours of pigeons' necks, rose-coloured or azure, and always highly varnished: the flashing of this *tapisserie* dazzles the eye and fascinates the imagination."

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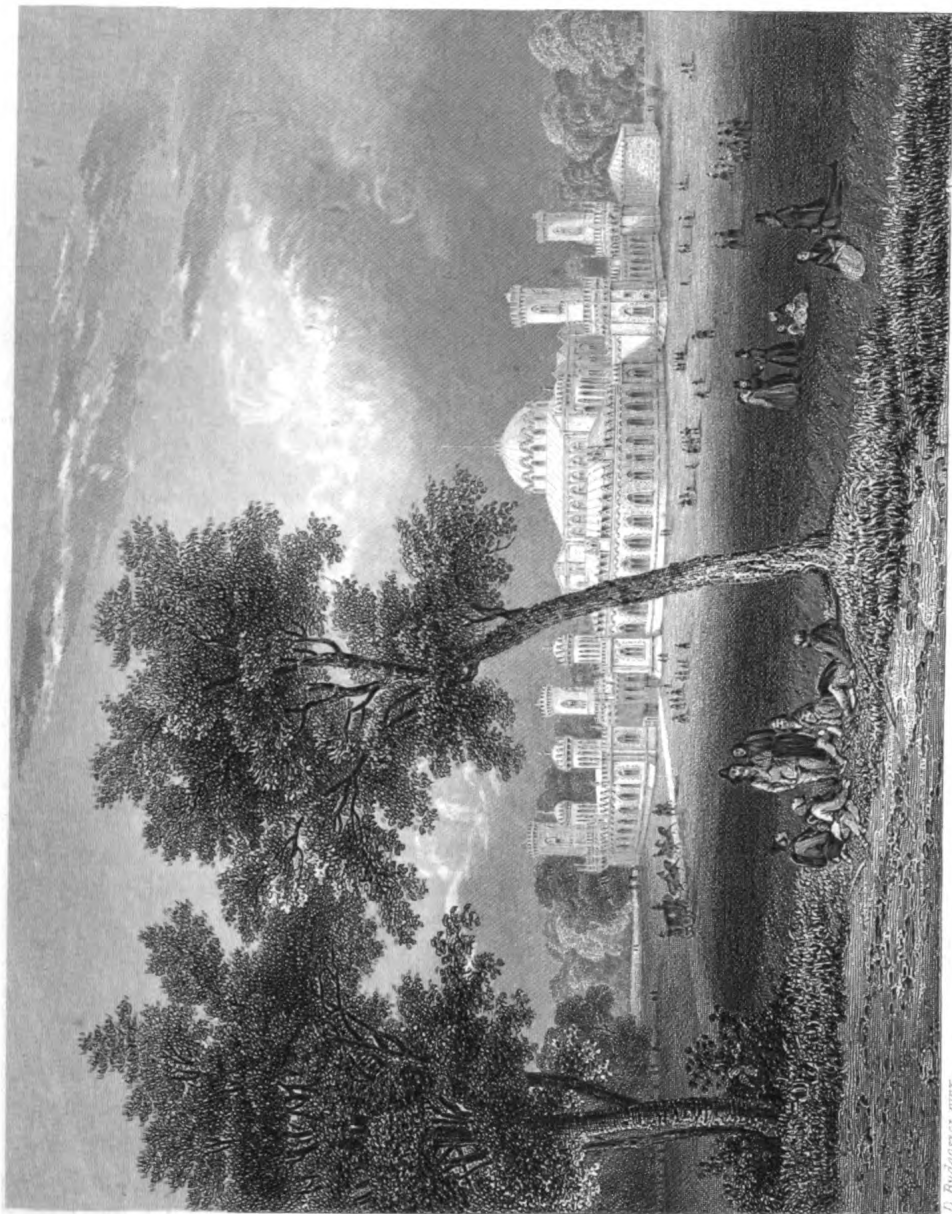
## PETERSKOI, OR PETROWSKY PALACE, MOSCOW.

ABOUT three-quarters of a league from the Kremlin gate of Moscow stands the castle of Peterskoi, or Petrowsky, the gardens of which extend almost to the city, and appear to still greater advantage from the contrast which they afford to the desert-like plain around. It partakes of the fantastic and oriental style which characterises the ancient Russian buildings; fit emblem for the great career which in the East awaits this extraordinary power. This immense palace was built of brick by Catherine the Second. At the bottom of the vast court-yard, whose red and white walls produce a singular effect, stands the palace itself, built in the form of a square, and of extraordinary extent, surmounted, like the Kremlin, by battlements, which curve outwards. It is from this palace that the emperor always makes his solemn entry into Moscow, and it was hither that the flames which involved the Kremlin forced Napoleon to retire. What must have been the thoughts of the mighty conqueror as he saw the clouds of thick smoke rise from the devoted city and his prey escape him, as he vainly imagined himself at the summit of human glory? The palace and gardens, which will thus for ever live in the pages of history, are now become a place of amusement for the inhabitants of Moscow.

*Troitzko Sergievsky Lauræ. The Trinity Cloister of Saint Serge.*—(Continued from page 119, vol. I.)—Fulfilling the promise made to the reader in our first volume, we proceed to give some account of this cloister, the largest, richest, and most magnificent in Russia. It is about forty miles from Moscow, on the new high-road leading to Yaroslaf, and is annually the object of pilgrimage to thousands from all parts of the empire.

On an eminence, says a French traveller, rises a town surrounded with strong battlemented walls. It is the convent. Like the cloisters of Moscow it has spires and gilded cupolas, which glitter in the sun, particularly in the evening, and which announce from afar to the pilgrims the goal of their pious travels. Strangers are received in a kind of inn belonging to the cloister, but situated without the consecrated ground; a spacious building, which holds out the promise of comfort to the weary stranger but to torment him with that want of cleanliness for which the native Russians have attained such an unenviable reputation. On leaving the inn the first object that strikes the eye is an avenue of trees, then succeed some small churches,





*Petershof Palace, Moscow.*





here called cathedrals, lofty, isolated belfries, and numerous lodgings, scattered without order, in which reside the disciples of Saint Serge.

This celebrated monk founded, in 1338, the Convent of the Trinity, the history of which often involves that of Russia itself. In the war against the Khan Mamai, this holy man aided Demetrius Ivanovitch with his counsels, and the victory of the grateful princes added considerably to the wealth of the monks. At a later period, this monastery was destroyed by fresh incursions of the Tartar hordes; but the body of Saint Serge, which was found by a miracle among the ruins, gave new renown to the sacred asylum, which was rebuilt by the pious gifts of the czars. In 1609 the Poles for sixteen months laid siege to the convent, on which then rested the hopes of the defenders of their country: the enemy could not gain possession of the holy fortress, but were forced to raise the siege, to the great glory of Saint Serge and the pious joy of his successors, who continued to draw considerable profit from the efficacy of their prayers. The walls are surmounted by a covered gallery, which is almost half a league in extent and furnished with turrets. But of all the patriotic recollections which sanctify this celebrated spot, the most interesting is that of the flight of Peter the Great, saved by his mother from the fury of the Strelitzers, who pursued him in the Cathedral of the Trinity to the very altar of Saint Serge, where the attitude of the young hero, at that time but ten years of age, induced the rebellious soldiers to lay down their arms. All the persons famous in Russian history have taken pleasure in enriching this convent, the treasury of which abounds in gold, diamonds, and pearls from all parts of the empire. The czars, the empresses, the devout grandees, the saints themselves, have vied in liberality to enrich, each in his own peculiar manner, the treasury of the Convent of the Trinity. In this historical collection, the simple habits and the wooden cups of Saint Serge attract the attention, in the midst of the most magnificent presents, and stand in worthy contrast with the pompous ornaments of the church offered by Prince Potemkin. The tomb of Saint Serge is of dazzling splendour. It has not fallen into the hands of an enemy since the fourteenth century; had the French remained masters of Moscow, it is probable that its treasures would have been somewhat diminished.

The convent incloses nine churches, which with their belfries and shining cupolas produce a brilliant effect: but they are small and lost in the vast space which surrounds them. The image of Saint Serge is supposed to possess the power of working miracles: Peter the Great carried it with him in his campaigns against Charles the Twelfth.

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## FREDERIC AUGUSTUS, KING OF SAXONY.

THE King of Saxony does not rule over a great or mighty people, but his subjects have always displayed intellectual qualities and a practical energy which distinguish them honourably among the conglomeration of states known by the name of Germany. Notwithstanding the constant sufferings to which Saxony has been exposed in the last and present centuries—the Swedish invasion, the two Silesian wars, the seven-years' war which Frederic the Great carried on almost wholly at the expense of this devoted land, the vast contributions during the sway of Napoleon, and the exhaustion of all its resources during those complicated manœuvres, which ended by bringing together half a million of soldiers on the memorable battle-field of Leipzig—Saxony at present enjoys a prosperity unexampled in former times. It has recently given a striking proof of foresight, which has been deservedly attended with the most prosperous results, by taking the lead in introducing railroads into Germany. The line from Leipzig to Dresden was the first of any length that was laid down in that country, and it now forms the centre of the roads that radiate in all directions from the former city. After adhering to the principles of free trade, until, by its geographical position, it was obliged to join the Zollverein, the industry and frugality of the inhabitants of Saxony have secured to their native country a large share of the benefits which this association has conferred upon the manufacturing states of Germany.

The personal character of Frederic Augustus, called in Saxony the Just, had inspired his subjects with esteem and reverence, and the respect due to his misfortunes induced them to bear, without murmuring and even with good-natured irony, the somewhat indolent course pursued by his minister. But the French revolution of 1830 gave a feverish impulse in many countries to the public discontent which had previously slumbered, and this displayed itself by a general rising against the authorities in several cities in Saxony. The character of King Anton, an amiable but weak old man, as well as that of his brother, Prince Maximilian, the father of the present king, afforded no guarantee for such a change in the government as would satisfy the excited wishes of the people. Frederic Augustus, the subject of the present brief memoir, was declared co-regent with the reigning monarch; a measure which gave universal satisfaction. A constitution was at the same time given to the people, which has contributed greatly to the political development of Saxony. On the sixth of June, 1836, the co-regent ascended the throne, upon the death of his uncle, Anton, his father, Maximilian, having resigned his claim to the succession in the eventful year 1830.



*Frederick Augustus, King of Saxony.*

London, Bevin & Thyne 2 Paternoster Row.





Frederic Augustus was born on the 18th of May, 1797. He lost his mother when in his eighth year; and his uncle, the king, who strictly maintained his privileges as head of the family, nominated his tutors himself, whose efforts would seem to have been successfully directed to preserving the youthful princes from the effects of flattery, a court vice equally common and pernicious. It is probable that the strict etiquette which was at that time observed at the court of Dresden, first laid the seed of that dislike to empty forms which has ever since characterized him. But the public misfortunes soon interrupted the course of his studies, and he was obliged to accompany the court in its flight to Leipzig and Francfort, in the year 1809, and in 1813, to Regensburg (Ratisbon) and Prague. After remaining for a year and a half in this latter city, he joined the Austrian head-quarters at Dijon, where he was kindly received by the Archduke Ferdinand. After visiting Paris and the capitals of Southern Germany, he returned to Dresden. The studies which had been so frequently interrupted were resumed with diligence, under the direction of the most eminent masters, in those departments of military and legal science which are essentially necessary to the complete education of a continental sovereign. In 1818, Prince Frederic was made major-general; in 1819, a member of the Saxon privy-council, but without a vote until the year 1822. After passing through the different higher grades in the army, he was made commander-in-chief in the year 1830. He was married, in 1819, to the Archduchess Caroline of Austria, who died in 1832, and in the following year he married the Princess Mary of Bavaria. He has no children, so that the throne will, in all probability, descend to his brother, Prince John.

The King of Saxony is highly and deservedly popular with his subjects. His affability and strict love of justice have not a little contributed to the good working of the new constitution; and although the public mind in Germany is, at present, in a highly agitated state, owing to religious ferment, and increasing demands for a more popular form of government, particularly in Prussia; and although the tumult at Leipzig and its calamitous results, with which our readers are doubtless familiar from the reports in the English journals, have even caused a temporary suspension of the good understanding between the king and the people, we doubt not that the mild wisdom of the king, united with the freedom of discussion in the Diet, which is now sitting at Dresden, will contribute to restore harmony; the more especially as the king's conscious love of constitutional liberty is universally acknowledged.

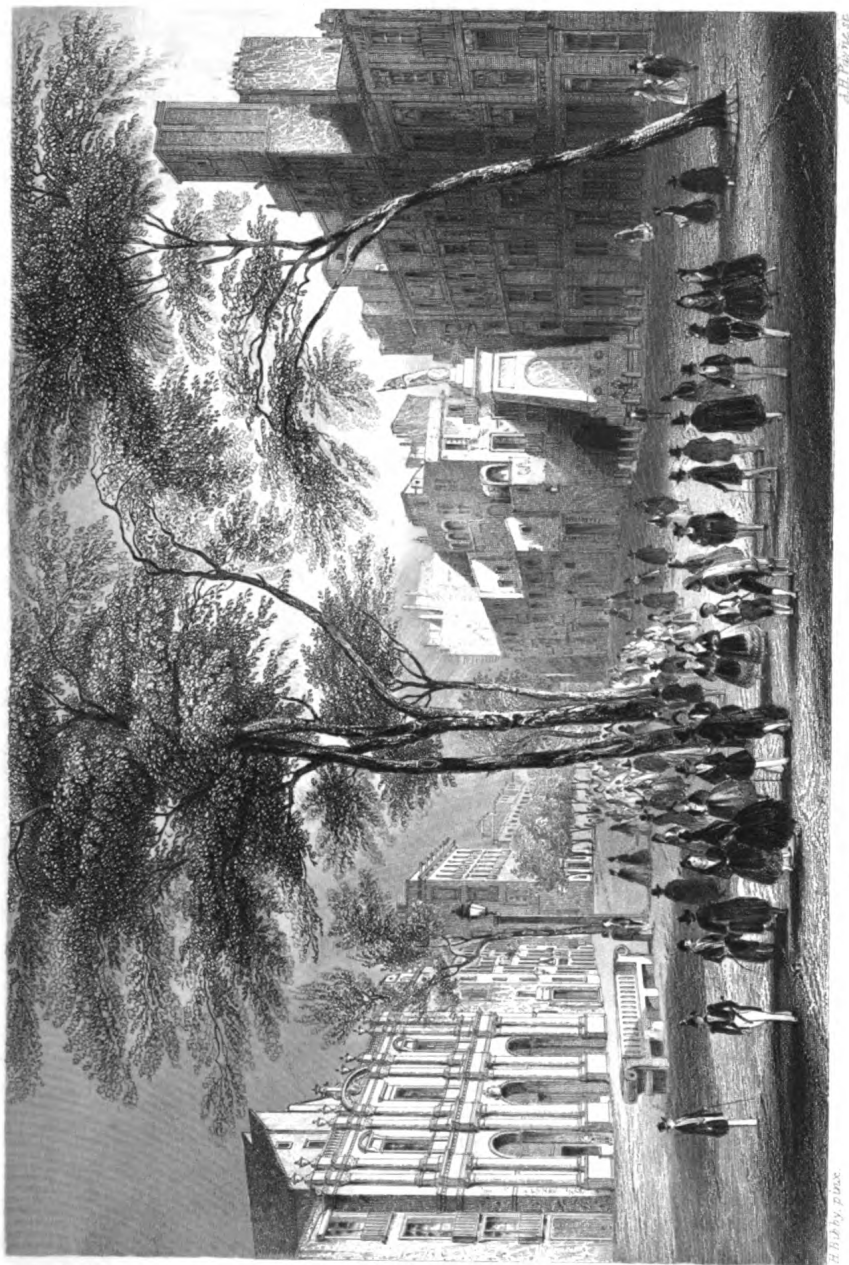
This monarch is honourably distinguished by his love of science, in many branches of which he is himself no mean proficient. He possesses very valuable private collections in the fine arts, which he has made with equal care and judgment. The love of botany is hereditary in his family; and of his diligence in this science he has given a public proof in the "*Flora Marienbergensis*, or a List of the Plants and Rocks,

&c., collected and described by Prince Frederic, Co-regent of Saxony, and J. W. von Goethe," published at Prague, 1837. Not satisfied with seeing men and manners in the confined and doubtful limits of a court, he has travelled into various countries, the Netherlands, France, Dalmatia, &c., pursuing his botanical and scientific studies with ardour, and mingling with men of all classes. In his recent visit to England and Scotland, far from being satisfied with the empty brilliancy of court fêtes, he exhibited an active and intelligent curiosity, rare, not only in crowned heads, but in the great majority of travellers of all ranks.

## BARCELONA.

BARCELONA, which has played such an important part in the many recent revolutions of which Spain has unfortunately been the theatre, is one of the largest cities in that country, and the capital of the province of Catalonia. It is situated in the Mediterranean sea, between the mouths of the Llobregat and the Bezas, and is built in the shape of a half-moon. It is well fortified, and has on the east side a strong citadel, erected in 1715, which is in connexion with Fort San Carlos on the sea. To the west, lies the Mount Montyouch, (*Mons Jovis*), with a fort which protects the harbour. The harbour is spacious, but difficult of access, and hardly deep enough for ships of war: it is protected by a great dam, at the end of which is a lighthouse and bulwark. Barcelona is divided into an upper and a lower town, and (including the adjacent city of Barcelonette, which was built in a regular manner since 1752, and contains about ten thousand inhabitants, mostly dock-yard men, sailors, and soldiers) contains above ten thousand houses and about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, a cathedral, nine parish-churches and many other places of worship, a castle of the old Counts of Barcelona, a university, several public libraries, and other public buildings, a hospital for three thousand patients, a large arsenal, docks, a cannon-foundry, &c. Barcelona is the seat of a bishop, who belongs to the ecclesiastical province of the Archbishop of Tarragona; it is also the residence of a Captain-general. Formerly the Inquisition had a court here. Barcelona (as indeed does the province of Catalonia) belongs to the principal manufacturing districts of Spain; it contains thirty calico-presses, one hundred and fifty cotton-factories, many silk-weavers, and other establishments, connected with a variety of manufactures; it is also famous for its manufacture of fire-arms. Even in the middle ages this city was of great importance for the commerce of the Mediterranean, for which it was





*Barcelona*

London, Green & Co. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100



admirably adapted by its situation. Latterly, its trade has suffered a considerable diminution, and smuggling is carried on to an enormous extent; demoralizing the people without producing any revenue to the government. A revision of the import duties alone can put a stop to this unfortunate state of things; but this has hitherto been thwarted by the interested opposition of the manufacturers, and that kind of panic fear of a commercial treaty with Great Britain, with which other nations, who profess to be far more advanced than the Spaniards, are equally affected. The imports are various, and from distant countries: thus timber is imported from the Baltic, wax from Barbary, iron from Sweden, steel from Styria, hemp from Riga and Petersburg, linen, copper, and iron-ware from Germany. Codfish, imported by the English from Newfoundland, is an important article of commerce. The whole amount of the imports and exports, which is carried on in fifteen hundred ships, of which one hundred and twenty belong to Barcelona, is calculated at above one and a half million pounds sterling. Four councils have been held at Barcelona in the years 504, 599, 906, and 1064. This city was known to the Romans under the name of *Barcinum*, afterwards *Faventia*: the remains of the Temple of Hercules and the baths are Roman. Since the twelfth century it was governed by counts, who took the name of the city, until, in the year 1137, by the marriage of Raimund the Fifth with the daughter of Ramiro II., King of Arragon, it was united with this latter kingdom. In 1640, the province of Catalonia, weary of Spanish dominion, submitted to French sovereignty. Twelve years afterwards it was compelled to resume its obedience to Spain: it was reconquered by France in 1697: but restored to Spain by the peace of Ryswick. In the war of the Spanish succession it took up arms for the Archduke Charles, but, after an obstinate resistance, it was obliged to surrender to the troops of Philip V., commanded by the Duke of Berwick, in 1714. On the 16th of February, 1809, it was surprised by the French, under General Duhesme, and remained in their possession till the year 1814. In 1821 it suffered greatly from the ravages of the yellow-fever. During the French occupation in 1823, Barcelona maintained its independence until the king was set free, and only surrendered on receiving his commands to do so. After the suppression of the Carlist rebellion of the Agrariados, Barcelona, in common with Catalonia, suffered greatly from the sanguinary severity of Count d'Espagna, until the queen deposed him in November, 1832. In the contests of the civil war Barcelona was distinguished for the frequency of the revolutionary movements that took place within its walls, and which were accompanied with that savage cruelty that has but too often distinguished the Spaniards in their recent contests. In 1835 a rebellion broke out at Saragossa and Barcelona, where the populace destroyed the statue of Ferdinand VII., burned the factories, murdered General Bassa, and dragged his corpse through the streets. This was the signal for the recurrence of similar scenes

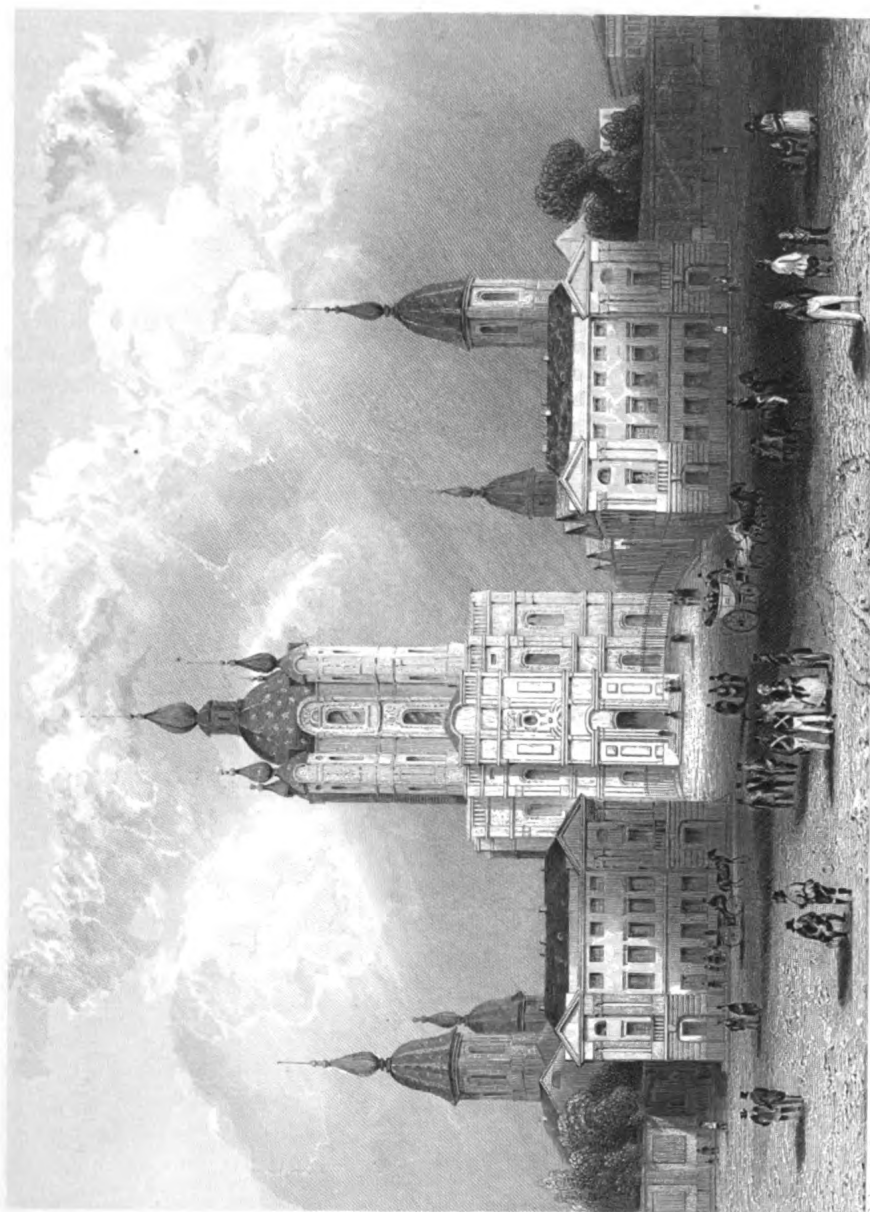
attended with great cruelty to the monks, of whom hundreds were but too happy to save their lives by a precipitate flight into France. Barcelona was the scene of constant rebellions in the next years, and the republican tendencies of the majority were now more distinctly declared. In 1840 the city was the scene of the conference between Espartero and Queen Christina, the result of which was the flight of the latter; thus paving the way for the short-lived regency of the former. In the years 1841 and 1842, disturbances, frequently arising from frivolous causes, required the constant interference of the military: the lawless spirit of the population delighted in resisting the most moderate attempts to restore order; and on the thirteenth of November, 1842, the threatened introduction of military conscription and the imprisonment of the editor of the Republican, succeeded by the imprisonment of a deputation of the people to the *Geŕe politico*, *Don Juan Euitierrez*, gave rise to a bloody conflict between the people and the garrison in the streets of the city. The troops were obliged to retreat, and even to evacuate the fort of Atarazanes, and to confine themselves to the possession of Fort Monyouch, whence General van Halen bombarded the city. After this first storm a junta was appointed, and entering into treaty with the general, the town was for a short time spared; but the general's conditions not having been accepted, a regular and destructive bombardment began, at the express command of Espartero, December 3. A vast number of bombs and grenades were fired into the city, nor was it until a considerable part was destroyed, that the insurgents could be brought into subjection. A fine of twelve millions of reals was imposed, and the city was declared in a state of siege. Such are a few of the horrors of civil war, arising from a disputed succession.

Barcelona possesses several very handsome public edifices and delightful promenades. The view of the city as seen from the sea yields in beauty to none of the most vaunted sites of Spain and Italy.

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### SMOLNOI CLOISTER, SAINT PETERSBURG.

THE Woskrenski cloister or the *Monastour*, to adopt the popular name by which it was formerly designated by the Russian peasantry, occupies the corner formed by the curve of the river Neva, as, turning from the north, it takes a westerly direction. On this spot stood formerly the village of Smolna; the imperial Princess Elizabeth built a palace in its stead, which, after her accession to the throne, she changed into a cloister, into which twenty nuns were introduced in the year 1744, and which she



A. B. Payne del.

*W. H. & J. S. L. L.*  
*in St. Petersburg.*

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## Schles. Brunnen

had destined as the place of her future retreat. Catherine the Second left the nunnery untouched, but added new buildings, and gave it a more practical and benevolent direction, devoting it to the education of girls, both gentle and simple. This institution has been considerably extended by the munificent patronage of Maria Feodorowna. The stately churches were built by Count Rastrelli and Guarenghi. The great church was erected by the former, and in its external architecture, its domes, towers, &c. bears the impressive character of the Asiatic, oriental ecclesiastical edifices; but the interior remains unfinished, or rather in its primitive state, with bare walls: divine service is performed in two other smaller churches. The dwelling-houses of the scholars are built in a very wholesome situation, and the numerous saloons, which serve as hospital, dining and class rooms, are lofty, and decorated in a very pleasing manner. The number of pupils is about eight hundred, of whom two hundred receive gratuitous instruction and board; the rest pay six hundred roubles, and notwithstanding this high price, the applicants are constantly increasing. The girls receive suitable instruction in all departments of knowledge, and in those accomplishments that are requisite for the daughters of families of the better classes; and care is likewise taken that the daughters of poorer parents shall be instructed in some branch which shall enable them, in case of need, to procure an independent existence. When we consider the low state of mental cultivation that (notwithstanding the comparatively rapid advance perceptible in some parts of the empire) still prevails in Russia, we cannot appreciate too highly the benefits diffused by the education received at Smolnoi; and persons who have been present at the examination of the pupils speak very highly of the results attained by the system of instruction pursued there. This institution enjoys the especial patronage of the Empress, and of the Grand Duchess Helena Paulowna, who watch over its interests with a solicitude truly maternal, and who spare no expense to maintain and extend it.

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## SCHLOSS BRONNEN.

THE Swabians have been chosen by their brethren of North Germany as the especial butt of their stereotype jokes, which may rank in value and originality with the productions ascribed to that facetious personage of never-dying fame ycleped Joe Miller. Whether these latter possess in reality the advantages which they arrogate to themselves over their southern brethren, may, perhaps, be doubted; at least

the observant traveller will easily discover a true-hearted simplicity and kindness, which goes far to outweigh the self-satisfied conceit of the puffed-up inhabitant of the Prussian capital. Moreover the poetical element prevails in the south, nurtured, doubtless, by the romantic beauties of this more favoured land ; and truly it would be somewhat difficult to quaff poesy from the adjuncts of the flat and sandy Spree.

As the traveller winds his way through the obsolete circle of Swabia, he beholds with pleasure the mountains rich in fruits and vines ; a simple yet cheerful people dwell in its villages, and between magnificent beech-forests rises the old tower with its glittering windows. Among its many scenes of natural beauty, less prized because less known, belongs the hunting-castle of Bronnen, whose romantic situation charms the eye as you wander from Tuttlingen along the Danube. Below lies the castle-farm, and, perched high above it on the summit of the rocks, commanding a most delightful prospect, the hunting-castle. It formerly belonged to the Counts of Muehlheim : at present it is the property of the Barons of Enzberg. It stands a proud monument of feudal times, almost immediately above the Danube, and is only connected with the mainland by a drawbridge. The old fortifications, however are now converted into blooming gardens and pleasant walks.

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## STEPHEN, ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA AND GOVERNOR OF BOHEMIA.

AMONG the numerous progeny of the Emperor Leopold II. the highest place, next to the celebrated commander, must be assigned to the Archduke Joseph, Palatine of Hungary. Appointed to rule over a nation proverbially jealous of its rights, and suspicious of the slightest interference on the part of the house of Austria, he has secured universal esteem, by a just union of mildness with firmness, of unvaried integrity with a dignified humanity. No greater proof of his popularity could be given, than the recent vote of the Magyars, who, highly indignant at the royal decree that militated against their enthusiastic love of their native language, whilst they defended the exclusive use of the Magyaric tongue at the Diet with their usual vehemence, sent a solemn deputation to the Archduke Palatine, (who speaks their language, but with a foreign accent,) informing him that they would make an exception in his favour. Their enthusiasm may be easily conceived, when the Palatine, after thanking them for this proof of their favour, declared that he would never make use of the permission allowed him.



*Prince Stephen O.*

*engraved by A.H. Payne*





The archduke Stephen was born on the 14th of September, 1817, and is the only child of the Palatine by his second wife. The young prince was educated by his father with the most tender care; and whilst his progress in knowledge gave rise to the most promising hopes of future eminence, an event occurred which gave him an early and honourable claim to the public esteem. The princes of the house of Austria have always devoted themselves with noble courage, in times of public danger; and when, in March, 1839, a terrible inundation ravaged and threatened with destruction a great part of the flourishing city of Pesth, destroying the dwellings of thousands, and causing confusion and despair throughout the city, the young prince hastened to the scene of danger, and by his intrepidity and presence of mind greatly contributed to lessen the horrors of the flood, and to restore and animate the public confidence. He was indefatigable in seconding the benevolent exertions of his father, and the popularity which he thus early acquired has been increased by his judicious activity in his new sphere of action—the kingdom of Bohemia. In 1843 he made a tour through Germany, bestowing great attention upon the political and social economy of the different states, and observing the working of the constitutions—so different from the institutions of his native country.

The predominance of the provincial system is a peculiar and fundamental feature of Austrian government. Some of its states are as independent of each other as Sweden and Norway, and only united *de facto*, by being under the rule of the same sovereign. But even in those states which are more intimately connected, the Austrian government, with its characteristic fear of change, has preserved, as much as possible, the single and peculiar rights of the states which they enjoyed at the period when they came under the Austrian sceptre, believing that they would be much more likely to acquiesce in the transfer of sovereignty if left in possession of their ancient forms, under the superintendence, nominal or real, of their own magistrates. And it is, perhaps, this peculiarity which has maintained so many countries, speaking so many different languages, under her peaceful rule, for Austria possesses no overpowering centre of amalgamation; she has gradually, slowly, and in most instances quietly, acquired her various component states, and without the possession of a single state the superiority of which could give law to the rest. But the majesty of the sovereign, as Emperor of Germany and representative of the Roman Empire, was not without its influence; and thus, during the continuance of the German empire, the culture and the prevailing tone in the different Austrian states were decidedly German.

But when the Confederation of the Rhine, under Napoleon, destroyed the European influence, and even the very name of the Emperor of Germany was extinguished, the principles upon which the Austrian government had been hitherto

based could not but undergo a change. The momentous events of the war fortunately prevented a violent burst of national feeling; nevertheless, the preservation of their own rights and liberties became the principal object of the different Austrian states, whilst the circumstances which had deprived the Emperor of Austria of his more imposing title of Emperor of Germany, rendered it necessary to draw the national bond more closely than before. Fortunately, the imperial family, in its numerous branches, possessed many young and hopeful princes, who could confer on the provinces the splendour of a princely rule, whilst, by their union with the emperor, they could pave the way for a mild and gradual centralization. This favourable opportunity was not adopted to its full extent during the life of the Emperor Francis, who was jealous of retaining the sole dominion in his own hand. The appointment of the Archduke Stephen, which has already been attended with many beneficial effects in Bohemia, indicates a change of policy, which will unite the different component states still more closely with the court of Vienna, although it is highly probable that the course of events will, at no very distant period, force a departure from the stationary principles so long enforced under the government of Prince Metternich, and which, more particularly in her external relations, have by no means tended to raise Austria in the opinion of Germany. Of this favourite tendency the autocrat of all the Russias has ably availed himself, to secure advantages, which, by right of position, with somewhat more energy, would doubtless have devolved to Austria.

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## FELICIEN DAVID.

THIS favourite composer, whose symphonic ode representing life in the Desert has suddenly raised him, after a youth of difficulties and privations, to fame and competency, was born in 1810, in the little town of Cadenet, department of Vaucluse, in the south of France. He gave indications of his musical genius from his earliest years, and his performances, even in his fourth and fifth year, excited the admiration of all who heard him. M. Garnier, a distinguished professor, prophesied his future eminence, and his parents, who were too poor to procure him the necessary instruction, sent him to Aix, where he began his musical education as a chorister. There he afterwards entered the Jesuit college, devoting himself, with all the perseverance of youthful fervour, to the study of the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Cherubini. At the age of sixteen, on leaving the college, he entered a solicitor's



*Felicien David*



office, pursuant to the wishes of his family; but it may be easily supposed that the duties of his new calling did not harmonize with the prevailing turn of his mind, and he accepted an engagement, as second violin, in the orchestra of the theatre of Aix. According to another, and we have reason to believe more authentic account, at the age of nineteen he assumed the tuition of the class in which he had himself been a pupil. Thus he passed two years, until the monotonous life of a little provincial town became too irksome for one who felt that he was worthy of a more extended sphere of action; and he determined to try his fortune at Paris.

It was in the year 1830 that Felicien David first visited the French metropolis, with very scanty means, and was admitted a student of the *Conservatoire* by Cherubini, to whom he had submitted his compositions. He prosecuted his studies with the greatest success, under Fétis and Reber, to both of whom, particularly the latter, he was greatly indebted. But scanty as were his means, he was soon doomed to endure the united evils of sickness and poverty, for his uncle, who had been with difficulty induced to allow him fifty francs a month, suddenly withdrew even this small pittance. The youthful artist, however, still remained true to his genius, and endeavoured to supply his few wants by the sale of some trifling compositions. The impressive works of Beethoven became every day more exclusively the model of his inspiration, and neither poverty, repeated disappointment, nor neglect could induce him to leave the path which he had once chosen.

Soon after he came to Paris he united himself with the extraordinary religious sect so well known as Saint Simonians. This new community numbered amongst its adherents several men of great talent; most if not all of whom have, we believe, renounced the peculiarities which, at the time, attracted no small portion of public attention, and now enjoy positions of respectability or eminence in France. The enthusiastic mind of David adopted with zeal the new social ideas, and he was one of the most fervent adherents of Father Enfantin. He left the Conservatory in 1832, and was one of the forty Saint Simonians who retired to Menilmontant. "To every one his work," was the law of the new apostles; and Felicien David composed the hymns and choruses sung by the members of the new religion. He felt himself happy in the stillness of his retreat.

But the hour of separation arrived. The apostles shaved their beards, burned their clothes, and returned once more to the daily avocations of good citizens. Most of them had lost their faith in the new religion; twelve true believers united and travelled to the East. To these belonged Barrault, David, and M. Collin, who has written the words to David's celebrated composition of the Desert.

Without resources, without credit, without money, they undertook the weary journey, trusting to Providence. A maker of musical instruments at Lyons conceived a great affection for David, (whose unaffected simplicity of manners has procured



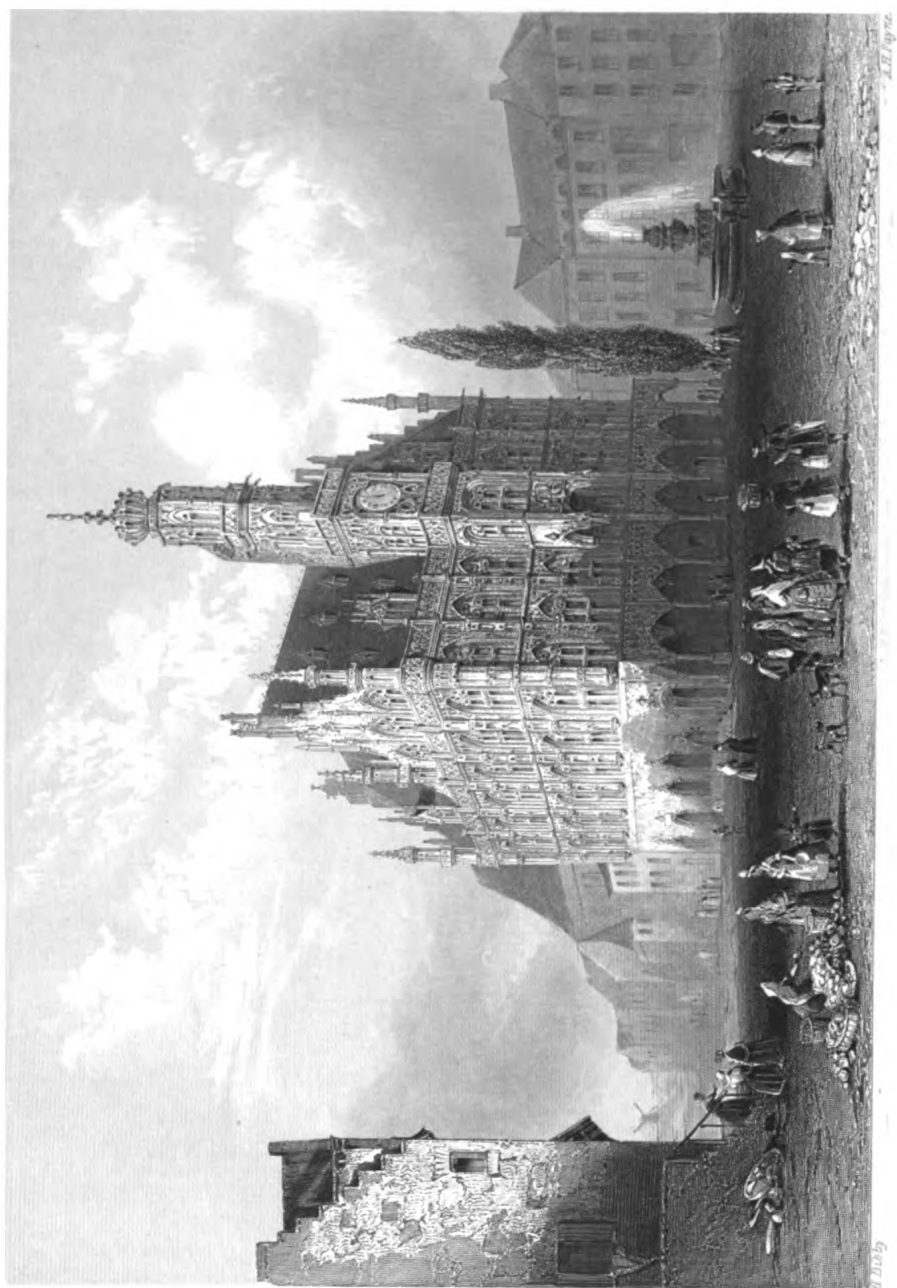
him friends in all classes and in all countries,) and presented him with a piano. The brethren sailed from Marseilles, and in their long travels the instrument never deserted them. In Egypt they were received by the singular man who rules its destinies with peculiar favour; he even retained some of them in his service. Bar-rault and David, under many difficulties, continued their adventurous plan, and visited Gaza, Jaffa, Jerusalem, Saint Jean d'Acre, and Sidon, Constantinople, Smyrna, and the Greek Isles of the Levant. To obtain the necessary means of subsistence, David gave lessons in music in Smyrna and Cairo. After having visited the cities of Egypt and the coasts of Syria, the two friends turned towards the Desert, from which David was to derive his fame. The piano was their unfailing companion; its tones, for the first time, were heard in the sandy plains, and to this fortunate accident the composer is probably indebted for the fidelity with which he has transmitted his feelings with such immediate freshness. When, surrounded by the wild tribes of the desert, they rested in the morning and evening, in the exercise of his art David forgot his weariness and misery. His skin was tanned, his lips swollen, his hair long and dishevelled, his look inspired. No wonder that the half-naked inhabitants looked upon them as supernatural beings, and received them with simple hospitality. Once the people of the Desert were terrified at the unknown tones of the piano, and in the night the women assembled and destroyed it. In vain David endeavoured to rescue his beloved instrument from their savage grasp; they bound him to a tree, and with tearful eyes he was obliged to witness its destruction.

Not far from Jerusalem, before the brethren had separated, they experienced a severe persecution at the hands of the Franciscan monks, (most of whom were Spaniards,) who believed that the Saint Simonians were about to settle in their districts. In the year 1833 Felicien David returned to France, and composed "Oriental Songs for the Piano," but they met with no applause, and the plates of his music, which were in a house near the Italian Opera-House at Paris, were destroyed by the fire which consumed that building and the adjacent houses. He was now reduced to great distress, and resided in the country in the house of a friend who had accompanied him in his travels to the East, for the small number of apostles who had endured together in Egypt hunger and thirst remained united in the bonds of true and sympathising friendship.

David afterwards returned to the place of his birth, where he gave gratuitous instruction in music, and was the Sunday organist. Working day and night, in retirement and unknown, he at length composed his Desert, in which he has embodied, in musical language, the impressions made upon him during his travels in the East. His companion, Collin, wrote the words. His only hope now was by the sale and performance of his compositions in Paris at last to free himself from the poverty that oppressed him.







*Hôtel de Ville*

*Paris*

On his arrival in Paris he experienced only a repetition of his former distress ; his name was unknown, or rather his earlier works had failed to attract public favour, for two of his symphonies, which had been performed in 1838 and 1839, had been successful. He was on the very verge of ruin, when fortunately meeting M. Chevalier, one of his former brethren, that gentleman procured the performance of "the Desert," at the *Conservatoire*. The effect was instantaneous, and David saw his long years of care and toil amply rewarded. His composition met with equal success in England. But David, the grateful disciple of Beethoven, declared that he could not rest until he likewise succeeded in obtaining the suffrages of the musical world in Germany. He therefore travelled through that country, making friends wherever he went by the modesty and unaffectedness of his disposition, and acquiring an increase of reputation by the performance of his works. It cannot be denied that the originality of the idea which forms the groundwork of his symphonic ode, "the Desert," united with the exaggerated reports in circulation respecting his life, took the public by surprise ; and the extraordinary success of the work was as much owing to the capricious favour of fashion as to its intrinsic merits. But although we cannot go so far as, with some of his enthusiastic biographers, to class "the Desert" with the masterpieces of Beethoven and his compeers, it is a most meritorious composition, and we believe that the modest artist himself would be among the first to decline the lofty position assigned to him by his vehement but somewhat injudicious admirers.

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## OU DENARDE.

THE kingdom of Belgium is rich in historical associations peculiarly interesting to an Englishman, as indicative of the love of civil liberty. Here the remains of the middle ages denote a people deeply impressed with religious feeling, and enthusiastically attached to freedom. As the traveller strolls, travelling by easy stages, he finds, at a short distance from each other, a great number of cities, whose brave and somewhat turbulent inhabitants have played no mean part in history, whilst their picturesque manners and customs afford a grateful and rich source of events for the novelist. Here it is not the splendid palace, that too often reveals the weakness of the real sinews of the state, but the citizens which command our admiration ; the holy edifice erected by the people to the worship of God, in all the splendour of Gothic architecture, and the people's own house, in which their bluff magistrates dispensed the laws and frequently bade defiance to the sovereign,

in the proud consciousness of their own authority, are interesting to the traveller as monuments of a state of things which exists no longer, and which will probably return no more.

Among the celebrated municipal houses which speak so eloquently for the taste and genius both of the architect who planned them and the people who caused them to be erected, we beg to direct the attention of the reader to that of the little city of Oudenarde, or, more properly, Oudenaarden, called by the French Audenarde, the capital of one of the six political divisions of the Belgian province of East Flanders. It is built in the same characteristic Gothic style which is displayed in those *chef-d'œuvres* of civil architecture, the *Hôtels d'Ville* of Brussels and Louvain.

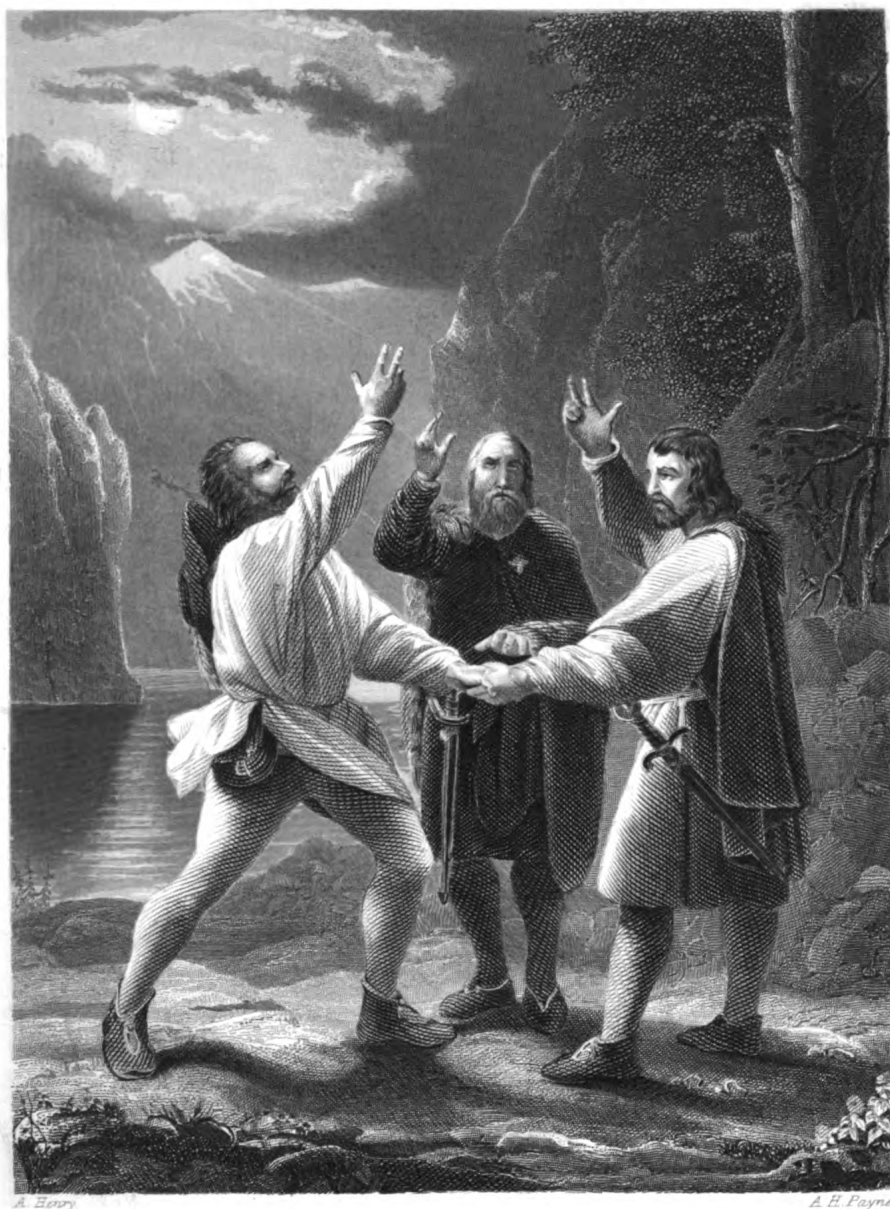
The city of Oudenarde, which is likewise a fortress, is situated between Ghent and Tournay, about fifteen miles from the former city. It has long been celebrated for its manufactures, which are spoken of with great commendation in works of the seventeenth century. It contains about 5,500 inhabitants. The city is of great antiquity, although antiquarians are not agreed as to the time of its foundation. It would seem to have been occupied by the Romans, as many Roman coins, medals, and statues have, from time to time, been found here. Gramaie, and other historians, however, pretend that the city owes its origin to a fortress built by the Huns on the Schelde, in the year 411; which assertion, like many other antiquarian hypotheses, would be somewhat difficult of proof. Philip of Alsace, Count of Flanders, enclosed the place, and conferred many privileges on its inhabitants; and from the favour of this prince may be dated the origin of the prosperity of Oudenarde.

In Oudenarde were born Margaret of Parma, Drusius, and the painter, Adrian Brauwer.

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## THE OATH OF THE THREE SWISS.

THE Lake of the Four Cantons, or in the language of the inhabitants, the *Vierwaldstätter See*, abounds in picturesque and sublime scenery. The lofty mountains, the Righi and Pilatus, tower above the iron-bound shores that confine the waters at the extremity of the lake near Fluellen. Almost every spot of ground is consecrated to the great deeds of Swiss history, which poetry has loved to embellish. As you descend from the Righi, after enjoying the unrivalled panorama from its summit you pass through the *Hohle Gasse*, or hollow lane of Schiller, in which an arrow from the bow of William Tell ended the life of the tyrannic landvogt Gessler. As



*The Oath of the Three Swys*

INTRO. BY J. H. P. & J. H. P. & J. H. P.

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you wind round the lake the romantic little building called Tell's Chapel meets the eye; you land on the narrow platform, whence the sturdy archer, recovering his own liberty by a manly spring from Gessler's bark, left the frail vessel to the mercy of the raging Foehmvind. Arrived at the extremity of the lake, you land at Fluellen, and pursuing your way to Altorf, a large painting represents Tell, on the very spot where the event occurred, in the act of shooting the apple from the head of his son. A roaring mountain-stream, the Schaechen, whose waters when swollen by the rains dash down the declivities with impetuous force, attracts the attention of the traveller. Tell could die no common death; and the popular tale in his native country is, that he perished in this stream, in attempting to rescue a boy who was in danger of drowning. Opposite to the above-mentioned Chapel of Tell is the Ruettli, a solitary place in the wood, celebrated for the oath there taken by the three heroes of Swiss liberty, Stauffacher, Walter Fuerst, and Melchthal. The historian Tschudi thus relates this important event.

It happened in 1307 that there lived a pious countryman in Unterwalden, by name Henry Melchthal, a wise, honourable man, in good circumstances, well esteemed by the country people, and constantly anxious that the Swiss should remain within the liberties of the land, and not suffer a separation from the empire. Therefore Beringer of Landenberg, who was landvogt in all Unterwalden, was ill-disposed towards him. This Melchthal had fine oxen, and for some small offence which his son Arnold is said to have committed against him, the landvogt sent a servant who should seize his finest pair of oxen, and if the old Melchthal should say anything against it, he should tell him that the landvogt was of opinion that the peasants could draw the plough themselves. The servant did as his master commanded him, and as he unyoked the oxen, the countryman's son, Arnold, became enraged, and with a stick struck the landvogt's servant sharply on the hand, so that he broke one of his fingers. After this deed Arnold fled out of the country to Uri, whither also another man had fled for concealment, by name Conrad Baumgarten,\* who had slain the landvogt Wolfenschiessen for having attempted to dishonour his wife. The servant whom Arnold had struck complained to his master. Then the landvogt caused the old father's eyes to be put out. At this tyrannical action the people felt great indignation. Also when Arnold knew what had happened to his pious father, he complained in secret of his wrongs to trustworthy persons of Uri, and hoped that the day would once come to revenge his father's injuries. At the same time Gessler, landvogt in Uri and Schwytz, exercised there no less oppression, and had a fortress built in Uri, that he and the other landvogts after him might dwell there more securely, if a rebellion should break out, and that the land might remain in greater fear and

\* See Vol. I. p. 9, the plate representing Tell saving Baumgarten.



obedience. When he was asked what should be the name of the fortress, he answered, "Its name will be Zwing Uri," (Force Uri.) This vexed the country people very much. As Gessler remarked this he was angry with them, and on Saint James's day, at Altorf, he ordered a pole to be erected at Alten, on the public place, near the lime-trees, where many people must pass, and placed a hat upon it, and proclaimed repeatedly that every one who passed by should, on pain of losing his estate and suffering corporal punishment, by bowing his head and taking off his barett, do the same honour and reverence as if the king himself were there in person; and placed a man there as a watchman and guard, to take notice and inform against those who did not follow his command. He imagined that he should gain high renown if he brought this brave, manly people, which till now had not allowed itself to be subjected by any one, to the lowest oppression.

In these same days it happened that the landvogt Gessler would go through the country of Schwytz, of which he was also landvogt. Now there was at Steinen, in Schwytz, a wise, honourable man, of old and noble race, named Werner von Stauffacher. The same had built a new and beautiful house on this side of the bridge. As now the landvogt comes to the same house, and Stauffacher, who stood before the house, welcomed him in a friendly manner; the landvogt asked him to whom the house belonged; Stauffacher thought that he did not ask in kindness, therefore he answered, "Sir, the house is my lord the king's, and yours, and my fief." The landvogt on this continued, "I will not allow the peasants to build houses without my consent; nor will I have you living as free as if you were yourselves lords; I will prevent you," and rode off with these words. This speech fell heavy on Stauffacher's heart. Now he was a man of sense, had also a wise and clever wife, who saw that something lay heavy on his mind, and persuaded him to tell her what speech the landvogt had held with him. When she had heard it, she spoke to him, "My dear husband, you know that many pious country people also complain of the landvogt's tyranny, therefore it were good that some of you who can trust to each other hold council together in secret, how you can escape his arbitrary power." Then Stauffacher thinking within himself, "the woman's counsel would not be bad," followed it, drove to Uri, and remarked that all the country people were impatient and hostile to the landvogt, yet he entrusted the affair only to a confidential gentleman in Uri, named Walter Fuerst. He told him of the youth of Unterwalden, Arnold of Melchthal, how he still remained with them in Uri, but went often in secret to his family, and said that the young man might be trusted. Therefore he was likewise called, and the three men were agreed that each in his country should levy people in whom he could trust, in order to re-conquer their old freedom and to expel the tyrannical landvogts. It was also agreed upon how they would



come together at night in the Ruettli, a solitary woody place by the Lake of the Four Cantons.

On the Wednesday night before Martin's day, Walter Fuerst, Melchthal, and Stauffacher brought each ten upright men of his country to this place. Here they pledged one another with their hands, that none of them would venture anything in this affair according to his own opinion; none would leave the other: they would not deprive the Counts of Hapsburg of the least thing in all their estates, rights, and their own people: the Vogts, their followers, their servants and paid men should not lose a drop of blood; but the freedom which they had received from their forefathers, the same would they preserve and transmit to their grandchildren. Thereupon all three-and-thirty raised their hands and took this oath, by God and all his saints.

Thus this alliance was first made and sworn by these three men in Uri, whence arose the Swiss confederation.

This relation has been adopted by Schiller in his *William Tell*. But, alas, for the fame of this great hero himself! If ever, for once, tradition seems to have "a habitation and a name," we should have thought that it had been that of William Tell. The localities seemed all ascertained; a long array of names, still legible in Tell's famous chapel on the lake, seemed to vouch for the authenticity of his history. The act, so strikingly peculiar, of shooting the apple, stares the traveller in the face as he passes Altorf. And yet stern criticism, at first in whispers, then in learned dissertations, boldly proclaimed the story to be without foundation, and Tell himself to have had no existence—to be a mere creation of the brain. Well might the Swiss be excused if they spurned these imputations with patriotic indignation. But the critics at length made themselves heard. The chroniclers who record his heroic deeds were not contemporary with the events which they related: the chapel was built in 1388: it is affirmed, it is true, that of the visitors, one hundred and fourteen had known Tell himself; we must not, however, forget, that more than eighty years had passed since Tell had shot the apple from the head of his son and freed his country from the tyrant Gessler. Yet this testimony, although insufficient to confirm the single events which have raised him to be the national hero of Switzerland, seem to us abundantly sufficient to refute those writers who deny the personal existence of Tell. A similar story of the apple is told in the old legends of Scandinavia. Saxo Grammaticus relates it of a Danish king Harold and a certain Toko. Now we believe that there exists in the Haessli Dale in Switzerland a tradition that their ancestors in distant times migrated thither from the far north. It is likewise not a little singular that a similar story is related of a William Tell and a Count of Seedorf, a great landed proprietor in Uri; but this must have happened early in the

twelfth century. Prizes have been offered for the best essays on this interesting subject; the Swiss archives have been diligently consulted, and extracts published, in which we do not find the name of Gessler among the lists of bailiffs, or landvogts, in the castle of Kuessnacht. The name of Tell, however, is found, but no action of any eminence is recorded of him; the cause of the origin of the rising, which terminated in the establishment of the Swiss free confederacy, differs in the official documents from that assigned in the popular legend. The story of the apple and of the homage done to the cap seem certainly, at first sight, to wear a fabulous appearance; fortunately the heroic valour of the Swiss has been too firmly recorded in history to suffer any diminution by the refutation of this most poetical of all popular traditions.

## BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

"Thy tower, proud Bamborough, marked they there,  
King Ida's castle, huge and square,  
From its tall rock look grimly down,  
And on the swelling ocean frown;  
Then from the coast they bore away,  
And reached the Holy Island's bay."

MARMION, Canto II.

OUR description of this interesting relic of the olden time is abridged from the Penny Cyclopædia, which contains the only authentic description which we have been able to meet with. The ancient city of Bamborough, or Bambury, was, according to Bede, called Bebbā, from a queen of that name, and King Alfred calls it "the kingly burgh, which men nameth Bebbanburgh." Ida, says the Saxon chronicle, began to reign in the year 547, and was twelve years King of Northumberland, and built Bebbanburgh, which he first enclosed with a hedge, and afterwards with a wall. It is now only a small village, although it formerly sent two members to parliament. The castle is one of the oldest in the kingdom, and stands on a perpendicular rock, close to the sea, one hundred and fifty feet above its level. It is only accessible on the south-east side. The remains of Ida's castle are supposed to form part of the present building. Within the keep is an ancient draw-well, one hundred and forty-five feet deep, cut through the solid basaltic rock into the sandstone below.



*Bombergh Castle.*

Engraved by J. H. B. 1842.



In Queen Elizabeth's reign, after the battle of Musselburgh, Sir John Forster, Warden of the Marshes, was made Governor of Bamborough Castle. It remained in his family until 1715; the last descendant fortified both the castle and the manor. His relative, Nathaniel Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham, purchased and bequeathed them for charitable purposes. The trustees have been diligent in carrying out the intentions of the bishop, and this venerable fortress has been gradually reclaimed from ruin, and converted into apartments for the most wise and benevolent purposes; the establishment containing two schools, one for boys, and one for girls. Various signals are made use of in thick and stormy weather, to warn vessels from that most dangerous cluster of rocks, called the Fern Islands. A life-boat, and all kinds of implements useful in saving crews and vessels in distress are always in readiness, and all means to prevent wrecks from being plundered, and for restoring them to their owners. This charity has also been judiciously extended to the relief of seamen who may suffer either by shipwreck or otherwise in navigating this dangerous coast. A constant watch is kept at the top of the tower, whence signals are made to the fishermen of Holy Island as soon as any vessel is discovered to be in distress, when the fishermen immediately put off to its assistance. The signals are so regulated as to point out the particular direction in which the vessel lies. Owing to the size and fury of the breakers, it is generally impossible for boats to put off from the mainland in a severe storm; but such difficulty occurs but rarely in putting off from Holy Island. In addition to these arrangements for mariners in distress, two men on horseback constantly patrol the coast, a distance of eight miles, from sunset to sunrise, every stormy night. Whenever any case of shipwreck occurs, it is their duty to forward intelligence to the castle without delay. As a further inducement to this, premiums are often given for the earliest notice of such distress. By these means many lives are saved, and an asylum is offered in the castle for a week, or longer if necessary. The bodies of those who are lost are decently interred at the expense of this charity. There are likewise the necessary instruments and tackle for raising vessels which have sunk, and whatever goods may be saved are deposited in the castle. In the infirmary, on an average, one thousand persons are received in the course of the year, and the funds of Lord Crew's charity, which amount to about eight thousand pounds a year, are likewise applied to the augmentation of small livings, the foundation and support of schools, exhibitions to young men entering at the university, binding out apprentices, and other charitable purposes.

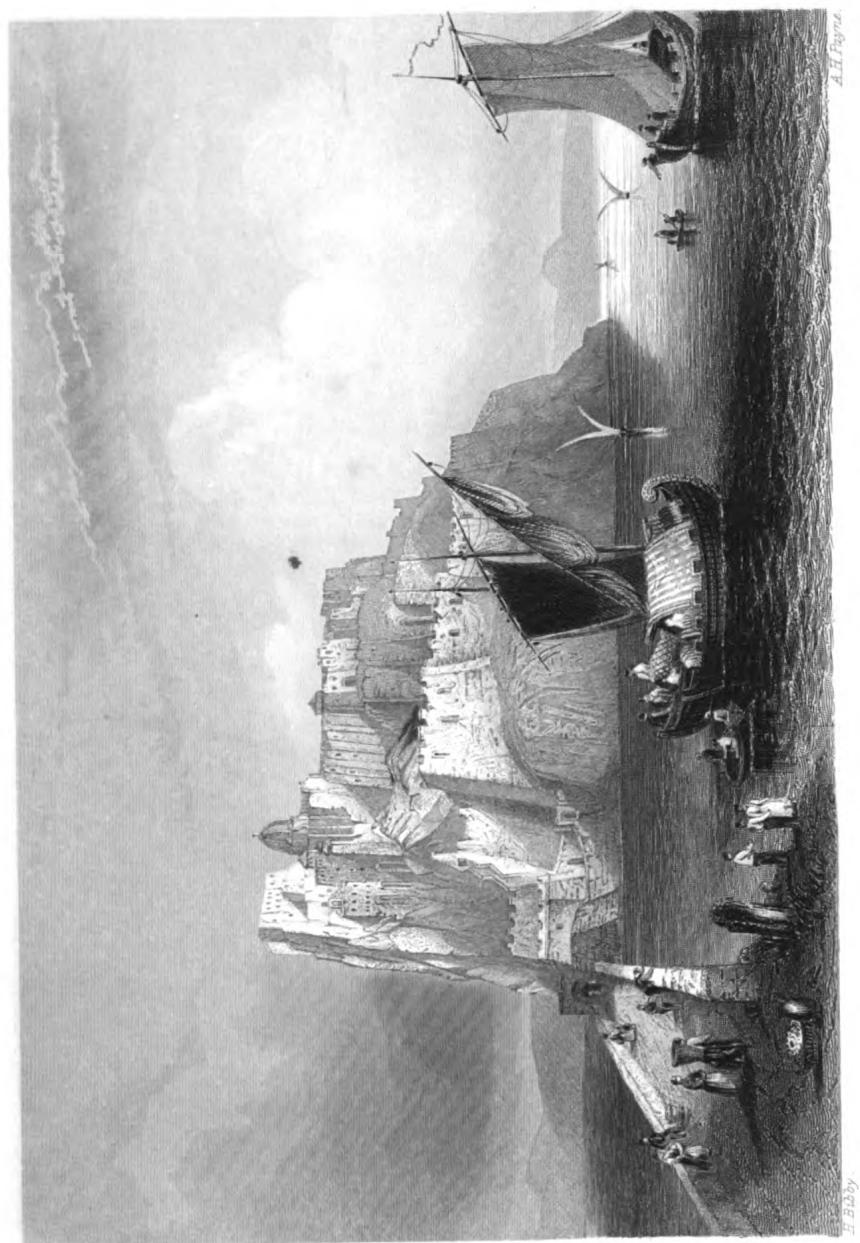
## ISCHIA.

THIS beautiful and fertile island, celebrated for its mineral springs and for the excellence of its wines, is situated at the entrance of the Bay of Naples. It was called by the ancients Pithecusa, afterwards Arimi. Its surface does not exceed ten square miles, the number of inhabitants is about twenty-five thousand. It is very rocky, and of volcanic origin. The Eubœans colonized it, but were driven from it by the devastations consequent upon the volcanic eruptions, as were subsequently the Syracusans, who had, after the departure of the first colonists, taken possession of the island. For a long period it remained uninhabited, until the neighbouring Neapolitans, tempted by the fruitfulness of the soil, ventured to form new colonies, which soon fell under the dominion of the Romans, and in general underwent the fate of their empire. The highest mountain of the island, the Epomeo, eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, has ceased to exhibit any eruptions since the fourteenth century.

The lava of the last eruption, although it has been exposed to the air for five hundred years, still remains undestroyed. The activity of the volcanic element may be deduced from the great number of hot springs which trickle down the sides of the mountain. The boiling of the springs may be heard in the ravine adjacent to the public bath. The ancient crater is peculiarly interesting, as is the torrent of lava which destroyed the old town of Ischia. The traveller should by no means neglect to ascend the Epomeo, for the view from its summit is one of the finest in Italy, comprising the Bay of Bayæ, Pozzuoli, Naples, the island of Ponza, and the mountains of Sorrento. Immediately below the summit is a cloister, hewn in the solid rock. These rocks and the lava-streams give the upper part of the mountain a wild and gloomy appearance. Somewhat lower, however, it displays the luxuriant vines and various productions of the southern climate.

The numerous hot springs of the island, which, as well as the hot vapours that frequently rise from the soil, are used in the most different and most obstinate diseases with extraordinary effect, attract patients from all countries. The most celebrated baths are those of Casamicciola; with the hospital della Misericordia, where three hundred patients are received gratuitously, the vapour-baths (*Stufe*) of Castiglione, the baths of Saint Restituta, in the village of Lecco, and not far from the latter, the vapour-bath of Saint Lorenzo. The principal places in the island are the cities of Ischia, on the east coast (opposite the little island of Procida, with a castle pictu-





*Castle, Dublin.*







*Derby Castle*

resquely situated on basaltic rocks six hundred feet in height, and united with the island by an artificial dam) and Foria, on the west coast.

A tour through this beautiful island, which can only be performed on foot, or on asses, there being no carriages or roads, will be productive of the highest enjoyment, as every step offers new beauties and fresh panoramic views. In the church of Saint Restituta, in Lecco, are deposited some antique remains, not far from the ruins of the palace of the Emperor Augustus. There are two other extinct volcanoes besides the Epomeo, viz. Mount Notaro and Mount Vico.

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## STIRLING CASTLE.

"Ye towers within whose circuit dread,  
A Douglas by his sovereign bled,  
And thou, O sad and fatal mound!  
That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,  
As on the noblest of the land  
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand."

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

"Adieu, fair Snowdown,\* with thy towers high,  
Thy chapel-royal, park, and table round;  
May, June, and July would I dwell in thee,  
Were I a man, to hear the bird's sound,  
Whilk doth againe thy royal rock rebound."

SIR D. LINDSAY

THE Castle of Stirling, is equally celebrated in the historical and picturesque annals of Scotland. It may vie in varied beauty with the finest scenery in the world. To the east, the winding Forth meanders through an extensive and fertile plain, diversified with woods, country-houses, and villages. The distance from Stirling is, in a direct line, only six miles; but the stream turns so often, that it makes a circuit of twenty miles, imitating, in this respect, the intricate windings of the river Moselle. At Alloa, the Forth expands, and its estuary may be said to commence. From the battlements of Stirling Castle, the stranger can behold most

\* Stirling Castle is called Snowdown by some writers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This term is supposed to be derived from some romantic legend connecting Stirling with King Arthur.

of the cities on the coasts as far as Edinburgh. To the north lie the beautiful Ochils and the field of Sheriff Muir, the scene of the battle between the Pretender and the King's forces in the year 1715. To the south, the sudden steep and table-heights of the Campsie Fells, diversify the view ; while to the west, equally beautiful with the view towards Alloa, the vale of Monteith stretches to the foot of Ben Lomond and Ben Venue. But the most magnificent features of the prospect are presented by the Grampians, from Ben Lomond to Ben Voirloch, for this comprises the Arrochas Hills, Ben Ledi, Ben More, and an amphitheatre of bold and lofty mountains.

The city of Stirling contains about 10,000 inhabitants. Like most cities that can boast of any great antiquity, it may be divided into two parts ; the old streets being narrow and inconvenient, the more recent additions displaying that improved sense of comfort that forms a characteristic feature of modern times. The Castle-hill is on the north-west side of the town, and the Castle presents a singular assemblage of ancient buildings, but changed and adapted to modern use. The original date of its erection is not known ; but its history is intimately connected with the earliest events of Scottish story. Its importance as a military position is very great, as commanding the most direct communication between the north and south divisions of the island ; and hence it has always played a prominent part, not only in the civil wars of Scotland, but likewise in the wars of this country with England. Mention is made of the Castle as early as the ninth century, when the Scots razed it to the ground, wishing to destroy all memorials of the Picts whom they had subdued. The Northumbrians obtained from their captive, Donald V. a grant of all the land to the south of the river Forth, and retained possession of it for about twenty years, when, being hard pressed by the Danes, they restored their new acquisition as the price of an alliance with the Scotch. In the next century, Kenneth III. marched with his army from Stirling Castle to the defeat of the Danes, at the battle of Luncarty. In 1174, this fortress was one of the four that were surrendered to the English as the ransom for the captive king, William the Lion : Richard Cœur de Lion restored them to their original possessors. It was about this time that it was selected as the residence of the sovereigns, and it long continued to be their favourite place of abode. When Edward I. of England invaded Scotland, Stirling was abandoned by the Scots and occupied by the English, 1296. Wallace advanced to Cambuskenneth on the Forth, at the head of 40,000 men, to oppose the English army, which was advancing to Stirling, under the command of the Earl de Warrenne, and of Surrey, Guardian of Scotland, and of the ecclesiastic, Hugh Cressingham, whom Edward had made Treasurer of Scotland. At Stirling-Bridge the English were utterly routed, September 11, 1297, and the whole of Scotland re-asserted its free-



dom from the English crown. But in the next year Edward entered Scotland at the head of 80,000 infantry and 7,000 cavalry, besides a body of Gascons, and defeated Wallace, whose forces, weakened by disunion and treachery, did not amount to more than 20,000 men. The Scots lost three-fourths of their army, and retreated to Stirling, which city they reduced to ashes. Wallace resigned his office as guardian; but the subjugation of the kingdom was not complete. The English, who had left a garrison in Stirling Castle, were compelled by hunger to surrender in the year 1299; but it was retaken by the English, after a most gallant defence by Sir William Oliphant, the governor. In 1303, when Edward again conquered Scotland, Stirling Castle was again besieged, and the garrison, small in number, sustained for three months the assaults of the English, who fought immediately under the eye of their warlike sovereign. The brave Sir William Oliphant resumed the command. The walls were battered most furiously by artillery, using stones of two-hundred weight as balls, which made vast breaches in their ramparts. The garrison, gradually diminished by the casualties of war, were insufficient for the further defence of the place; and Stirling Castle was the last fortress that surrendered in Scotland. It seems to have remained in the hands of the English until it was besieged by Bruce in the reign of Edward II. The English advanced with an army of 100,000 men to relieve it; but Bruce, with 40,000 men, encamped between Stirling and Bannockburn, (a small rivulet flowing eastward south of Stirling, and falling into the Forth below that town. The celebrated battle ended, as is well known, in the utter defeat of the English. During the wars of Edward III. it was successively taken and retaken. In the reign of James II. the Earl of Douglas was assassinated in this castle, 1451. James VI. was crowned at Stirling, 1597, when thirteen months old, and his eldest son, Prince Henry, was born here, 1594: the baptism was performed in the Castle with great pomp. In 1651 the fortress was besieged and taken by General Monk; the marks of this siege are still discernible in the Castle and the steeple of the church. In the last rebellion Stirling Castle was besieged in 1746, and gallantly defended by General Blakeney. General Hawley, who advanced to relieve it, was defeated by the rebels, who, however, retired on the approach of the Duke of Cumberland. It is one of the four Scottish forts (the others are Edinburgh, Dumbarton, and Blackness) which by the articles of the Union are to be constantly garrisoned.

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## GHUZNEE, OR GAZNA.

"The smell of death  
 Came reeking from those spicy bowers,  
 And man the sacrifice of man,  
 Mingled his taint with every breath  
 Upwafted from the innocent flowers.  
 Land of the Sun ! what foot invades  
 Thy Pagods and thy pillar'd shades—  
 Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,  
 Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones ?  
 'Tis he of Gazna, fierce in wrath,  
 He comes and India's diadems  
 Lie scattered in his ruinous path.—  
 His bloodhounds he adorns with gems  
 Torn from the violated necks  
 Of many a young and lov'd Sultana ;  
 Maidens within their pure Zenano,  
 Priests in the very fane he slaughters,  
 And choaks up with the glittering wrocks  
 Of golden shrines the sacred waters !"

LALLA ROOKH.

THE recent expedition to Cabool (apart from the policy or impolicy of the measure) was eminently calculated to excite intense interest throughout the civilised world. The inhabitants of a small island in the far west, not content with ruling over a hundred millions of their fellow-creatures by means of a smaller army than is possessed by the weakest of the five great powers of Europe, and coming from the opposite quarter of the globe, to which Alexander the Great cast his longing eyes, and wept that there were no more worlds within his reach to conquer, crossed the sacred river, and, after a succession of extraordinary successes and reverses, after a victorious campaign, evacuated this celebrated land, which is now probably closed to the present generation of Europe. Of all the remarkable events of this adventurous expedition, the siege and sudden conquest of Ghuznee, perhaps, most arrested the public attention, from the ancient fame of this fortress and its boasted strength.

The Emperor Baber has left us a description of this city. "Ghuznee is a poor, mean place ; and I have always wondered how its princes, who possessed also





Hindustan and Khorassan, could have chosen such a wretched country for the seat of their government, in preference to Khorassan. In the time of the Sultan Mahmood there were three or four mounds for collecting water. One of these, which was of great dimensions, was formed by the Sultan of Ghuznee, on the river of Ghuznee, about three furlongs up the river, on the north-west of the town. "The Burner of the World," when he subdued the country, broke down the mound, burned and destroyed many of the tombs of the royal family of the sultan, ruined and burnt the city of Ghuznee, and plundered the inhabitants. In short there was no art of desolation and destruction from which he refrained. In the year in which I conquered Hindustan (A. D. 1525) I sent by Khwajeh Kilan a sum of money for the purpose of repairing it, and I entertain hopes that, by the mercy of God, this mound may once more be repaired. Ghuznee was the capital of Subaktagin, of Sultan Mahmood. Its river may be large enough to drive four or five mills. The city of Ghuznee, and four or five others, are supplied from this river, while as many more are fertilized by subterraneous watercourses. The grapes of Ghuznee are superior to those of Cabool, and its melons more abundant. Its apples too are excellent, and are carried into Hindustan. Cultivation is carried on with great difficulty and labour, and whatever ground is cultivated is obliged to have a new dressing of mould every year; but the produce of the crops exceeds that of Cabool. The madder is chiefly cultivated here, and it is carried over all Hindustan. It is the most profitable crop in this district. The inhabitants of the open country are Hazaras and Affghans. Ghuznee is a cheap place compared with Cabool. The tomb of Sultan Mahmood is in one of the suburbs of Ghuznee, which, from that circumstance, is termed *Rozeh*, the Garden. The best grapes in Ghuznee are from *Rozeh*. The tombs of Sultan Masood and Sultan Ibrahim are in Ghuznee. There are many holy tombs at the city."

The famous tomb of Sultan Mahmood, with its sandal gates, that procured for Lord Ellenborough such an unenviable celebrity, is thus described by Mr. Vigne: "The *Rozeh-i-Sultan* is placed in the midst of a village. A mean entrance and a plastered Gothic cloister led to a wretched inner garden, into which open the celebrated sandal-wood gates; within these is the tomb of the once mighty Mahmood. The gates have lost their scent from age. The ornaments upon them, many being rosettes, appear to have been exquisitely carved. The tomb is a triangular prism of fine white polished marble, resting on a raised platform of the same material, which they would have me believe was of immense value. On the tomb were some carved ornaments and some Kufic inscriptions. Old festoons and Kashmir shawls were extended over and about the place. Amongst the offerings was the very largest tiger-skin I ever saw." A Kashmeerian servant was collecting some dust,



'for,' said he, 'Sultan Mahmood was a very great man : ' he probably hoped to sell it for a consideration at Kashmir."

"Ghuznee," says Baber, "is celebrated for its cold. The *Kerkend* is a low prickly thorn, that burns alike whether green or dry ; it constitutes the only fuel of the inhabitants of Ghuznee. The land to the west of the city of Ghuznee, at Heerghaught, is interspersed with low hills, and, except a few cultivated spots, produces little else than a prickly aromatic weed, on which camels feed with avidity.

The *Fort of Ghuznee* is situated on the western extremity of a range of hills, running east to west ; the west, south, and east sides are ditched ; the water being supplied by the river Ghuznee. There is a bridge over it at the *Kenak* gate, near which there is an outwork : the ditch is deep and formidable. The *citadel* to the north is an irregular square ; there are two ramps going up to it, and, on entering the gate, there is a large square in it. The town was said (in 1839) to contain 3,000 houses ; other accounts reduce this number to one-half ; and Major Hough, in his Narrative of the March and Operations of the Army of the Indus, to which we are much indebted, gives the population at 3,000, independently of the garrison of the same amount.

Ghuznee was once a powerful empire. The foundation of the Ghazneri dynasty is generally ascribed to the Turk Alptekin, originally a slave in Bokhara, who by his eminent talents obtained a high rank under the princes of the countries beyond the Oxus, but, in consequence of a struggle for the throne, retired to the city of Ghuznee, defeated the troops of Prince Mansoor, which had been sent against him, and maintained his independence until his death, which occurred in the year 975. But his successor and son-in-law, Sebektekin, is more justly to be considered as the founder. Like his predecessor, he was originally a Turkish slave. He maintained with great talent the possessions which he had inherited, and increased them by his courage, and by his zeal for the diffusion of Mohammedanism. He was recognised as an independent prince, was appointed viceroy of Khorassan, and died 997. After his death, his second son Ishmael seized the throne, but only for a short time, being thrown into prison, where he died, by his elder brother Mahmood. This Mahmood, the most celebrated and mighty of all the Ghazneri rulers, became ruler of Khorassan and Seistan, on the fall of the Samanidir dynasty, and the Khalif Kadher Billah confirmed him in possession, and gave him the title of Yemen Eddaulah, or right-hand of the empire. In the year 1001 he began his incursions into Hindustan, and in a short time became master of all Kashmir and the Punjaub. But he was stopped in his course of victory by an irruption of his father-in-law into Khorassan. After having expelled this domestic enemy, and defeated him in battle near Balkh, in the year 1007, principally by means of the elephants

which he had brought from India, he marched against the Ghebers, whom he conquered, but rendered irreconcilable enemies of his dynasty by his cruelty. He continued his conquests as far as the Ganges, murdering all the men who would not become converts to Mahommedanism, and carrying off the women and children as slaves. With the immense spoils which he brought back with him from India he founded in Ghuznee a magnificent mosque, with a school and library; for he was a friend and patron of learning and the sciences. In the year 1025 he undertook his most celebrated expedition to India, and conquered Guzerat; taking by storm and destroying the town of Somnath with its celebrated temple, which was one of the greatest and most magnificent holy places of the Hindoos, and possessed of immense wealth; the roof was supported by fifty-six golden pillars, ornamented with precious stones and pearls. Several thousand gold and silver statues stood round the gigantic idol, Sirva, in whose interior the priests had concealed an immense number of precious stones. Mahmood broke the idol with his own hand. Four years afterwards he marched against the King of Persia, took him prisoner, and made himself master of the northern provinces of his kingdom without opposition. He died in the following year. He was famed, not only for his heroism, but likewise for his knowledge of mankind; for his love of justice and truth: his chief vices were his insatiable ambition and cupidity and his cruelty to unbelievers, arising from his orthodox Mahommedan fanaticism. With Mahmood's eldest son and successor, the wild herculean Masood I., the power of the Ghazneri dynasty already began to sink. His first deed was to put out the eyes of his brother Mohammed, whom he had conquered in war. By a rebellion he lost Irak and his possessions beyond the Oxus: Khorassan fell into the power of the Seldjooks in 1040; in the following year he was murdered by his nephew Achmed. The short reigns of the five succeeding sovereigns pourtray a picture of constant decay, caused by disputes for the succession, which maintained a course of destructive civil wars, in which the Ghazneri family was defiled by the most horrible crimes. This internal weakness favoured the revolt of the subdued Hindoos, and of the governors of the different provinces. It was not until the peaceable and happy reign of Firok Sad (1052—1059) that better times arose, which were continued under the reigns of his two successors, his brother, the wise and virtuous Ibrahim, (1059—1099,) and his son, Masood III. (1099—1115.) The former defeated the Seldjooks in Persia, made an honourable peace with them, and then reduced Hindustan, a second time, to subjection: he used all means to establish the welfare of his subjects, and founded many benevolent institutions. Masood III. occupied himself principally with legislation. But with his death the old disputes recommenced; his son and successor, Shir-Sad, was dethroned and killed by his brother Arslan Shah, who, in his turn, was murdered, after many bat-



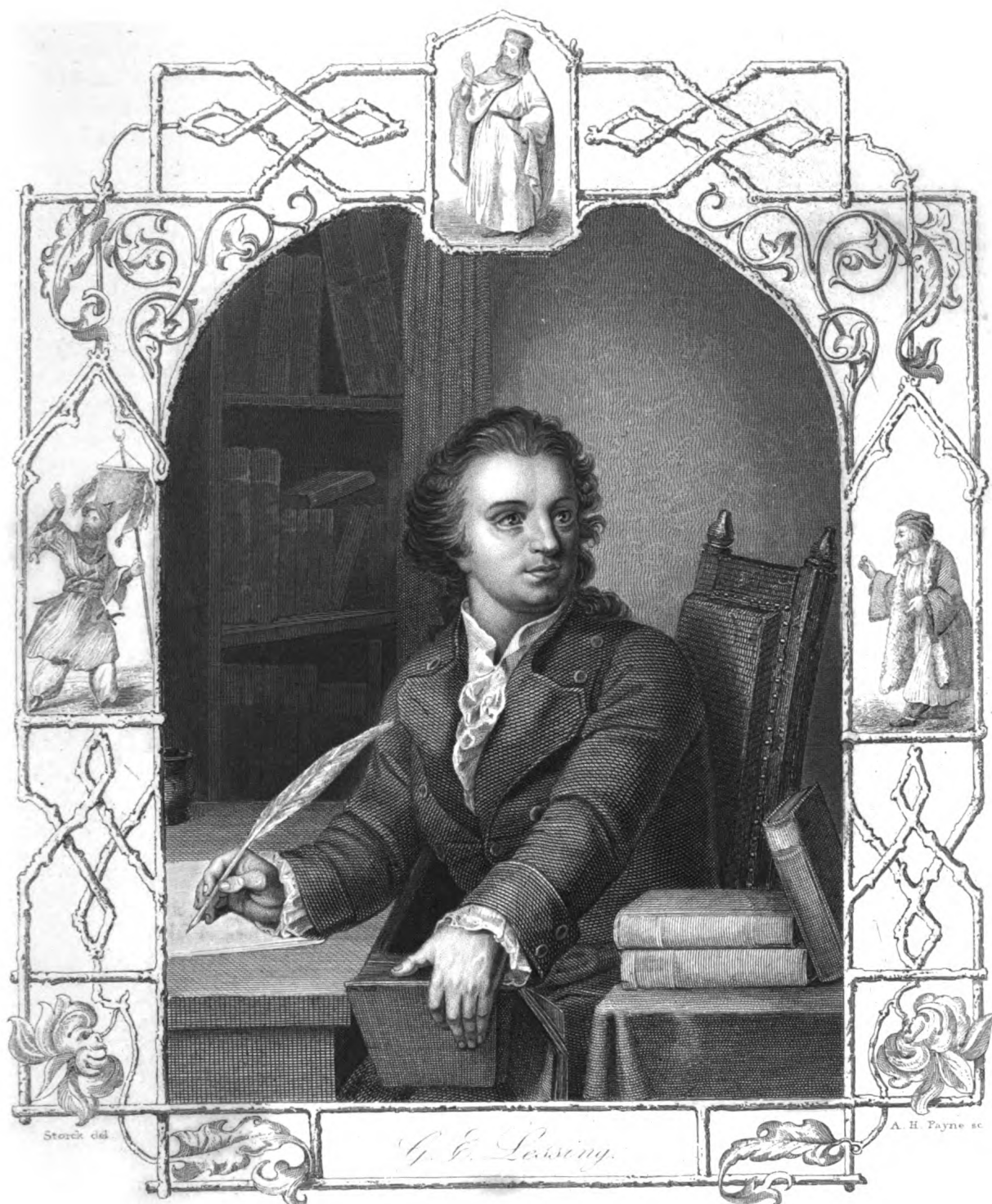
ties, by his third brother, Bahram Shah. The reign of the latter, who distinguished himself by his munificence and patronage of science, was splendid and happy, with the exception of the last years, which were disturbed by an obstinate war against the vassal-prince Aladdin Hussein, in which Masood lost Ghuznee, which was, however, recovered by his son. His grandson, Khosroo Melick, the last Ghazneri, was, like his father, just and good, but effeminate and devoted to pleasure. After long wars with the Turcomans, who retained possession of Ghuznee for fifteen years, but were at last expelled, Khosroo was put to death in captivity, after a reign of twenty-six years. Thus ended the mighty Ghazneri dynasty; the immense possessions of which formed different empires. "By the blessing of Almighty God," says the Emperor Baber, "I gained (1504) possession of Cabool and Ghuznee, with the country and provinces dependent on them, without battle or contest."

In 1739 Nadir Shah, after the capture of Delhi, became master of the provinces to the west of the Indus, Cabool, Tatta, and part of Multan; and, in 1747, Ahmed Shah, founder of the Dooranee dynasty, conquered the whole of Affghanistan. The more recent history of Ghuznee is, doubtless, from the descriptions in the different English journals, familiar to our readers.

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## GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING.

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, in many respects the most illustrious name in modern German literature, was born in the little city of Camenz, in the year 1729. His father seems to have possessed several of the virtues for which the son was honourably distinguished; he had made his own way in the world, was disinterested and benevolent even in his poverty, enlightened but zealous in religious matters, straightforward and plain in his language, even to the appearance of coarseness. In his youth Lessing made such rapid progress in his studies, that his masters at the grammar-school at Meissen confessed that the lessons of his school-fellows did not suffice for him. In his seventeenth year he visited the University of Leipzig, and was soon distinguished for his talents and oddities. He despised the shallow lectures of professors, to whom he already felt himself infinitely superior; the stiff pedantry of the times and manners, in what is commonly called good society, excited his ridicule; his active and versatile mind sought for food in originality, and he pre-





ferred the society of actors and humorists to the dull tirades of bores and *magisters*. His parents exhibited great anxiety for his future welfare: his father's letters were filled with reproaches and exhortations to study theology; and his mother, when she heard that he had consumed his Christmas cake, the national German family present, with comedians, gave him up. The freedom with which he expressed his opinions on men and things, the contempt, which he took no pains to conceal, for the frosty doings in literature, into which he was destined to infuse a genial warmth, had made him many enemies; his character was calumniated; and, to detach him from his evil associates, false intelligence that his mother was on her death-bed was forwarded to him; nor even then did his parents expect his arrival. He came, however, in a severe frost, and half frozen to death. This touched his mother; and when his father spoke with him on theology, and read his theological dissertations, he found that his wish to become an actor, and his essays as a dramatist, had left his heart uncorrupted. But on leaving home, instead of resuming his studies at Leipzig, he went to Berlin, and declared to his afflicted parents that he would not study theology. They held in horror the free-thinkers of Berlin, and again his father commanded him to return home. But Lessing was now determined to assert his own freedom; he added, in a remark that is very characteristic of his whole career through life, "If we do not try what is really our proper sphere, we often venture into a false one, where we scarce raise ourselves above mediocrity, whilst in another we might rise to a great height." At last he yielded to parental entreaties, went to Wittenberg, where his brother studied, and took his degree as *magister*; but the university-life of the time disgusted him, and he gave vent to his feelings in epigrams on everything and everybody around him, as Goethe afterwards did in the famous *Xenien*. But soon afterwards the four volumes of his smaller writings appeared, which first established his reputation; and his father, perhaps presaging his future greatness, allowed him now to go his own way. Before the appearance of Lessing, Klopstock had attempted to imitate Milton; Wieland was driven by the impulse of his own nature to take the French for his model. To both, the literature of their country was indebted; but both still looked to foreign elements as to the sources of their inspiration. Lessing was the first really national German writer; his style was pure beyond that of any of his predecessors; simple and unaffected, it was alike intelligible to the learned and to the people. The highest object of his admiration in literature was the epic; but he felt that this kind of poetry was no longer in unison with the manners, feelings, and wants of his age; and with that practical instinct for which he was through life distinguished, he determined to devote his powers to that branch which alone, he felt assured, could enjoy a national success—the drama. In this we find him working positively throughout the whole

of his varied life, whilst in almost all the other branches which were the favourite studies of the time, we find him in constant and active opposition. Although he himself was well aware that he did not possess the qualities requisite for a great dramatic poet, his whole career was one which a dramatic poet would willingly have pursued; he disdained the distinctions of rank and class, and always sought in different spheres to study human nature in all its phases. But one branch was not sufficient to occupy his exclusive attention; and he wandered from one department of literature to another, with a versatility that would have indicated indifference in men of a more common stamp, but which in him was but the thirsty longing of a free soul for that intellectual food which his shallow age could not afford him. He was thrown back upon himself to a degree of which we, of the present age, can have but a faint idea. "With touching zeal," says an eminent German writer, to whom we are greatly indebted in our remarks "we see him seize the great thought of creating the stage—a national theatre, an academy in Vienna or in Mannheim; we smile, when, deceived by himself and his own abilities, he takes the first steps to execute that which is impossible through others' incapacity; but we become serious when, by his retreat, he convinces us that he had the same conviction but, a warmer heart than we have; and we begin this circle anew, with touched admiration, when he wanders from one unsuccessful thought to another, ever unwearied, even in sickness and misfortune." He experienced both. He was for years engaged to a widow of the name of Koenig, whom he married, relying on the promises made to him by the court of Mannheim, but not fulfilled. His son died, and shortly after, his wife. His letters express his feelings in terms highly honourable to his character. "My wife is dead, and this experience I have likewise made. I am glad that many such experiences cannot be left for me, and am quite easy. If you had known this woman—But they say that it is only self-praise to praise one's wife. Well, I say no more of her. If, with one half of my days, I could purchase the happiness to live the others with her, how willingly would I do it! But that cannot be, and I must now begin again to totter my way alone; I have, without doubt, not deserved this happiness." One of Lessing's greatest merits is his perfect freedom from that false sentimentality which has so often disfigured German literature; and, great as was his esteem for the talent of Wieland and Goethe, he turned away with moral indignation from the Agathon of the former, notwithstanding its other merits, and from the Sorrows of Werther of the latter. "Do you believe," he writes of Werther, "that a Roman or a Greek would thus, and for this reason, have deprived himself of life? At the time of Socrates they would scarcely have pardoned such an unnatural love-folly in a girl." As his versatility was sometimes by men of weaker minds, who could only bear the investigation of one favourite study, called frivolity,



so, on the other hand, there is a stoic sternness in his sentiments that is not to be met with in any other writer of his nation. He displayed equal boldness in every branch that he attempted; and this feature in his character reveals itself in a love of paradox, so that it is not always easy to discover whether he is carrying on the argument merely as an exercise for the subtlety of his mind, or whether he is really expressing his own opinion.

Although he had relinquished theology as a peculiar study, his theological disputes were destined to form an epoch in his life; and his *Anti-Goetze*, even after his original antagonist has been long forgotten, is still read and studied as a model of manly courage and of purity of style. We do not here undertake to defend the religious views of Lessing, they must be taken as forming part of his own character; and he attacked the doctrines of the orthodox party with the same unsparing and revolutionary hand with which he spurned the shallow literature of the time. Our limited space will but allow us to pourtray some of the features of this eminent man; we leave to others the task of pointing out the dangers of his writings to men of weak and wavering minds. In many respects he resembles the ancient Greeks in the colouring and direction of his thoughts. "Thus much we have learned," he says, "that the knowledge of the future avails man but little in this life. When will reason succeed in casting suspicion on the desire to be more intimately acquainted with the secrets of a future life? Can we not wait for a future life even as we wait for a future day?" But this resignation was far removed from indifference. He even declared that he did not desire a free will, although his whole career was but a display of the noblest freedom. "Not the truth," says he, with equal modesty and boldness, "in possession of which man is, or thinks he is, but the sincere effort which he has made, to attain the truth, forms the worth of a man. For not through the possession, but through the pursuit after truth, do his powers expand, in which alone his ever-growing perfection consists. Possession renders a man quiet, idle, proud. If God held inclosed in his right hand all truth, and in his left the only inward active impulse after truth, although with the addition always to err, and spake to me, 'Choose,' I would with humility seize the left hand, and would say, 'Father, give; pure truth is from Thee alone.'" This can only be the language of a man who was so convinced of this internal impulse, and who kept it in such constant activity, that he warned his readers from his own deductions; no praise could corrupt him, no friendship or vexation could persuade him to keep back anything at the expense of truth.

Lessing's character and literary activity seemed to involve as many contradictions as his writings contain paradoxes. He appeared to view man with microscopic minuteness, yet his knowledge of mankind was large and profound; the most



voracious of bibliomaniacs, he despised mere book-knowledge, although he, perhaps, possessed more of it than most men of his age, and transformed his learning into practical and benevolent wisdom. Before his time the most distinguished names in German literature belonged rather to a provincial coterie than to the nation; the one broad bond of connexion was wanting; Lessing, in the universality of his talent, took up the single threads, and, with instinctive taste, discerning what was fit and durable, yet, wisely accommodating himself to the spirit of the times, wove them into harmonious consistency. Thus Klopstock and Bodmer, whilst deservedly exercising considerable influence throughout the nation, belonged principally to one district or rather city; the very restlessness of Lessing's outward life was beneficial, for he could not fix himself in any one petty place, or work for partial objects; he visited all the cities which exercised any influence on German culture, and we find him settling alternately at Leipzig, Berlin, Breslau, Hamburg, and Brunswick, or speculating upon others which bade fair promise for the future, as Vienna, Mannheim, and Koenigsberg. In all these cities his literary activity was remarkable; and if we except some few of his writings, which were probably written on the spur of the moment, to provide for some temporary want, the careful student will easily discover that he was aware of his true vocation, as the arranger and the pioneer of the literature of his native country. The correctness of his taste was extraordinary; the fashionable enthusiasm of the times never led him astray; he never compared Ossian with Homer, but penetrated at once the beauties of Shakespeare, a name scarcely heard in Germany before the time of Lessing. This firm security is the more highly to be prized when we compare it to the occasional errors even of Schiller and Goethe. He was equally firm and modest in his judgments upon himself. "I am," he says, "neither an actor nor a poet. Some people, indeed, do me the honour to consider me one of the latter, but only because they mistake me. From some dramatic essays, which I have attempted, they should not conclude so liberally. Not every one that taketh the pencil in his hand is a painter. The earliest of these attempts were written in the years when one so willingly confounds love and facility with genius. If there is anything more tolerable in the more modern attempts, I am conscious that I owe it to criticism alone. I do not feel in me the living source that rises by its own power, that by its own power shoots upwards in streams so rich, so fresh, so pure; I must squeeze everything out of myself by pipes and pressure. I should be so poor, so cold, so short-sighted, if I had not in some measure learned to borrow modestly foreign treasures, to warm myself at foreign fires, and to strengthen my eyes by the glasses of art. I have therefore always become ashamed or angry when I have read or heard anything to the prejudice of criticism. They say that it extinguishes genius; but I flatter myself that I retain something from it that very

nearly approaches genius. But as the crutch can help the lame to move, but cannot make him run, so also criticism."

These observations are equally modest and true. In criticism he took higher ground; and in his exertions to place the literature of his country upon an equal footing with that of other nations, to whom it had bowed in slavish subserviency, he waged an incessant war of principle against mediocrity, to which the subsequent rise of the national literature is principally indebted. Other writers may be named who have displayed a greater genius in poetry than Lessing; but for universality of talent, incorruptible integrity of judgment, practical wisdom, and manliness of character, he has been surpassed by none of his countrymen.

Besides his theological works, which will ever retain a great and peculiar interest for the German student, his moral essays and different disquisitions upon the fine arts, all of which bear the marks of great learning and acute judgment, his works consist of epigrams, smaller poems, fables, and plays. Of the former, which were translated by Mr. W. Taylor, of Norwich, in his *Historic Survey of German Poetry*, we borrow a few for the amusement of the reader.

"Who does not utter Klopstock's praise?  
Yet who has read him through?  
Be it mine to give the praisers less,  
The readers more, to do."

"But one bad woman at a time  
On earth arises;  
That every one should think he has her,  
I own——surprises."

"Not one of all his tales I swallow:  
Once he spoke truth, and dup'd me hollow."

"Why must Aspasia laugh no more,  
And every comic scene refuse?  
She sobs with Siddons as before:  
Hath she begun her teeth to lose?"

"Fabullus locks his iron chest with care,  
Lest any one should know there's nothing there."

"Grudge leaves the poor his whole possessions nearly;  
He means his next of kin shall weep sincerely."

" Adam awhile in paradise  
 Enjoy'd his novel life :  
 He was caught napping, in a trice  
 His rib was made a wife.  
 Poor father Adam, what a guest !  
 This most unlucky doze  
 Made the first minute of thy rest  
 The last of thy repose."

" Save ; but give freely from your hoarded stores,  
 And, shunning poverty, shun not the poor."

" Yesterday I lov'd,  
 To-day I suffer,  
 To-morrow I die ;  
 But I shall gladly  
 To-day and to-morrow  
 Think over yesterday."

His remarks upon the epigram, and his contributions to the history of the *Æsopian fable*, those two favourite branches of a youthful literature, are critical disquisitions of the highest value. So, also, in his *Dramaturgie*, or, *Critical Observations on the Drama*, he was the first who, in opposition to the lifeless rules of the French school, pointed out to his countrymen the real path to independence. It is in this respect that his serious drama of *Miss Sarah Samson* must be considered, for it was the first attempt to throw off the trammels of imitation ; and, although the author's sympathies may easily be traced, it remains the first German piece that deserves the name of a tragedy, as it was the model of those citizen tragedies which soon afterwards deluged the stage, and are now forgotten. Several of his pieces, *Minna von Barnhelm*, *Emilia Galotti*, and others, still keep possession of the stage. But the dramatic piece by which he is best known, and which is his most enduring monument, is *Nathan the Wise*. It has been translated into most European languages, and is interesting as displaying the perfect toleration in religious matters which it was Lessing's great object to recommend. We have before repeated that the study of his writings requires a matured and independent mind. Weak minds may confound toleration and indifference. What Lessing was, that he was wholly and knowingly ; and, although he speaks of Providence in a style so noble, humble, and devout that preachers might learn of him, it must not be forgotten that in his most striking peculiarities, he partook more of the antique than of the Christian

character. We conclude with the famous apologue of the three rings, for which we are again indebted to Mr. Taylor.

## NATHAN AND SALADIN.

NATH. In days of yore, there dwelt in East a man,  
 Who from a valued hand received a ring  
 Of endless worth: the stone of it an opal,  
 That shot an ever-changing tint; moreover,  
 It had the hidden virtue him to render  
 Of God and man belov'd, who in this view,  
 And this persuasion, wore it. Was it strange  
 The Eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,  
 And studiously provided to secure it  
 For ever to his house? Thus—he bequeath'd it:  
 First, to the most *beloved* of his sons;  
 Ordained that he again should leave the ring  
 To the *most dear* among his children—and  
 That, without heeding birth, the *favourite* son,  
 In virtue of the ring alone, should always  
 Remain the lord of the house. You hear me, Sultan?

SAL. I understand thee—on!

NATH. From son to son,  
 At length this ring descended to a father  
 Who had three sons, alike obedient to him;  
 Whom, therefore, he could not but love alike.  
 At times seem'd this, now that, at times the third,  
 (Accordingly as each apart receiv'd  
 The overflowings of his heart,) most worthy  
 To heir the ring, which, with good-natured weakness,  
 He privately to each in turn had promised.  
 This went on for a while. But death approach'd,  
 And the good father grew embarrass'd. So  
 To disappoint two sons, who trust his promise,  
 He could not bear. What's to be done?—He sends  
 In secret to a jeweller, of whom,  
 Upon the model of the real ring,  
 He might bespeak two others; and commanded  
 To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,  
 Quite like the true one. This the artist manag'd.  
 The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye

Could not distinguish which had been the model.  
Quite overjoy'd, he summons all his sons,  
Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows  
His blessing and his ring, and dies.\* Thou hearest me ?

SAL. I hear ! I hear—come, finish with thy tale.  
Is it soon ended ?

NATH. It is ended, Sultan ;  
For all that follows may be guessed of course.  
Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring  
Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.  
Comes question, strife, complaint : all to no end ;  
For the true ring could no more be distinguish'd  
Than now can the true faith.

SAL. How, how ! is that  
To be the answer to my query ?

NATH. No ;  
But it may serve as my apology,  
If I can't venture to decide between  
Rings which the father got expressly made,  
That they might not be known from one another.

SAL. The rings—don't trifle with me : I must think  
That the religions which I nam'd can be  
Distinguished, e'en to raiment, drink, and food.

NATH. And only not as to their grounds of proof.  
Are not all built alike on history,  
Traditional or written ? History  
Must be received on trust ; is it not so ?  
In whom now are we likeliest to put trust ?  
In our own people, surely ; in those men  
Whose blood we are ; in those who, from our childhood,  
Have given us proofs of love, who ne'er deceiv'd us,  
Unless 'twere wholesome to be deceived.  
How can I less believe in my forefathers  
Than thou in thine ? How can I ask of thee  
To own that thy forefathers falsified

\* This is the weak point, a zealot would say, the cloven foot, which deprives this celebrated fable of its chief value. It is always a dangerous attempt to represent the Deity in action ; and it is strange that Lessing did not see that the father in the fable is guilty of a pious fraud, which it were the height of impiety to attribute to the Deity.—*Ed.*

In order to yield mine the praise of truth ?  
The like of Christians.

SAL. By the living God,  
The man is in the right ! I must be silent.

NATH. Now let us to our rings return once more.  
As said, the sons complain'd. Each to the judge  
Swore from his father's hand immediately  
To have receiv'd the ring (as was the case)  
After he had long obtained the father's promise,  
One day to have the ring (as also was).  
The father, each asserted, could to him  
Not have been false : rather than so suspect  
Of such a father, willing as he might be  
With charity to judge his brethren, he  
Of treacherous forgery was bold to accuse them.

SAL. *Well*, and the judge ? I'm eager now to hear  
What thou wilt make him say. Go on, go on.

NATH. The judge said, " If ye summon not the father  
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.  
Am I to guess enigmas ? Or expect ye  
That the true ring should here unseal its lips ?  
But, hold !—you tell me that the true ring  
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer  
Of God and man belov'd : let that decide.  
Which of you do two brothers love the best ?  
You're silent. Do these love-exciting rings  
Act inward only, not without ? Does each  
Love but himself ? Ye're all deceiv'd deceivers ;  
None of your rings is true. The real ring  
Perhaps is gone. To hide, or to supply  
Its loss, your father order'd three for one."

SAL. O charming, charming !

NATH. " And " (the judge continued)  
" If you will take advice in lieu of sentence,  
This is my council to you—to take up  
The matter where it stands. If each of you  
Has had a ring presented by his father,  
Let each believe his own the real ring.  
'Tis possible the father chose no longer  
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny ;



And, certainly, as he much lov'd you all,  
 And lov'd you all alike, it could not please him  
 By favouring one to be of two the oppressor.  
 Let each feel honor'd by this free affection,  
 Unwarp'd of prejudice; let each endeavour  
 To vie with both his brothers in displaying  
 The virtue of his ring; assist its might  
 With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,  
 With inward resignation to the Godhead:  
 And if the virtues of the ring continue  
 To show themselves among your children's children  
 After a thousand thousand years, appear  
 Before this judgment-seat—a greater one  
 Than I shall sit upon it, and decide it."  
 So spake this modest judge.

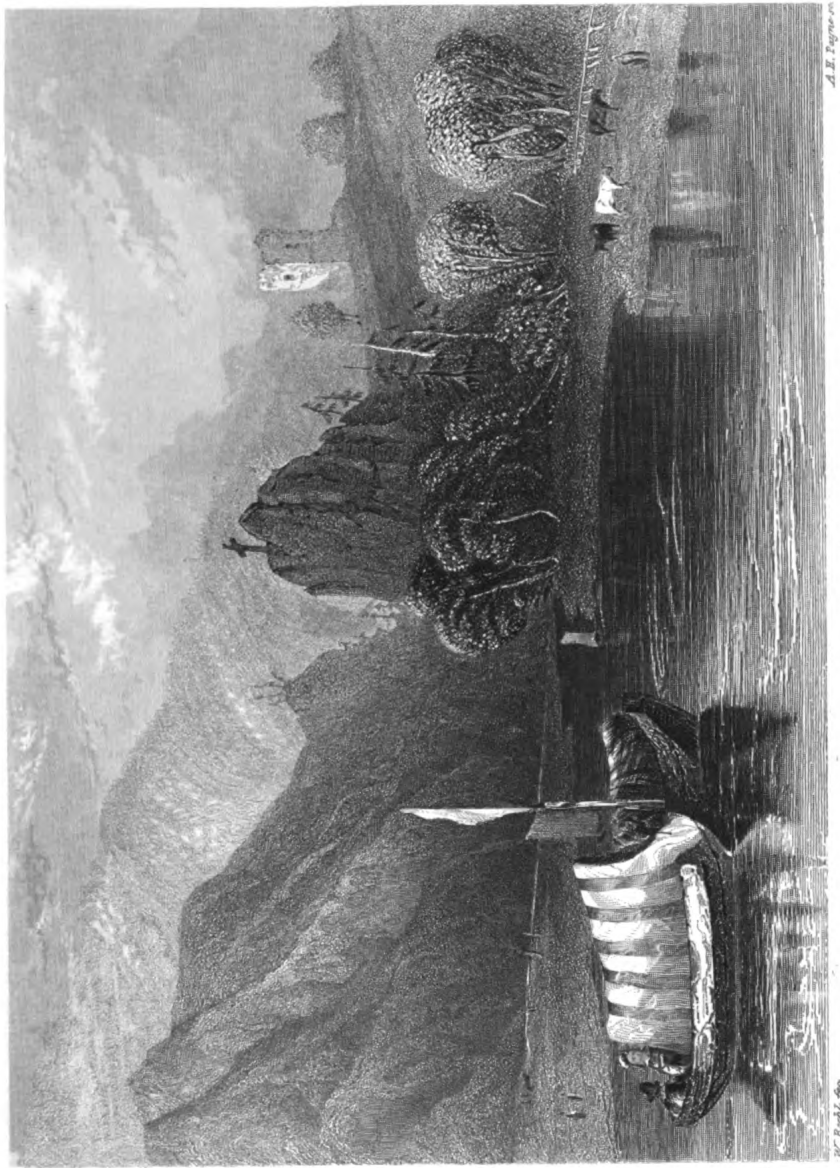
SAL. God!

NATH. Saladin,  
 Feel'st thou thyself this wiser promis'd man?

SAL. I dust, I nothing, God!

## THE DONAU STRUDEL; OR, THE DANUBE WHIRLPOOL.

THE Danube Whirlpool forms one of the most imposing spectacles which greet the eye of the traveller as he glides down the majestic stream from Linz to Vienna. After entering a narrow rocky pass, which affords a magnificent echo, a slight curve of the river reveals the picturesque little town of Grein, (one of the smallest and poorest in the Austrian monarchy,) with its stately castle of Greinburg. The rocks advance into the river, which is here forty-eight fathoms broad, and form the Greinerschwall. A small flag is hoisted when a vessel is ascending the stream; nor is any vessel allowed to descend until the former has passed this dangerous spot. With rapid, but noiseless rush, the waters hasten by the rocky walls; but soon a distant roar announces the first cataract of the Danube—the dreaded Strudel or Whirlpool. The rocks recede a little, and a massive rocky island, the Woerth, divides the river into two parts; on its summit stands an iron cross. In the right arm, the shallow Hoessgang, the waters flow quietly; but to the left a mighty reef



*The Pirate Whirlpool*      *Der Dänenstrudel*



of single rocks crosses the river; over this the flood dashes with augmented force, and the waves dissolve into raging foam. The steersman needs all his strength and skill to guide the ship in safety over the perilous and raging mass of waters; the vessel drifts to the impending rock on which rise the noble ruins of the old castle of Struden, which towers above the poor borough of the same name. Here repelled, the stream dashes on the right bank, where it is again repulsed in the opposite direction from a protruding rock, the House-stone, in the middle of its course. This frequent action and reaction of the waves causes the Strudel, which frequently forms watertroughs four or five feet below the level of the river. The traveller, whose attention has been hitherto absorbed by the difficulties of the passage, has now leisure to admire the beauties of the scene beside him; and seldom is it his lot to see such a profusion of romantic views as now succeed one another for a short distance in uninterrupted succession. The little market-town of Struden, with its castle, is so boldly nestled on the bank, that it seems every moment in danger of being crushed by the overhanging rocks. This fine scene, the finest on this tour of the Danube, can be enjoyed in a higher degree by the traveller in the ordinary boats of the country, as by landing at Grein, and walking as far as St. Nicholas, he will still be in time for the boat which follows the long curve of the river. This mode of travelling, although it occasionally enables one to contemplate the scenery to more advantage, is, however, in other respects, attended with so many inconveniences, that we dare not recommend it to our readers. The danger in passing the Whirlpool is now much diminished; and, except at a very low ebb, a vessel with a careful pilot can pass in comparative safety. At the entrance of the Whirlpool an iron signal indicates the depth of the real channel. In high floods most vessels avoid it, as they then find sufficient water in the Hoessgang, behind the island, Woerth, which is in general too shallow to be navigable. For this security the skippers are indebted to the Empress Maria Theresa, under whose reign the laborious works necessary to this desirable end were executed in fourteen years, by the engineer Liske. The Whirlpool was freed from the most dangerous rocks, which were blown up by gunpowder, and a secure passage was thus obtained. It is but natural that this eddy should have given rise, like Scylla and Charybdis, to many fables and hypotheses, which, however, no longer obtain credit, even with the poor and simple inhabitants of the district. The single cause of this flux and reflux (for the Whirlpool is in fact nothing more) arises from the projection of the House-stone, (Hausstein,) a rock seventy feet long and fifty broad, into the stream. If this rock were destroyed, the Strudel would cease; indeed, in 1787, when the waters rose above it, it disappeared; and we have merely retained the name to indicate the cause to which it was long erroneously supposed to owe its origin. Continuing our

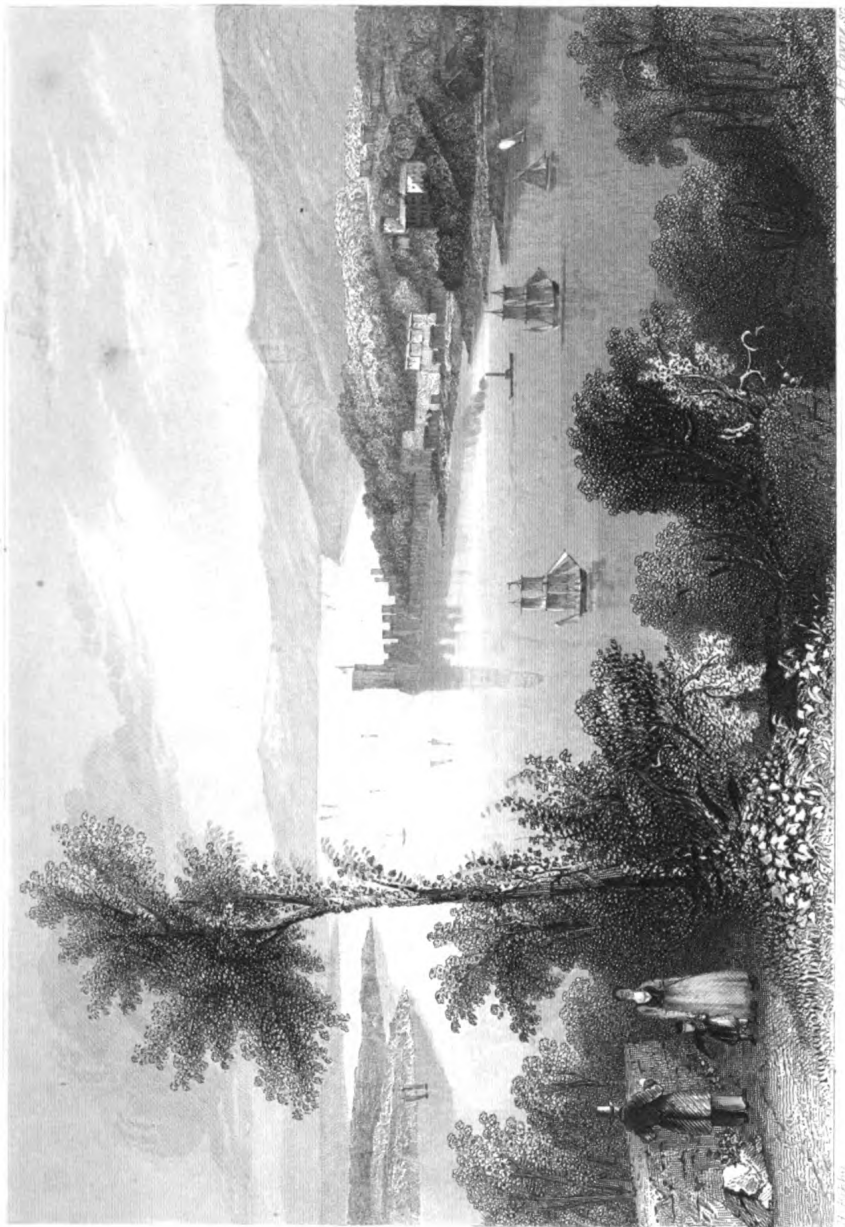
tour towards Vienna, we behold on the heights above Marbach the celebrated church of Maria Taferl, which is yearly visited by, perhaps, a hundred thousand pilgrims. The traveller may likewise join them; for he will here behold, spread out before him, the beautiful and extensive panorama of the whole Alpine chain, from Bavaria to the heights by Vienna. Beyond is the ancient Pechlarn, which was, under the name of Arelape, the port for the Roman fleet; and is celebrated in the old German epic of the *Nibelungenlied*, by its Margrave Ruediger. The rich and splendid Benedictine Abbey of Moelk, although somewhat shorn of its wealth during the invasion of the French, well deserves a visit. We close these cursory notices with the mention of the famed ruins of Duerrenstein, where Richard I., the Lion-hearted, was imprisoned. They rise on the highest cliffs of a promontory; but, with the exception of one tower, are fallen into complete decay.

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## CORK.

THE views on the stream that leads from the sea to Cork are magnificent; country-houses, parks, and villas diversify the scene; and the city, rising on hills on each side of the river, forms a beautiful termination to the prospect. The numerous ships and steam-boats testify the commercial activity and importance of Cork; the prosperity of which is owing to the excellence of its harbour, which is about eleven miles below the city. The basin into which the river Lee discharges itself is protected from the winds, and so spacious, that it could admit the whole navy of Great Britain. Cork carries on an extensive trade with Portugal in wines and salt; as likewise with the Mediterranean in wine and fruit; and with the Baltic and the English North American colonies in timber. The West India trade was formerly more considerable; but the imports from these islands are more generally consigned to English ports.

The inhabitants of Cork have been censured as neglecting a love of literature in their exclusive attention to commercial pursuits; but the following remarks from an intelligent and, certainly, good humoured tourist are more favourable. One sees in this country many a grand and tall iron gate leading into a shabby field covered with thistles; and the simile of the gate will, in some degree, apply to this famous city of Cork,—which is certainly not a city of palaces, but of which the outlets are magnificent. That the city contains much wealth is evidenced by the number of handsome villas round about it, where the rich merchants dwell; but the warehouses



*Castle Hill.*

*Engraving.*

*Published by W. Prynse, No. 1, New York.*





of the wealthy provision-merchants make no show to the stranger walking the streets; and of the retail shops, if some are spacious and handsome, most look as if too big for the business carried on within. The want of ready money is quite curious; the stranger who receives five pound post-orders may be obliged to call at the post-office three or four times before he receives his money; and one gentleman who tendered a one pound note in payment of a foreign letter, was told to "leave his letter and pay some other time;" and this in a commercial city, where the customs may average two hundred thousand pounds annually.

Notwithstanding the imposing effects of some of the public buildings and principal parts of the city, there are quarters in it swarming with life, but of such a frightful kind as no pen need care to describe; alleys where the odours, and rags, and darkness are so hideous, that one runs frightened away from them. In some of them, they say, not the policeman, only the priest can penetrate. Not far from the quays is an open space, where the poor hold a market or bazaar. In the streets round about this place, on a sunshiny day, all the black gaping windows and mouldy steps are covered with squatting, lazy figures—women with bare breasts, nursing babies, and leering a joke as you pass by; ragged children paddling everywhere. It is but two minutes walk out of Patrick-street, where you come upon a fine flashy shop of plated goods, or a grand French emporium of perfumery, &c. The markets hard by have a rough, old-fashioned, cheerful look: it is a comfort, after the misery, to hear a red butcher's wife crying after you to buy an honest piece of meat. The poor-houses, newly established, cannot hold a fifth part of the poverty of this great town; and the richer inhabitants are untiring in their charities. Would we could say that the above description applied exclusively to Irish cities; but our own reports show us that, at least, equal misery lies next our own doors, glossed over, indeed, at present, by commercial prosperity, but destined, at the first crisis, to return with undiminished horrors.

The attentive observer will see many traits of that carelessness and inattention to detail which seem to form a prominent feature in the Irish character. Mr. Titmarsh remarks, "There is an institution, with a fair library of scientific works; a museum; and a drawing-room with a supply of casts. The plasters are spoiled, incurably, for want of a sixpenny feather-brush; the dust lies on the walls, and nobody seems to heed it. Two shillings a year would have repaired much of the evil which has happened to this institution; and it is folly to talk of inward dissensions and political differences as causing the ruin of such. Kings or laws don't cause or cure dust or cobwebs; but indolence leaves them to accumulate, and imprudence will not calculate its income, and vanity exaggerates its own powers, and the fault is laid upon the tyranny of a sister kingdom. The whole country is filled with such failures;

swaggering beginnings, that could not be carried through ; grand enterprises, begun dashingly, and ending in shabby compromises or downright ruin."

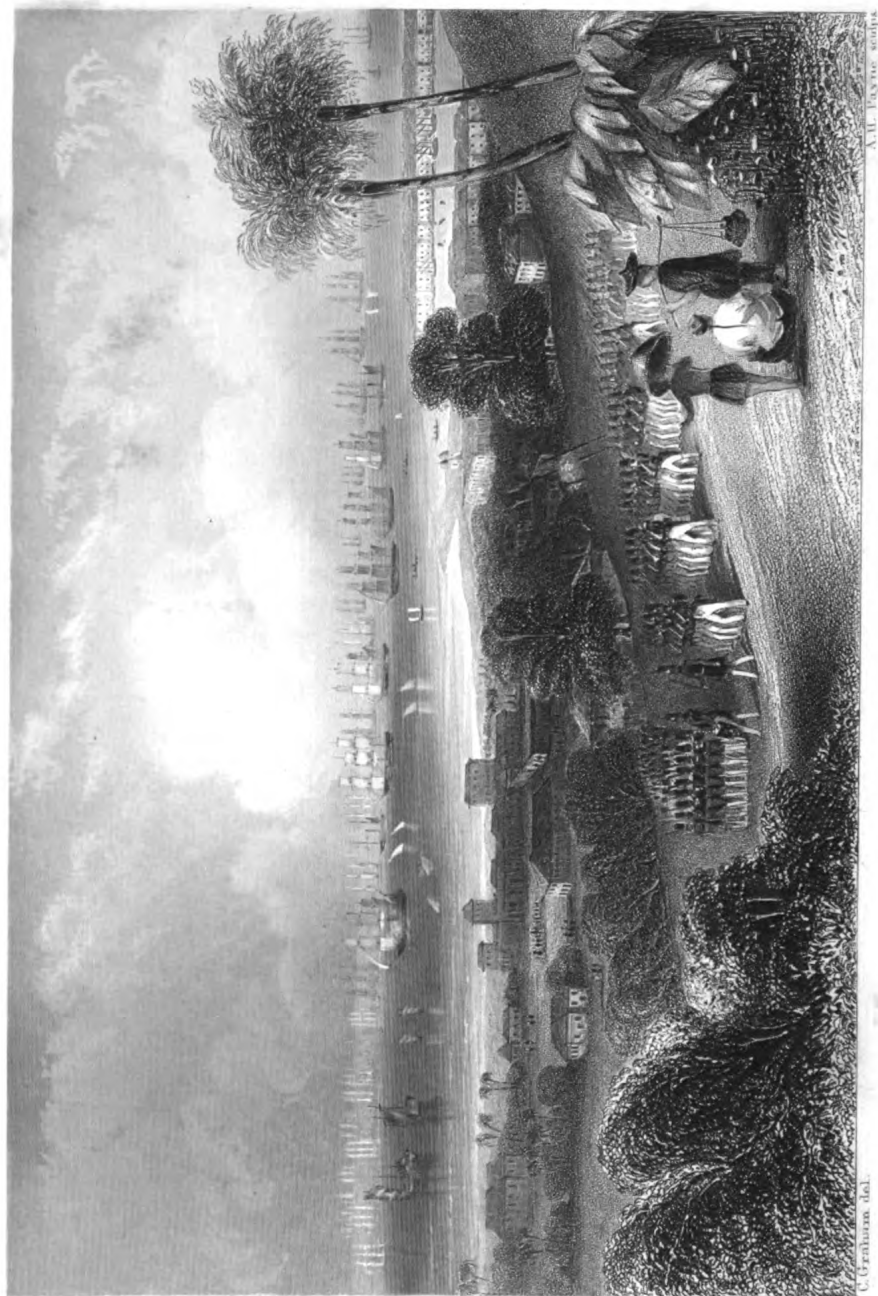
There are, doubtless, few men who have not felt the fascination of the Irish ladies, when good fortune has brought them into their society ; and of these the Cork ladies, in beauty and manners, are not behind their fair countrywomen. The men are far more fond of reading and literature than might at first sight appear to a casual observer. Cork has given birth to many men of distinction: Arthur O'Leary, O'Keefe, Barry the artist, Maclise, and Sheridan Knowles. "I think," continues our amusing informer, "in walking through the streets, and looking at the ragged urchins crowding there, every Englishman must remark that the superiority of intellect is here, and not with us. I never saw such a collection of bright-eyed, wild, clever, eager faces. Mr. Maclise has carried away a number of them in his memory ; and the lovers of his admirable pictures will find more than one Munster countenance under a helmet in company with Macbeth ; or in a slashed doublet, alongside of Prince Hamlet ; or in the very midst of Spain, in company with Signor Gil Blas Gil Blas himself came from Cork, and not from Oviedo.

"I listened to two boys almost in rags ; they were lolling over the quay balustrade, and talking about one of the Ptolemys, and talking very well too. One of them had been reading in Rollin, and was detailing his information with a great deal of eloquence and fire. Another day, walking in the Mardyke, I followed three boys, not half so well dressed as London errand boys, one was telling the other about Captain Ross's voyages, and spoke with as much brightness and intelligence as the best read English gentleman's son could do. He was as much of a gentleman, too, the ragged young student ; his manner as good, though, perhaps, more eager and emphatic ; his language was extremely rich and eloquent."

We conclude with the same writer's remarks on this city in a period of dearth ; and may the present threatening aspect of things pass away without a repetition of these mournful scenes !

"In the midst of your pleasures three beggars have hobbled up, and are howling supplications to the Lord. One is old and blind, and so diseased and hideous that straightway all the pleasure of the sight round about vanishes from you—that livid, ghastly face interposing between you and it. And so it is throughout the south and west of Ireland ; the traveller is haunted by the face of the popular starvation. It is not the exception, it is the condition of the people. In this fairest and richest of countries men are suffering and starving by millions. There are thousands of them at this minute stretched in the sunshine at their cabin-doors, with no work, scarcely any food, no hope, seemingly. Strong countrymen are lying in bed '*for the hunger*,' because a man lying on his back does not need so much food as a person a foot.





*Singapore*

Many of them have torn up the unripe potatoes from their little gardens ; and to exist now must look to winter, when they shall have to suffer starvation and cold too. The epicurean and traveller for pleasure had better travel anywhere than here, where there are miseries that one does not dare to think of ; where one is always feeling how helpless pity is, and how hopeless relief, and is perpetually made ashamed of being happy."

## SINGAPORE.

THIS rapidly rising settlement, at the southern extremity of the Malay peninsula, is doubtless destined to become an emporium of the first importance, from its advantageous position between India and China. According to the Malay annalists, Sri Iscander Shah, the last Malay Prince of Singapore, to escape the superior force of the King of Majopahit, in Java, returned to the main land in 1252, where he founded the city of Malacca. Singapore is said to have been first peopled by Malay emigrants from Sumatra. It was, in ancient times, a place of considerable commerce ; and the remains of religious and other edifices prove it to have been very numerously inhabited, probably by Dutch or Portuguese settlers. From what causes the population had diminished in such an extraordinary manner we are not informed ; but in 1810 the number of inhabitants did not exceed one hundred and fifty, principally fishermen and pirates, living in wretched huts ; of these more than a hundred were Chinese, and about thirty Malays. This inconsiderable little village, for such was Singapore at this recent period, attracted the attention of Sir Stamford Raffles, whose experienced eye at once foresaw the numerous advantages of the situation for commerce. He, therefore, recommended the East India Company to purchase it ; and the Sultan of Jehore ceded it upon payment, we believe, of a pension of 24,000 Spanish dollars ; but the sovereignty over the whole of the present settlement was not confirmed to Great Britain until 1825, by a treaty with Holland and the Malay princes. The result amply justified the foresight of Sir Stamford, as, within the next five years, the population amounted to 10,683, (*census of 1824*,) and at the present period it probably exceeds 50,000.

The town is situated in  $1^{\circ} 17' 22''$  north latitude, and  $103^{\circ} 51' 45''$  east longitude the settlement is of an elliptical form, extending from twenty-five to twenty-seven miles in its greatest length, from east to west ; and about fifteen miles in its greatest

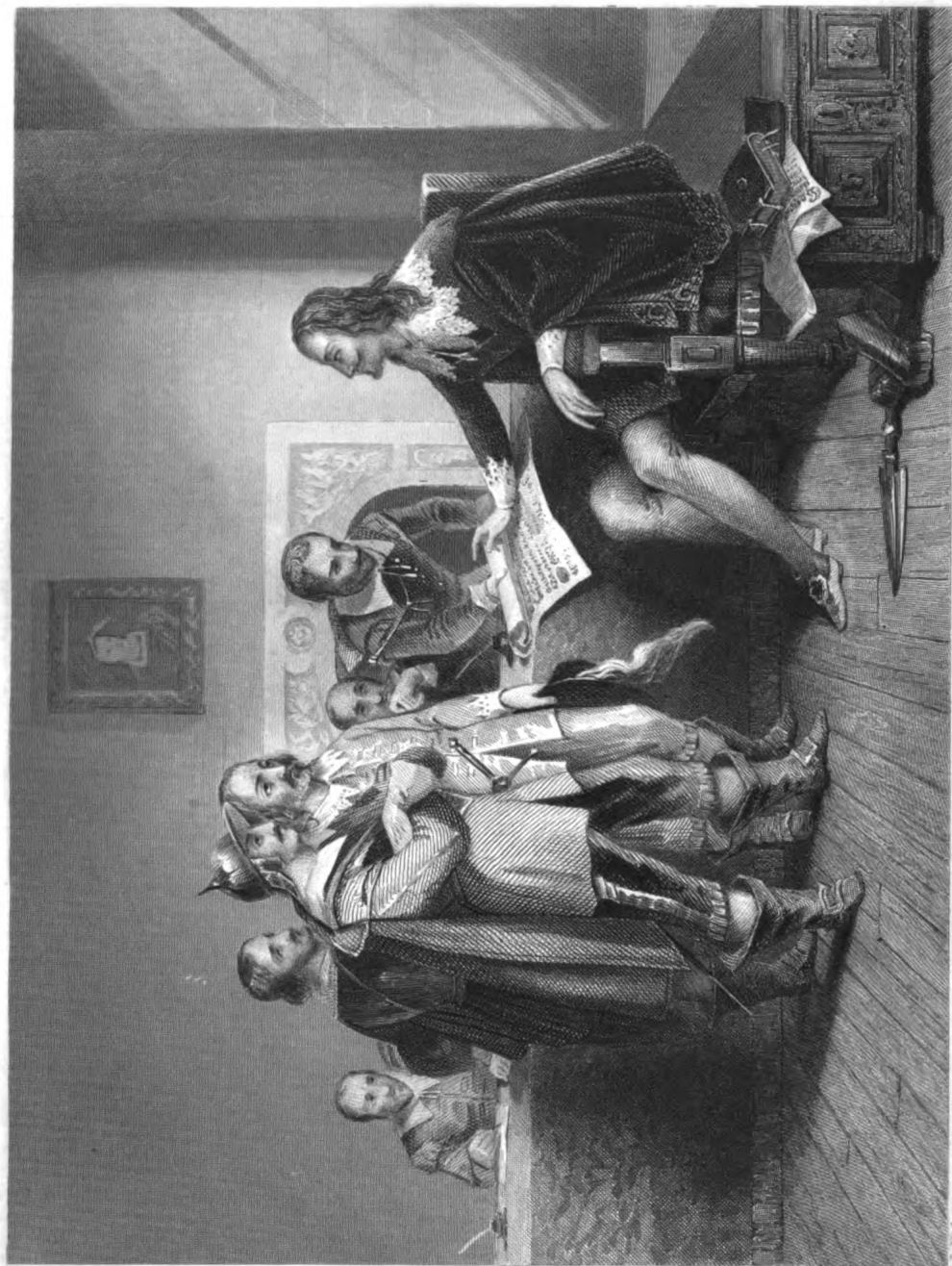


breadth, from north to south ; its area is estimated at two hundred and seventy square miles, with about fifty small desert isles, within ten miles around, whose area is about sixty miles, the whole extending over a dominion of about one hundred miles in circumference. The town runs only a thousand yards inland, being inclosed by hills from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high ; but stretches two miles or more along the shore. A small creek, called the Singapore river, divides the town into two parts ; of which the western is devoted to commerce, and the eastern contains the dwellings of the Europeans and the public offices. The extreme eastern part is inhabited by Malays and Bugis ; here likewise dwells the Sultan of Jehore.

Singapore is the great commercial emporium of Southern Asia and the Indian Archipelago ; the inhabitants of which send their different articles of produce in exchange for foreign necessities and luxuries. It is a free port ; no duties, dues, or fees being levied. In the very first year of the settlement the exports and imports exceeded four million dollars, and nearly three thousand vessels entered, of which only one-eighth were from Europe. Some idea of the geographical importance, and of the extensive diffusion of the commerce of Singapore, may be obtained by an enumeration of the principal countries of import and export. China, Calcutta, and Bombay figure each in the list for more than five times the tonnage from Great Britain ; Manilla, Madras, Malacca, Penang, for nearly the same amount ; whilst the commerce with Java is very considerable, and with Sumatra, Ceylon, Rhio, Siam, Cochin China, New South Wales, and Borneo by no means unimportant. The commerce with China is, or rather was, exclusively in the hands of the Chinese ; who avail themselves of the north-east monsoon in January, and return with the south-west monsoon (from April to October). The voyage from Canton lasts from ten to twenty days ; from Fokien twelve or fifteen days. Notwithstanding the difference in the tonnage, the amount in value of the trade with Great Britain is greater than that with China.

Singapore, although the soil is marshy, possesses an exceedingly healthy climate ; the temperature varies between 71° and 89° of Fahrenheit, and the thermometer, in its daily range, never rises or falls more than ten degrees. It enjoys a clear atmosphere, notwithstanding which the number of dry and rainy days is nearly equal ; owing to this frequent moisture perpetual verdure prevails throughout the island. The sea is almost always smooth ; the influence of the monsoons is inconsiderable ; the winds softening down into mild land or sea breezes. At the first occupation by the British, the island was altogether uncultivated ; but the industry of the Chinese settlers has succeeded in raising crops of different kinds of grain. The fruits of tropical climates are also cultivated with success. Of the animals introduced from





*Charles I. inquiring the budget of England.*

Europe but few are reared in any great numbers. The elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, &c., are not found on the island; monkeys, bats, squirrels, porcupines, wild hogs, and other smaller animals are met with, as are many rare and beautiful birds. The fern-like sea-weed (*fucus saccharinus*), which is found in the coral reefs and shoals, forms a considerable article of export to China, and is used for jelly, glue, and varnish: the sale produces an income of about 30,000 dollars.

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## CHARLES I. REFUSING THE TREATY

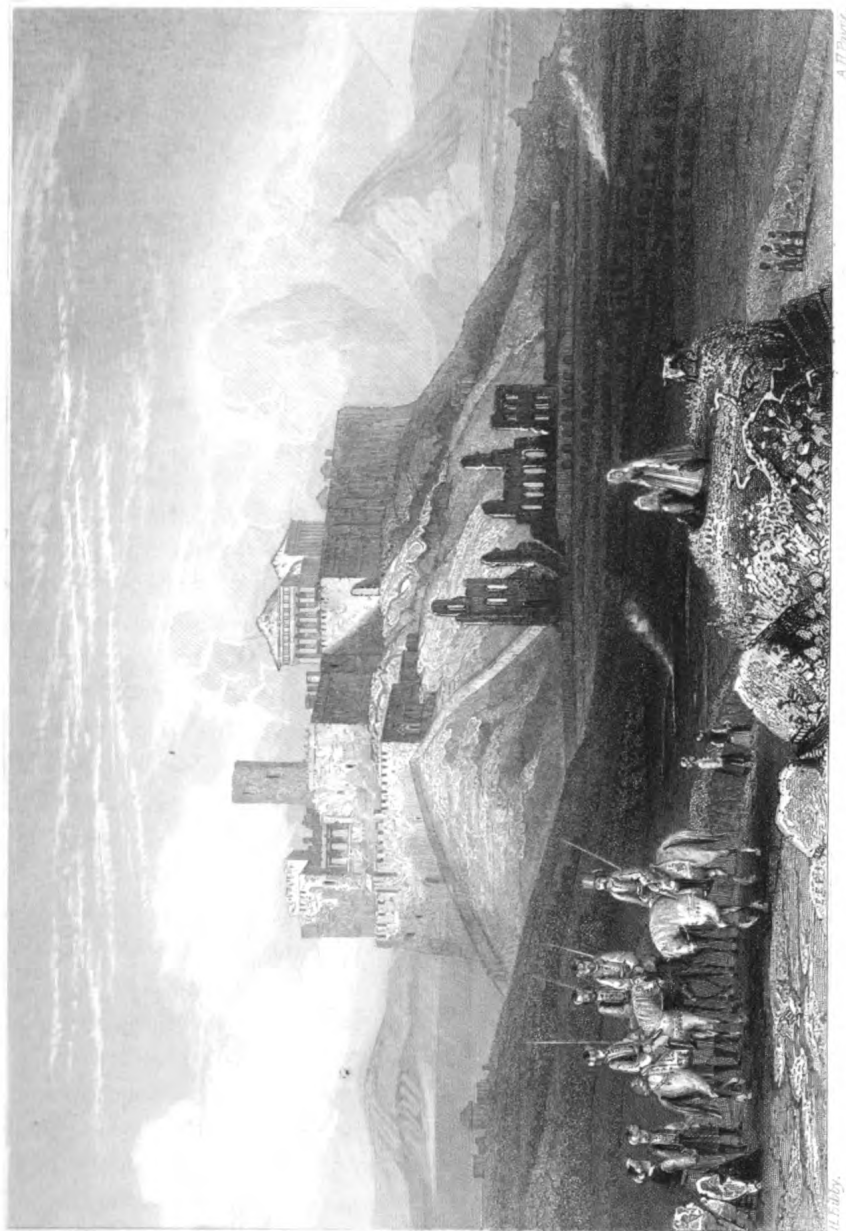
THE plate represents the unfortunate monarch in one of those painful situations which occurred but too frequently in his chequered life,—opposing where opposition was useless, and yielding when it was too late. The numerous histories of the times, and the revelations of contemporary writers, have destroyed much of the halo with which his martyrdom had invested this unhappy sovereign in the eyes of former generations. It were cruel injustice to deny him the possession of many and eminent private virtues; and in more peaceful times, and in a more declared and equal balance of the different constitutional powers, Charles might have passed an unnoticed and respectable reign on the throne; but, with more outward dignity and seriousness of manner, he unfortunately inherited his father's pertinacious adherence to trifles, whilst the unsteadiness and duplicity of his character produced ruin to his own cause, and death to his most faithful adherents. With more firmness and moral truth his melancholy end might perhaps have been avoided. But whilst even the reports of his most zealous admirers contain hints which but too plainly confirm the unfavourable impression more distinctly expressed by the writers of the opposite party, we must not forget the unparalleled difficulties of his situation, nor the unfortunate consequences which the theory of the “right divine” produced in the mind of one who knew not when to grasp and when to yield. That such a frivolous sovereign as his father was allowed to use his arbitrary power with comparative ease and security, was alike his temptation and his ruin. Had Charles studied the history of his illustrious predecessor, Elizabeth, he might have learned from that extraordinary woman a lesson that would have saved his honour and his life. Notwithstanding all her harsh words, strange oaths, and occasionally despotic proceedings, “Good Queen Bess” noted with remarkable acuteness the signs of the times, and

wisely forbore to tempt too far the ill-will of her loving subjects, and thus secured her throne during her life-time, and inherits still unfading glory from posterity.

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## THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS.

THE approach to Athens by sea is strikingly beautiful, and a world of associations which crowd on the mind add a feeling of mingled interest and awe to the admiration excited by the natural beauties of the scene. The panoramic view enjoyed before entering the port of the Piræus is rich in every feature of picturesque landscape; and the effect is heightened by the numberless classic spots embellished by the grand remains of antiquity, in the midst of which the deep blue waters of the gulf of *Ægina*, studded with countless islands, are imbedded. The lemon-groves of *Poros* have not ceased to embalm the air with the sweetest fragrance; and a gentle southerly breeze carries their delicious perfume far from the shore. The plains of *Trozene* are hid by *Ægina*, which is the largest of the islands, and, crowned by her majestic temple of *Jupiter Panhellenius*, sits surrounded by others, smaller and less favoured by antiquity. The frowning and precipitous rocks which overhang *Epidaureus* mark the site of *Jero*, the sacred grove of *Esculapius*; and the distant *Acrocorinthus* may be discerned towering over the tranquil bay of *Cenchreæ*, and commanding the isthmus near which *Corinth* stood, and which separates the Gulf of *Lepanto* from that of *Ægina*. *Megara* and the rich plains of *Eleusis*, where the remains of the temple of *Ceres* are still to be discovered, are shut out from the view by the island of *Salamis*; which, with the opposite hill of *Corydalos* on the lower eminence, where the proud *Xerxes* sat contemplating the total destruction of his fleet, calls to memory the undying glory of *Themistocles*. Between *Corydalos* and *Hymettus* extends the plain of Athens, terminated to the north by the distant *Pentelicus* and *Parnes*; and in the centre rises the far-famed *Acropolis*, surrounded by the hill of the *Museum*, now called the *Philopappus*, the *Pnyx*, and *Anchesmus*. From the sea the whole plain appears to form one continued forest of olive-trees, whose sombre hue contrasts with the dazzling ruins of the *Parthenon* and the temple of *Jupiter Olympius*. The coast to the east of *Hymettus* is mountainous and beautifully wooded, extending about thirty miles, until it terminates abruptly in the promontory of *Sunium*, on which stands the temple of *Minerva*, where *Plato* and his youthful philosophers sat gazing on the wide expanse of waters, varied by the scat-



*The Army at Constantinople.*





tered Cyclades. Cape Sunium is a dangerous place for mariners, and is interesting to Englishmen as being the scene of Falconer's "Shipwreck."

To this description by a recent traveller, (in Blackwood's Magazine,) we may, not inappropriately, add Lord Byron's beautiful verses.

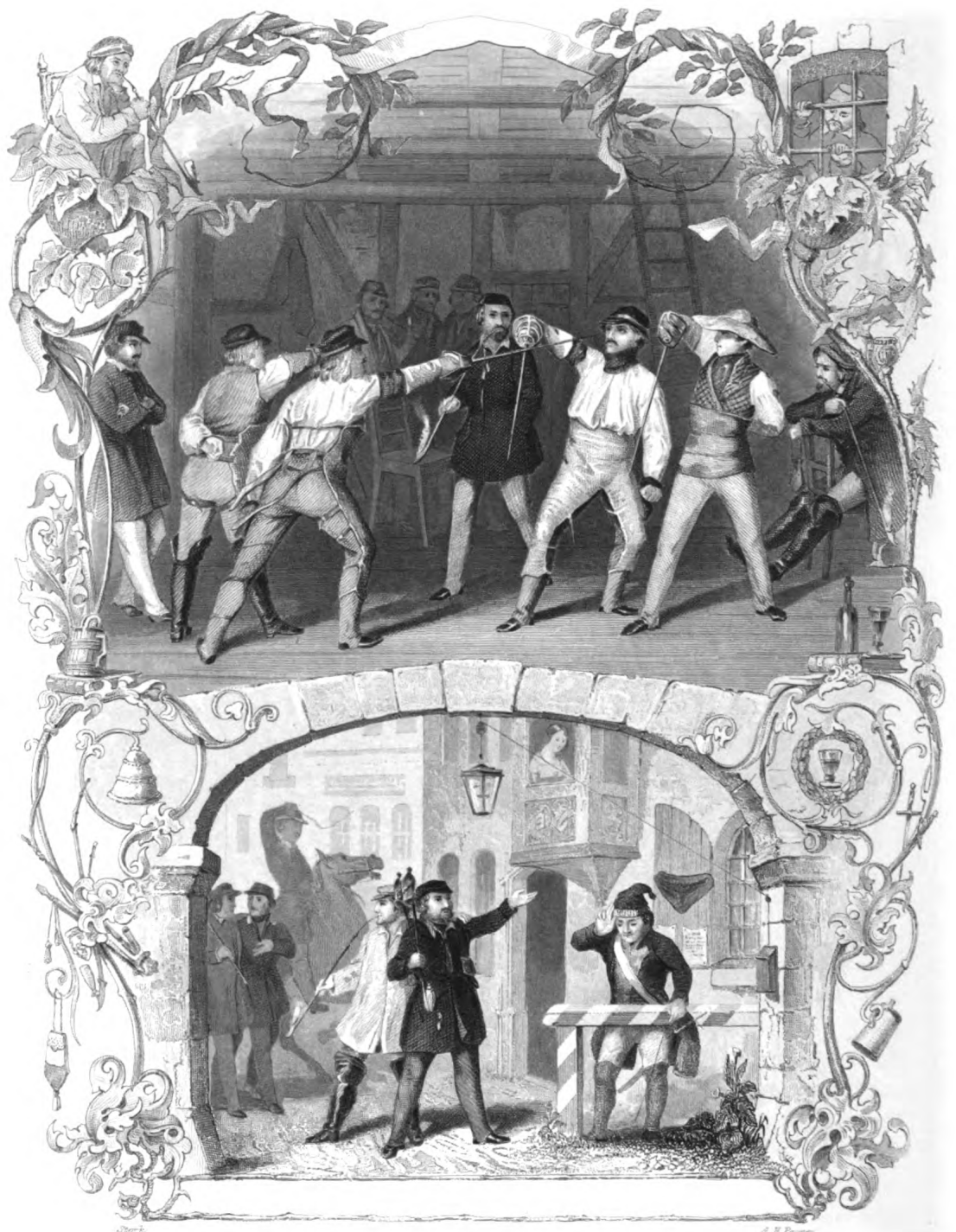
"Where'er we tread, 'tis haunted, holy ground ;  
 No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,  
 But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,  
 And all the muses' tales seems truly told,  
 Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
 The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon :  
 Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold  
 Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone ;  
 Age shake's Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon."

The Acropolis, or old Cecropian citadel of Athens, is a steep rock which rises abruptly from the plain : it was surrounded with walls. The north-west side, which was less steep than the others, and consequently the most exposed to danger in the event of an attack from the enemy, was defended by the Pelasgic, or Nine-gate Cyclopiian wall, built by the Pelasgi. The southern part of this wall, after its re-erection by Cimon, bore the name of Cimonium, or Cimon's wall, the height of which in some parts rises to sixty feet. The greater part of the existing walls, although disfigured by repairs, executed at different periods, appears still to consist of the original works of Themistocles and Cimon ; the centre of the north side even exhibits manifest marks of haste, as several parts of former buildings are here incorporated with the wall itself. The western side of the Acropolis, by which alone the citadel could be approached, was, under the administration of Pericles, strengthened and beautified by a magnificent ascent of steps and the famous Propyloa, with five gates or openings and two wings. The Propyloa were built of Pentelic marble in the short space of five years, under the direction of the architect Mnesicles. Their erection began under the Archon Euthymenes, in the fourth year of the eighty-fifth Olympiad, and, according to Heliodorus, cost 2012 talents. The front or centre consisted of six fluted Doric columns supporting a pediment, and approached by four steps. The columns were twenty-nine feet high. Behind this portico six Ionic columns in a double row and parallel formed a vestibule, of which the ceiling rested on triple lengths of marble beams ; on these latter rested the slabs of the ceiling, which was variously decorated. During the time of the Roman emperors equestrian statues of Augustus and Agrippa were erected before the Propyloa. This beautiful

work has suffered greatly since the dominion of the Turks. The eastern part was destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder. The west front, according to Spon, was entire in 1676 ; the upper part of it has now disappeared. Immediately in front of the right or southern wing of the Propyloa was the temple of Unwinged Victory ; to the left a small Pinacothek. But it was on the highest platform of the Acropolis, and scarcely three hundred feet from the Propyloa, that its greatest ornament stood. This was the Parthenon, the temple of the virgin goddess Minerva, the tutelary deity of Athens, and from whom (Athene) the city derived its name. This celebrated temple was built of Pentelic marble, under the superintendence of Callicrates, Ictinus, and Carpion from the first year of the eighty-third Olympiad to the third year of the eighty-fifth. It was adorned with the finest sculptures of Phidias. After having withstood the test of ages it was destined to suffer grievously during the wars between the Turks and the Venetians ; and what the wars had spared disappeared under the unscrupulous enthusiasm of antiquarians. Lord Elgin brought to England the remains of the sculptures, with several of the metopes and a part of the frieze, which form the Elgin collection in the British Museum. Lord Elgin has been severely attacked by the Hellenists, and by none more severely than by Lord Byron, for removing these remarkable sculptures from their original site ; and could it have been foreseen that they could have remained on the Acropolis with safety, the interest with which the scholar and artist would have contemplated them would doubtless have been greatly enhanced. The Parthenon is considered as the finest specimen of the Greek Doric style, and notwithstanding its ruined state is the theme of the most enthusiastic admiration to all travellers. Thus beautiful in itself, its beauties rise in conjunction with the matchless scenery around it. The interior or shrine contained the celebrated statue of Minerva (thirty-nine feet high) by Phidias. The golden ornaments were valued at forty to forty-four talents, taken at the latter valuation, about £120,000. Since the erection of Greece into a kingdom many fragments and fallen columns have been excavated and replaced ; and attempts have been made to restore the structure. The inhabitants of Edinburgh vindicate for their city the title of the northern or modern Athens, and an edifice was begun at Calton Hill, in the year 1823, which was intended to be an exact model of the Parthenon ; but there is little prospect of its completion.

To the north of the Parthenon was the Erectheium, a building, or perhaps more correctly speaking, a combination of buildings, which contained the temple of Minerva, Polias, (the real Erectheium or Cecropium,) and the Pandrosium. This sanctuary contained the holy olive-tree of Minerva, the sacred salt-spring, the oldest wooden image of Minerva, and other sacred relics ; it was likewise the scene of the oldest and holiest religious ceremonies, myths, and recollections of the Athenians.





*Students Life in Germany.*

L. E. 1845

London: Brain & Payne, 17, Paternoster Row.

The south portico of the Pandrosium was not supported by pillars, but by six female figures, (Caryatides,) about seven feet high, one of which is likewise in the Elgin collection.

Between the Propyloa and the Erectheium stood the colossal bronze statue of Minerva, the defender, by Phidias, which rose aloft above all the buildings of the Acropolis, so that the helmet and the point of the spear could be seen by those at sea between Sunium and Athens. The Acropolis was, moreover, crowded with so many statues and monuments that we can hardly conceive how they could be placed in such a limited space, for the length of the Acropolis from south-east to south-west is only 1150 feet, and its greatest breadth does not exceed 500 feet. It is therefore quite incredible that it could have contained houses in regular streets. In the earliest ages of Athens men may have dwelt upon it; in the most flourishing periods of the history of this famous city, the Acropolis was doubtless sanctified to the gods.

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## STUDENT LIFE IN GERMANY

### No. 3.—DUELLING.

THE custom of duelling is by no means so frequent in the universities of Germany as it was some years since; in some of them propositions, emanating from the students themselves, have been brought forward, and we believe adopted in general meetings of the students, for the establishment of courts of honour, (Ehrengerichte,) in which all academical disputes shall be settled without reference to the sword. The frequent reports in the German journals would seem to indicate that this is no isolated movement, and that in a few short years this barbarous mode of celebrity or revenge will have yielded to the more humanizing influence of the times. Meanwhile we have the testimony of some youthful Teutonic members of Alma Mater that the following description of Mr. Russel, although now bearing occasional marks of caricature, is still substantially correct. The theme of his declamation was that hero of the whilom Burschenschaft, a Jena student.

“The lecture-rooms are but secondary to the fencing-schools—that is his temple, the rapier is his god, and the *Comment* is the gospel by which he swears. This *Comment*, as it is called, is the general code to which all the Landsmannschaften are subject. However numerous the latter may be in a university, there is but one



*Comment*, and this venerable body of law descends from generation to generation, in the special keeping of the senior convent. It is the holy volume, whose minutest regulations must neither be questioned nor slighted: what it allows cannot be wrong, what it prohibits cannot be right. 'He has no comment in him,' used to be a proverbial expression for a stupid fellow. It regulates the mode of election of the superior officers; it provides punishments for various offences; and commonly denounces excommunication against thieves and cheaters at play, especially if the cheating be of any very gross kind. But the point of honour is its soul. The *Comment* is in reality a code, arranging the manner in which the Burschen shall quarrel with each other, and how the quarrel once begun shall be terminated. It fixes, with the most pedantic solicitude, a graduated scale of offensive words, and the style and degree of satisfaction that may be demanded for each. The scale rises, or is supposed to rise, in enormity, till it reaches the atrocious expression, *Dummer Junge*, (stupid youth,) which contains within itself every possible idea of insult, and can be atoned for only with blood. The particular degrees of the scale may vary in different universities, but the principle of its construction is the same in all, and in all 'stupid youth' is the boiling point. If you are assailed with any epithet which stands below *stupid youth* in the scale of contumely, you are not bound immediately to challenge; you may 'set yourself in advantage,'—that is, you may retort on the offender with an epithet that stands higher than the one he has applied to you. Then your opponent may retort, if you have left him room, in the same way, by rising a degree above you; and thus the courteous terms of the *Comment* may be bandied between you till one or the other finds only the highest step of the ladder unoccupied, and is compelled to pronounce the 'stupid youth,' to which there is no reply but a challenge. I do not say that this is the ordinary practice—in general it comes to a challenge at once—but such is the theory of the *Comment*. Whoever submits to any of these epithets without either setting himself in advantage or giving a challenge, is forthwith punished by the convent with '*Verschiss*' or the lesser excommunication; for there is a temporary and a perpetual '*Verschiss*,' something like the lesser and greater excommunication in ecclesiastical discipline. He may recover his rights and his honour by fighting within a given time with one member of each of the *Landsmannschaften*; but if he allows the fixed time to pass without doing so, the sentence becomes irrevocable:—no human power can restore him to his honours and his rights; he is declared infamous for ever; the same punishment is denounced against all who hold intercourse with him; every mode of insult, real or verbal, is permitted and laudable against him; he is put to the ban of this academical empire, and stands alone among his companions, the butt of unceasing scorn and contumely.

"In the conduct of the duel itself, the Comment descends to the minutest particulars. The dress, the weapons, the distance, the value of different kinds of thrusts, the length to which the arm shall be bare, and a thousand other minutiae are all fixed, and have at least the merit of preventing every unfair advantage. In some universities the sabre, in others the rapier is the academical weapon; pistols nowhere. The weapon used at Jena is what they call a Schläger. It is a straight blade, about three feet and a half long, and three-cornered, like a bayonet. The hand is protected by a circular plate of tin, eight or ten inches in diameter, which some burlesque poets, who have had the audacity to laugh at Burschenism, have profaned with the appellation of 'the soup-plate of honour.' The handle can be separated from the blade, and the soup-plate from both—all this for purposes of concealment. The handle is put in the pocket, the plate is buttoned under the coat, the blade is sheathed in a walking-stick, and thus the parties proceed unsuspected to the place of combat as if they were going out for a morning stroll. The tapering triangular blade necessarily becomes roundish towards the point; therefore no thrust counts unless it be so deep that the orifice of the wound is three-cornered; for, as the Comment has it, 'no affair is to be decided in a trifling and childish way, merely *pro formâ*.' Besides the seconds, an umpire and a surgeon must be present; but the last is always a medical student, that he may be under the Comment obligation to secrecy. All parties present are bound not to reveal what passes, without distinction of consequences, if it has been fairly done; the same promise is exacted from those who may come accidentally to know anything of the matter."

These duels are not always, we would hope not frequently, attended with fatal or dangerous consequences, although we have seen a long procession of students following one of the victims of this unhappy custom to his last home. Others of our acquaintances suffer, and will suffer as long as they live, from the effects of wounds received in these early encounters. The Burschenschaft, to which the above description principally applies, no longer exists; the governments, terrified at the excesses of some of this body, having taken energetic measures to put them down. This was not done without exciting great discontent at the reactionary measures of the sovereigns, and more particularly of the late King of Prussia, who had promised his people a constitution. So bold had been the language of official personages after the excitement produced by the war of liberation against Napoleon, and so timid had they afterwards become, that we have been credibly informed that the speeches of the representatives of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, the protecting powers, at the inauguration of the free city of Cracow, would not now pass the censorship. The Landsmannschaften, however, in a milder form still exists, although they, too, seem occasionally to excite the jealousy of the higher powers. The manners of the students in the universities in

the larger towns have of late years undergone a considerable modification; we no longer hear of their conflicts with the police, for this latter body does not now allow those liberties to be taken with it of which such degrading instances so frequently occurred in the "good old times." In smaller towns the curious in such matters would probably still find the German student lording it in his pristine glory.

In such is laid the scene before us. Our heroes, redolent of bravery and beer, return unscathed from the dire conflict; and the *Stadtsoldat*, the worthy relative of our old friends Dogberry and Verges, is cautious not to excite their martial ire. *Schlaegers* and beer, *Toepfchens* and pipes, perhaps of meerschaum, form the appropriate and never-failing companions to these sons of the muses; whilst above, in the corner, an unhappy captive looks with lengthened visage upon his more fortunate comrades who violate the laws with impunity. He has at least the advantage of suffering in the name of the classics. Every university has its own prison, dignified with the name *Carcer*, an imprisonment in which brings no dishonour. In conclusion, we beg to assure our untravelled readers, if there are any such in her majesty's kingdom in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, that this is merely the reverse of the picture, the Peter Priggins version of student life; and as no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, so neither can we expect a student to be so to a scout. It may have been true twenty years ago, and doubtless the species here described is even now far from extinct; but truth compels us to add, that we have known many a German student who united great learning with propriety of behaviour and a manly simplicity of character, who sought no distinction in uncouthness of dress or of personal appearance, but, equally removed from pedantry and rudeness, was contented with his real character as a scholar and a gentleman.

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### THE CITY OF TING-HAI. ISLAND OF CHUSAN.

CHUSAN is fifty-one and a half miles in circumference, twenty-one long, and ten and a half broad, and forms part of the Ting-hai-heën. Heën is the smallest division of a province in which the presiding officer has the power of government. In this Heën the whole of the Chusan group north and south are included; the Kewshan islands being also attached to it. The population of Chusan may be estimated at about 280,000, as, from reports in the public offices, it appears to have 40,000 houses on it, which, at seven inhabitants per house, gives the above number.



*Hesper von Long-hue*

*Ship of Long-hue*



The island of Chusan or Chowsan, on which the British had a factory in 1700, is a miniature likeness of a vast chain of mountains, small streams flowing from its central heights, passing between the hills, which separate as they approach the sea, forming wide and extensive valleys, where boundary-walls and embankments form large alluvial plains. That in which the city of Ting-hai is situated has an embankment facing the sea of full two miles in extent. This extensive plain continues from three to four miles into the gorge of the hills, and is principally under rice cultivation. Every spot on the slope of the hills capable of cultivation is covered with yams and sweet potatoes; while the more barren parts are used as the last resting-place of the inhabitants, a custom that, I believe, generally prevails through China. In the upper part of this valley many trees flourish, adding much to the beauty of the scene.

Through this valley a large stream runs to the eastward, and ultimately passes into the sea; about one mile before it does so, there is a sluice, by closing which a large quantity of water is directed into the various canals that intersect this valley, forming an easy means of irrigation and communication. The spot where this sluice is situated has become of considerable importance, it being the point nearest the city which heavy-laden boats can approach at high-water. Several shops and buildings are situated in this neighbourhood, and a good stone bridge crosses the stream. Many other bridges may be seen in this valley. The whole space of these flat lands is generally covered with water, or in such a damp muddy state as to render it out of the question to attempt to cross the fields; so that the passenger must confine himself to the narrow causeways by which they are divided; and these seldom exceed three or four feet in breadth, the centres of which are flagged with granite, affording a dry and comfortable foot-path; though, from the Indian file in which you are obliged to advance, conversation is effectually stopped.

The city of Ting-hai is situated in this fertile valley of Yung-tung, which has just been described, and is about three-quarters of a mile from the sea. It is of an irregular pentagonal form, environed by a stone wall about three miles in extent. This wall is twenty-two feet in height and fifteen in thickness; four feet of the above height forming the parapet, which is two feet through. Twenty-two square towers, placed at irregular distances, defend the walls. Four gates, answering to the cardinal points of the compass, give admission to the city. Each gate is flanked by two towers, and supported by an outer gate, defences at right-angles protecting the inner one.

Round four sides of this pentagonal and about thirty feet from the walls there is a canal thirty-three feet broad. The fifth side is formed by a steep hill, up which the wall extends, a large bastion being formed on the top of it. The wall continues



on the ridge of this hill, the outer sides of which are precipitous, when it again descends and unites to the western end of the southern face.

From the canal a branch passes into the city through a water-gate, and intersects it in every direction; thus affording an easy means of conveyance and communication to the citizens; but forming at the same time in many places large squares of stagnant water, which in the hot weather become very offensive, and add to the many other causes of malaria existing in this filthy city.

The streets are narrow, ill-constructed, and dirty, having sewers running down the centres of them, which discharge themselves into the canals. The houses for the most part are built of wood, which is beautifully varnished; but the temples and principal buildings are constructed of brick or stone plastered over with a kind of gypsum, being mostly surrounded with a plain wall. On entering these dwellings, little met the view except beautiful specimens of carved work in wood, with which this city abounded; but cleanliness had not been attended to, and these desolate and dirty houses reminded one of a plague-struck city.

From the southern gate a straight road led down to Taoutow, the seaport or suburb of the town; numerous lanes leading down to the wharfs and jetties intersect this road, which, passing on the western side of the Joss-house Hill, terminates in a large square platform, on which the troops first landed. The Joss-house Hill is about two hundred feet in height, and about eight hundred yards from the city, which it completely commands. On its southern side is a large temple, or joss-house, which is approached from the square beneath by a handsome flight of stone steps. Had this spot been properly fortified and well defended, it would have cost us many valuable lives to have taken it. The Chinese do not put their departed friends into large holes in the earth, but place the coffin on it; when it is either covered with matting, earth, or a tomb is erected over it, many of which were seen much resembling the common tombs in England; but these generally appeared to be of great age. The coffin is formed of wood, about four inches in thickness, the upper and lower edges of the sides are deeply carved, the ends being fitted in on the same plan, which gives to this last resting-place a handsome and substantial appearance.

The temples or joss-houses of Ting-hai are among the finest in China. On entering the large and deep gateway of the great temple a colossal figure is seen seated on each side; the right-hand one being the warrior Chin-ky, while the one on the left is Chin-loong; but a high railing prevents the curious from touching them. After examining these seated giants you pass to a large open quadrangle, one side of which is appropriated to the dormitories of the priests, and the other consists of a long narrow apartment, with altars before three of their gods, who occupy arm-chairs, having elegant lanterns suspended before them.

The first is an aged figure with a long black beard, apparently sleeping; the countenance expressing the most perfect repose. The second is a female, the goddess Teënhow, the queen of heaven. The third is a male figure with eight arms, newly gilt, and apparently lately established in his domicile: he is, no doubt, of Indian origin. The fourth side of the quadrangle is occupied by the temple.

No sooner do you step clear of the screen which is before the door, than you are struck by the magnificence of the carving and the colossal Budha, seated on the lotus flower. This figure, in its sitting position, is at least fifteen feet in height. On its right and left are seated two other figures, the whole representing the triad, or three precious Budhas. These three figures are gilt. The forefinger of the left hand figure measures eight inches in length. Behind these figures are mirrors, made of the famous pe-tung or white copper, which is only found in the province of Yun-nan, which, when polished, is not easily distinguished from silver. Many of these mirrors are from three to four feet in diameter.

Passing round a large square building behind the Budhas, you find a row of thirty of his disciples, as large as life, of different ages and sexes, all in a standing posture, but in different attitudes. These figures are also richly gilt; the play of the human passions is exquisitely depicted in their countenances; and though they are too corpulent and fat for our ideas of proportion, they are true to the Chinese standard of beauty. On the whole they are good specimens of the fine arts in China.

Another temple, in which the commissariat department were quartered, possessed also some beautiful specimens of sculpture. Kwan-yin, the goddess of mercy, riding on a dolphin in a troubled sea, distributing her acts of grace and exhibiting her power to save, would have been looked upon as a splendid piece of art had it been discovered in Greece instead of a small Chinese island.

Before the principal image of this temple stands a large, massive, and elaborately carved table; on which are jars filled with a fine blue earth for fixing the joss-sticks into when burning. Accompanying these are round vases filled with fortune-telling sticks, which are flat pieces of Bamboo, painted with vermilion, and having Chinese numbers and characters on them. If a Chinaman is about to set out on a journey, to make a purchase, or perform any other transaction of life, he comes and takes out one of these sticks; when, by the characters on it, he is referred to a leaf of some of the small books which hang up in the temple, and by what he there reads he decides on giving up or persevering in his intended act.

The Temple of Confucius is situated in a most romantic spot, embowered in trees. But time has done its work: many parts are fast falling into decay. The dry masonry of the wall is beautiful; it is a sort of Mosaic work—every stone fitting with the greatest niceness, so that you could not introduce the point of the finest knife

into the interstices. In addition to these there may be seen many smaller temples ; and every dwelling of any importance has a joss-house or temple of ancestors attached to it.

Ting-hai possesses a foundling-hospital, and one for decrepit and aged persons ; and three arsenals containing cannon-balls, bows-and-arrows, flags, and clothing for the troops. Their rockets, which were neatly arranged, were the most childish weapons that can be imagined ; in size equal to a two ounce rocket, with a small iron barb at the end. They generally discharge them in showers of thousands at a time, which were admired by us for their beauty, but never dreaded by us for any mischief they were likely to do. The guns were of the most miserable description, but curious from their extraordinary shape and antiquity ; several were mere bars of iron hooped together. Many of the arms were sold, others destroyed, and some sent home to England.—*Abridged from Bingham's Narrative.*

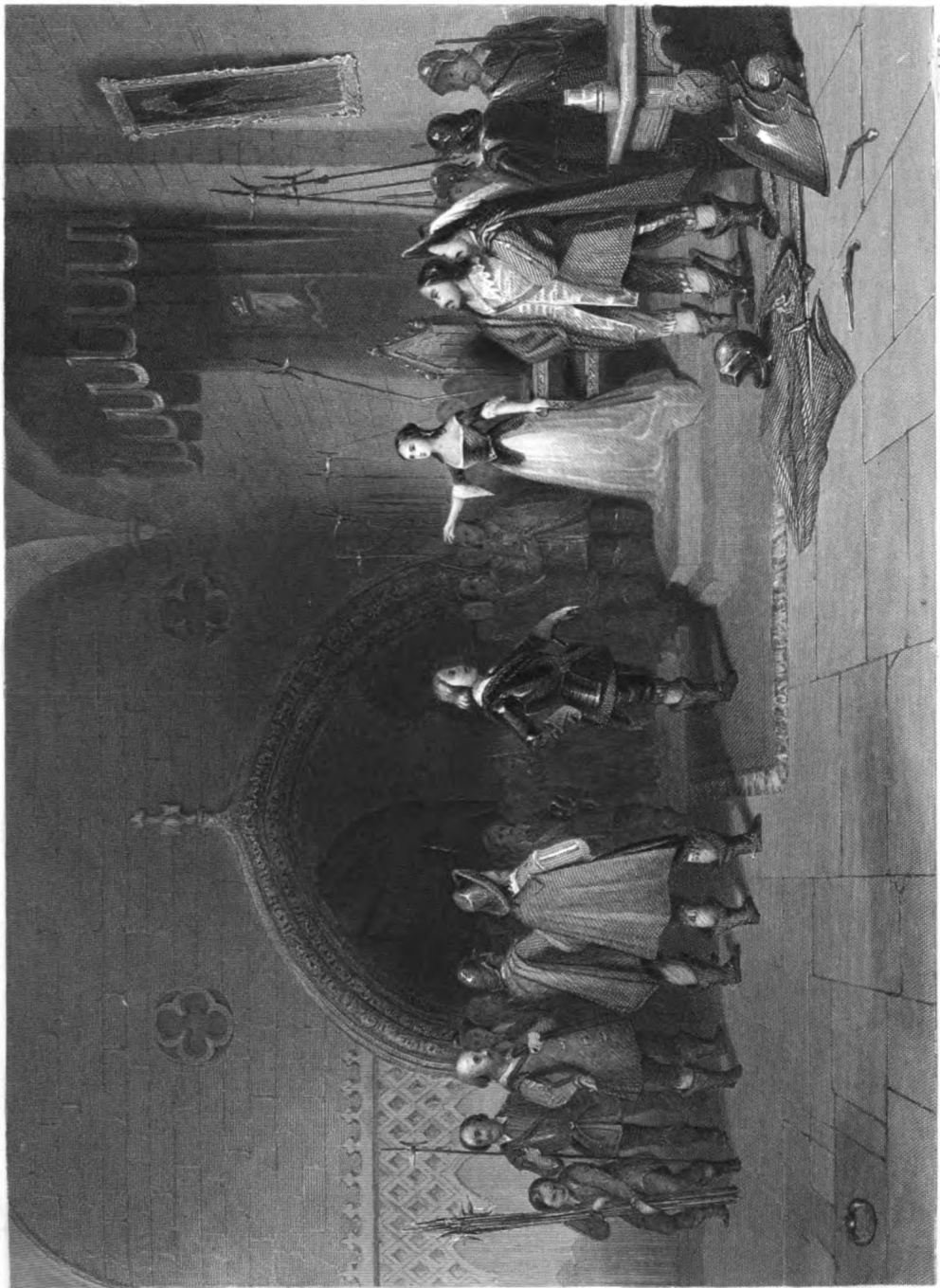
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## FAIRFAX AND THE COUNTESS OF DERBY AT LATHAM-HOUSE.

THE heroic defence of Latham-House by the Countess of Derby is well known. It was relieved by Prince Rupert after its mistress had gallantly maintained the siege for eighteen weeks against two thousand men. This lady, a daughter of the illustrious house of Trimville, or Tremouille, in France, defended the Isle of Man, with the sovereignty of which the family of the Earl of Derby was invested, with equal courage ; but seven years after the relief of Latham, that is, in 1651, she was reluctantly compelled to yield to the parliamentary forces. She retained, says Hume, the glory of being the last person in the three kingdoms, and in all their dependent dominions, who submitted to the victorious commonwealth.

Her husband suffered death for his attachment to the cause of Charles the First. The characters of this noble pair are thus drawn by Lord Clarendon. "The Earl of Derby was a man of unquestionable loyalty to the late king, and gave clear testimony of it before he received any obligations from the court, and when he thought himself obliged by it. The king, in his first year, sent him the garter ; which, in many respects, he had expected from the last. And the sense of that honour made him so readily comply with the king's command in attending him when he had no confidence

*Conquer before the Councils of Cordoba*



A. H. Payne.

L. Hicks.



in the undertaking, nor any inclination to the Scots; who, he thought, had too much guilt upon them, in having depressed the crown, to be made instruments of repairing and restoring it. He was a man of great honour and clear courage; and all his defects and misfortunes proceeded from his having lived so little time among his equals, that he knew not how to treat his inferiors, which was the source of all the ill that befell him, having thereby drawn such prejudice against him from persons of inferior quality, who yet thought themselves too good to be condemned, that they pursued him to death. The king's army was no sooner defeated at Worcester, but the parliament renewed their old method of murdering in cold blood, and for a commission to erect a high-court of justice to persons of ordinary quality—many not being gentlemen, and all notoriously his enemies—to try the Earl of Derby for his treason and rebellion; which they easily found him guilty of; and put him to death in a town of his own, (Bolton,) against which he had expressed a severe displeasure for their obstinate rebellion against the king, with all the circumstances of rudeness and barbarity they could invent. The same night, one of those who was amongst his judges sent a trumpet to the Isle of Man, with a letter directed to the Countess of Derby, by which he required her to deliver up the castle and island to the parliament; nor did their malice abate till they had reduced that lady, a woman of very high and princely extraction, and of the most exemplary virtue and piety of her time, and that whole most noble family, to the lowest penury and want, by disposing, giving, and selling all the fortune and estate that should support it."

Through the failure of the siege of Latham-House the reputation of Fairfax suffered considerably. The summons to surrender was answered by the countess in a manner worthy of the earl, whose memorable answer to a similar proposal to surrender the Isle of Man deserves a place in our pages. "I received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer: that I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes that I should prove, like you, treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of my former actions in his late majesty's service, from which principles I am no whit departed. I scorn your proffers; I disdain your favour; I abhor your treason; and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn the paper and hang up the bearer. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his majesty's most loyal and obedient subject, DERBY."



## THE FORD.

To the reflecting mind the busy hum of men, the ceaseless strivings of the mighty mass of human beings who congregate in giant cities, afford food for serious contemplation. The wonderful economy with which hundreds of thousands, nay, millions, congregated into one narrow space, are provided with their daily wants, noiselessly, and with a precision which the most laboured efforts of the government would fail to attain, fill the mind with admiration. But in the populous city all our feelings partake more or less of the excitement that pervades the thronging hive; we long at length for repose, and seek repose for some short period amidst the stillness of rural retirement. In the city, even pleasure itself is tinged with the uneasy restlessness of the place; and in our moving times, when towns grow into vast leviathans, it behoves all who wish to retain the freshness of the mind to cultivate a taste for the simple pleasures of the country. What a rich variety of innocent and delightful enjoyment has kind nature still reserved for all whose feelings are not quite deadened in the pursuit of wealth, or the scarcely less engrossing feelings of a London season! Earth and sky and air, the rippling streamlet and the passing cloud, the sunshine casting its magic light on the fresh green of wood and field, prepare never-failing sources of delight, the purer and the more deeply felt that they need no reflection to enjoy them; they spring up unasked, a single glance comprises them. We pass them by, perhaps, apparently unheeded; yet they do their allotted service of good by stealth, and instil into the mind that feeling of quiet enjoyment that strengthens us for the coming contests of civil life. Think us not vain enthusiasts, gentle reader: we take the goods a bounteous Providence provides us with a grateful mind, whether in town or country; but we should be sorry to pass our whole life in the turmoil of a great city; and willingly wend our way from time to time to retirement and solitude, if that can justly be called solitude which is but a temporary absence from a few friends, many kind and valued acquaintances, and a relief from the innumerable herd of eager, pushing, striving, hardfeatured, money-making countenances.

These reflections arose in our minds as we beheld the plate before the reader, who, doubtless, like ourselves, has often beheld the scene therein represented, although, perhaps, he was not aware of its simple beauties; for a certain degree of exercise is necessary to enable the spectator to withdraw his thoughts from the diffusiveness with which such scenes, especially in full sunshine, are surrounded in real nature. The play of the sunbeams, the rippling of the stream, the song of the birds, the hum



T. Thomas.

Pl. 45.

*The Ford.*



of insects, and the ease with which the eye can wander from one object to another, each in itself, perhaps, worthy of equal attention, divert the unpractised eye from that undivided attention to some small spot or confined nook which the more experienced eye and hand of the real painter at once comprises and transfers with living truth to the canvass. How often we feel convinced of this when we see the simple scenes, which we with careless eye neglected, brought before us in the limited space of landscape painting! Some scenes there are, however, which speak home alike to the feelings of the artist and the uninitiated. Our "Ford" is one of these. The younger branches of a peasant family, united in the bonds of love and radiant with the buxom health of youth, cross the shallow waters of the clear and bubbling brook. The sun-burnt youth, the brown but more delicate features of the maiden, with the still fairer complexion of the infant, which with sisterly care she has swung aloft, contrast pleasingly with the colour of the stream, and bank, and trees. The dog has crossed the ford already more than once, and now stands barking with delight, as if good-humouredly chiding their lagging pace. Behind the figures the knotty roots stand darkly out amidst the lighter colours of the bank, whilst from above the towering trees raise their lofty heads. In the distance the cottages of the village to which our young friends are bound close the view; their gable-ends enlightened by the sun.

An abler hand than ours has touched so eloquently on these simple landscape scenes that we cannot refrain from bringing some of his remarks before the reader. "Rivers," says the sketcher, "are always poetical; they move, or glide, or break into fall and rapid through their courses, as if they were of life, and were on nature's mysterious errands. The sunbeams gleam upon them with messages from heaven. Trees bend to them, and, receiving freshness and fragrance, grow in their music; flowers kiss them; love haunts them; silence keeps awake in their caverns and sequestered nooks, and there the nightingale sings to her; the bright and many-coloured bow arches their falls, and the blessed and blessing moon gifts them with magic.

"Let us take the simplest subject—a by-road or hollow lane. I write this in a country parish that abounds with such. I pass through them daily; some of them extremely beautiful; but, to me, they owe all their beauty to the sentiment—the poetical sentiment—they convey. They always set the imagination at work. Simply as colour they would move me; as light and shade they would not be without their effect. As to forms and objects, they, too, convey something more to the mind than the eye sees; for fancy extracts much from them: and I have often seen such subjects, and in good hands, too, spoiled for want of a little examination into the nature and cause of the pleasure arising from them. Here is a deep hollow lane, very rich in colours, simple in the general, but varied in the individual forms of the

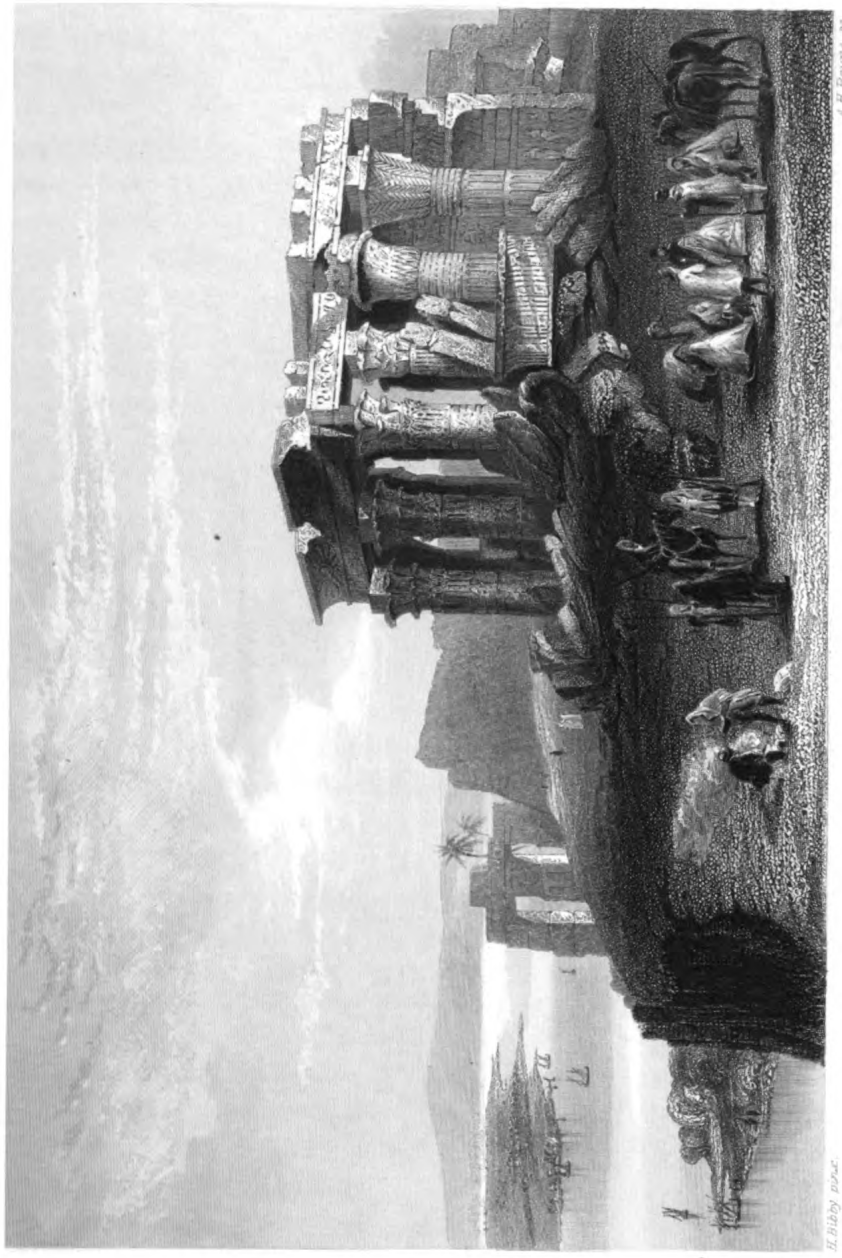
objects. Here are brown earth banks, with old roots, curiously twisted, shooting out, and again hiding themselves in the deeper holes. Here are various greens, all blending into masses; the road, rugged enough, leads down, rather steep, and in consequence at an edge, not much beyond a stone's throw, is lost; and from thence rises up the foliage of trees below, and the silver boles of the young beech shoot up through it. All this part, from the edge of the road formed by its descent, is illuminated, but tenderly, by the sun; but the light comes not direct, but through the leafage of other trees higher up on the bank. All else is in shade—not all equally dark; for, from the irregular depths and hollows of the banks, some parts are very dark, excepting near the foreground at the edge of the road, where the sunbeams, flickering through and coloured by the foliage above, play among loose stones and dead leaves, and slightly running up the opposite bank, just gild a few leaves and a single white, half-blown flower of a brier-rose. All is still, perfect silence, all motionless, save the slight play of the sunbeams on the stones as mentioned. And see! a weasel, or some such little creature, is running across the road, and is gone. The road itself is in perfect accord with all else. It is broken in ruts, indeed; but they seem as if dug deeper and desperately broken up by nature's myriads of unseen sappers and miners, to defy the irruption of cart-wheels. You would wonder how you came there, for it seems charmed against intrusion."

Now who would wish to enlarge the scale? Is it not perfect as it is? Does not even many a homely scene as this—a common lane—become sublime to the "cultivated eye" of the poet or painter.

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## OMBI, OR OMBOS. THE VALLEY OF THE NILE.

WE have often in these pages directed the attention of our readers to the great features of physical geography, and more particularly to the very interesting subject of the great influence which rivers exercise on the welfare and prosperity of the country through which they flow. There is scarcely a district or a city of any importance which does not suggest instructive reflections on this head; but there is certainly no country in the world in which they are so remarkably exemplified as in the land of Egypt, which may be said to owe not only its fertility, but its very existence to the classic waters of the Nile. The extraordinary periodical overflowings of this river form the great event of the year; the rise or fall of a few feet is productive



*Temple.*





of the opposite extremes of misery, carrying away, in the former case, the huts and cattle of the wretched inhabitants in its resistless course; or in the latter, afflicting them with the terrors of drought in a tropical climate, aggravated by all the intensity which the neighbourhood of the sandy deserts serves so considerably to augment. Before we proceed to consider the interesting remains of antiquity which crowd the valley of the Nile, we will take a rapid glance at the sources and course of this noble river.

The basin of the Nile is supposed to include a surface of about 180,000 square miles, although our ignorance of the basin of its largest tributary, the Bahr el Abiad, or White River, renders this statement very uncertain. From the source of Bahr Azrek, or Blue River, the length of the Nile has been estimated at about 2,700 miles, or in a direct line from the source to the mouth, about 1,600 miles.

The White River comes from unknown distant parts; but its waters, at their confluence with the Blue River, amount to sixfold the mass of the latter, whence we may conclude that they rise in snowy mountains. In the dry season the stagnant waters of the White River resemble an internal lake rather than a stream; with the tropical rains it begins to flow more rapidly, and in July its waters rise suddenly to a remarkable height, at which they remain for some months. The causes of this phenomenon have been attributed to a periodical connexion with some immense mass of waters in the interior, but have not yet been clearly ascertained.

The Bahr Azrek, or Blue River, which first becomes of importance at Lake Tzana, rushes in a north-western direction, with waterfalls and rapids, through the Alpine mountain chains of Abyssinia, then through Sennaar, Meroe, and Dongola. It was the discovery of the sources of this branch of the Nile that conferred so much fame on the traveller Bruce; our knowledge of the White River has tended to diminish its importance. The united waters of these two branches are augmented by a third tributary, the Tacazze, or Atbara, which rises in the snow mountains of Samen, at a height of 13,000 feet, and seems a more considerable stream than the Blue River. The Nile now penetrates a rocky and desert table-land, in the upper part, perhaps, from two to three thousand feet; in the lower, about six hundred feet above the level of the sea, thickly sown with black, probably volcanic, conical mountains, of six or seven hundred feet in elevation. The stream forces its way over low mountain heights; the cataracts thus formed are very numerous; the last at Assouan, or Syene, beyond which the Nile enters Upper Egypt, is comparatively low.

The part of its course at which we are now arrived is generally called the Valley of the Nile, and its banks are crowded with those magnificent remains of former greatness which excite the admiration of modern times. With respect to their physical conformation, Upper and Middle Egypt consist of the deeply indented valley

through which the Nile flows, in some parts only two leagues broad, and of higher rocky desert districts on both sides. Two low and bare rocky chains bound the banks of the stream; the western is called the Libyan, the eastern the Arabian chain. Both run northward, and inclose Lower Egypt: the Libyan chain is connected by a low range of cliffs with the table land of Barca; the Arabian partly fills up the Straits of Suez, but does not form any mountain connexion between Africa and Asia. The latter is interrupted by two deep and waterless valleys, which run from west to east, and bring the Valley of the Nile in immediate connexion with the Red Sea; they form the northern limits of Upper and of Central Egypt, and bear the names of the Vale of Cosseir, and the Vale of Wandering. On the left bank of the Nile, in the Libyan chain, is a similar one, the vale of the Natron Lakes, seemingly a continuation of the Vale of Wandering. A second transverse, through which flowed formerly an arm of the Nile, has long been choked up by the sands of the desert.

Upper and Central Egypt are only habitable in the valley itself; the adjacent districts form a part, and the eastern boundary of the desert. The Valley of the Nile in Upper and Central Egypt appears like an indentation (similar to the neighbouring basin of the Red Sea,) in the rocky mass, which seems to form the basis of the north-east of Africa, and of the bordering parts of Asia. This narrow indentation has, in the course of ages, been filled up by the fertilizing layers of alluvial soil from the deposits of the river, the bed of which has risen in like manner. The swelling, or rise of the Nile, and the land-formations caused by its waters, surpass all similar phenomena in other rivers in regularity and duration. The river begins to rise in July, when the tropical rains commence in the lands which feed the sources; the greatest height at which the whole valley can advantageously be inundated takes place at the end of September, and amounts to twenty-one or twenty-four feet above its ordinary level; after remaining at this height for about fourteen days the water gradually falls to its lowest level, in the first months of the year. The bed and the land rise, according to the old Nilometers, or Nile-measurers, somewhat more than one-third of a foot in the course of a century. The waters are distributed throughout the Valley of the Nile by means of a great number of canals and artificial water-works. The effect of these annual inundations have in historical periods produced great changes, particularly in Lower Egypt. The alluvial soil has, in the course of time, filled up the bay which probably formerly penetrated as far as the northern ends of the Libyan and Arabian mountain chains, and thus formed the Delta, or Lower Egypt, (for the original meaning of Delta in geography, was simply a low-land in the form of the Greek Delta,  $\Delta$ ) which is indented by the numerous arms and mouths of the stream, and subject to constant changes. The fork of the stream

begins at present at Cairo ; but there are still proofs sufficient that in former ages it began many miles higher up the river. The present chief arms mouth near Rosetta and Damietta, which, in the middle ages, were on the sea-coast, now they are several leagues inland, owing to the gradual advance of the alluvial soil annually brought down by the river.

Ancient Egypt was one of those nations whose annals form an epoch in the history of human civilization. The Greeks had so long been considered by the learned as presenting in their public works the sole models of beauty, that the extraordinary remains of Egyptian architecture were treated with comparative neglect. This prejudice is now giving way to a more rational appreciation ; but even now it can scarcely be said to have totally disappeared. Those who will devote more serious attention to the examination of these interesting monuments of antiquity, will find that, in addition to the idea of vastness and repose which they convey, there is no small degree of elegance and beauty of form, although to judge works of such magnitude, it is necessary for the spectator to adopt a standard far different from that with which he contemplates the comparatively small buildings of Roman and modern architecture.

As the traveller embarks at Cairo in his Kandjia, or decked boat, for Upper Egypt, he has time to become gradually acquainted with the wonders of this singular land, and to divest himself of those provincial prejudices so injurious in judging other nations. As he ascends the river the sepulchral chambers of Beni-hassan will prove an excellent study for the grander remains of Thebes, and the other cities, palaces, temples, and tombs with which the banks are strewn as far as the cataracts. We mention Siout, the capital of Said, or Upper Egypt, merely to warn the reader against the ideal beauty with which its remains have been invested by Denon in the great French work on Egypt. The elegant portico and columns of the temple at Gau, the ancient Antopolis, no longer exists, having been destroyed by a recent inundation.

The temple at Denderah is perfect in every part, with the minutest embellishments as fresh and well preserved as if but just from the hands of the sculptor. "We stood," to borrow the words of a recent American traveller, "in mute astonishment, rapt with the beauty, finish, and elaborate elegance of every part of the temple. It has not the magnificent extent of the temple at Thebes, but it exceeds every other in Egypt for the richness, profuseness, and neatness of its decorations. The temple is dedicated to Isis, and her image appears in every part of it. The whole style and embellishment of the temple is in consonance with the attributes of this voluptuous deity. The rich swelling curves of the cornices and mouldings ; the love-beaming face of Isis, which smiles upon you on every side ; the scenes of joy

and pleasure, depicted in the processions, dancing, choruses, and bacchantes ; the figures of voluptuous women reclining on soft couches, all breathe the luxurious ease, elegance, and grace of the goddess of love. The profusion of figures and hieroglyphics scattered over the façade of the portico is astonishing, and imagination loses itself in conjectures as to the mysterious history which lies concealed in their emblematic language." The so-called Zodiac of Denderah, which has given rise to such varied disquisitions, may be seen at Paris.

From the temple of Luxor, near the bank of the Nile, the great valley of Thebes lies extended before the traveller ; to the east the avenue of Sphinxes reaches the colossal piles of Karnac, with its two lofty obelisks ; the statue of Memnon, now, alas ! silent and unmusical. "The surrounding plain is covered with the skeletons of temples and palaces ; among which the eye rests with pleasure upon the well-defined outlines of the temples of Gournou and the Memnonium. A circlet of mountains, in whose bowels are entombed the kings and people of the 'hundred-gated' Thebes, inclosed the valley against the incursions of the desert."

We regret that our limits will not allow us to give a description of the great hall of Karnac, probably the grandest work of human architecture. Denon says, "The imagination which rises above our porticoes sinks abashed at the foot of the one hundred and thirty-four columns of the hypostyle hall of Karnac ;" and Belzoni declares that the most sublime ideas which can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very inadequate idea of these views. Four such churches as St. Martin's in the fields, in London, might stand side by side in the area of this hall without occupying the whole space. "Nothing could be finer than the *coup d'œil* of this immense plain, bounded by bold ridges of mountains which, with the Nile, coming from remote regions in the south, seemed to do homage to the mighty monuments of human greatness that cover its surface. This splendid picture of mountain, plain, river, palm-groves, temples, palaces, obelisks, over-canopied by the stainless blue of an Egyptian sky, and set in an horizon which enclosed it with a band of gold, formed the richest combination of the beautiful in nature, and the sublime in human productions, that I had ever seen."

Ruined temples, which yield, and scarcely yield, in magnificence and extent to those to which we have thus briefly alluded, accompany the traveller on both sides of the banks as he ascends the river up to the cataracts of Assouan. Amongst the grandest of these are the ruins of Ombi, or Ombos, now called *Koum Ombou*, or the Hill of Ombos. It stands on the brow of a high bluff above the river, from which nothing is to be seen but the boundless expanse of the Arabian desert, and the pillars and gateways of the temple projecting above the ocean of sand which surrounds them. The inhabitants of Ombos were celebrated for the worship of the







Schuyler's Point

crocodile, and were involved in constant war with the inhabitants of Dendera respecting the worship of this and other monstrous deities. The ruins of the ancient city are said to cover a space of ground more than four miles in circumference.

The ruins, which are portrayed in the plate before us, lie about twenty miles to the north of the cataracts. This ancient city, with its remains, is now deeply covered with sand, which has likewise encroached upon the adjacent plain. The village to which this once magnificent city dwindled is likewise deserted; no tree offers shade to the wanderer against the tropical heat of the climate. The remains of two temples, which, like so many other of these edifices in Egypt, are in a good state of preservation, are inclosed in a wall about half a mile in circumference, and nearly nine yards thick. The larger is remarkable among all the Egyptian antiquities with which we are acquainted, for its division into two principal parts, which are perfectly symmetrical. Three halls are extant; the other compartments are either destroyed or inaccessible from the accumulation of sand. Its length seems to have been one hundred and eighty-five feet, its width one hundred and fourteen feet; the height of the columns at the first porch is thirty-seven feet, their circumference nearly nineteen feet. This sublime monument of ancient art appears to have been destroyed by fire, from which the decorations with which it was ornamented have suffered considerably. The roof of the portico still shows us a row of gigantic vultures on a blue ground; the hieroglyphics and figures are painted blue, red, yellow, and green. Everywhere we see a lavish profusion of painting and sculpture. The god is always represented on one side of the temple, with the head of a sparrowhawk; on the other with that of a crocodile. The former represents Osiris as the sun, the latter as the fertilizing deity of the Nile; for the sparrowhawk is the symbol of the sun, the crocodile the symbol of drinkable water. About fifty yards to the north-west of the great temple of Ombos is a smaller temple, seventy feet long, twenty-eight feet high, and sixty broad. Only four columns and a part of the wall remain.

It is singular, that whilst so many of the ancient temples of Egypt have remained almost entire, there exist no vestiges of dwellings or towns.

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## SCHULPFORTE.

THIS famous grammar-school, which has recently celebrated its third centenary jubilee, formerly belonged to Saxony, but formed part of the territory which, by the congress of Vienna, was made over to Prussia. In the first half of the twelfth cen-

ture Count Bruno, Lord of Pleissen, in Altenburg, had the misfortune to kill his only son, Oetwin, whilst hunting; and being induced to make over his estates to the church, he founded a monastery at Schmoellen, in the year 1127. As the monastery was exposed to the incursions of the Slavonic tribes of the vicinity, in the year 1132 Bishop Udo, of Naumburg, allowed the monks an asylum in the picturesque country between Koesen and Naumburg, where the present buildings of Schulpforte now stand. In a few years the Benedictines made room for the Cistercians, who established the monastery of Pforta, under the name of the *Porta Beatae Mariæ*, or, Gate of the Blessed Virgin. It was also called *Porta Cæli*, or, Gate of Heaven. The Cistercians were more fortunate than their predecessors; for the monastery soon became very rich, and the monks enjoyed their wealth in ease and comfort until the Reformation drove them from their cells. The last abbot retired in 1541. In consequence of the change of religion the Elector, Maurice, of Saxony, decreed by a patent, May 21st, 1543, that the wealthy cloisters of Pforta, Meissen, and Merseburg should be transformed into public grammar-schools; the last was subsequently removed to Grimma, on the Mulde, in Saxony. A hundred scholars should be gratuitously boarded, lodged, and instructed; and, besides the former revenues of Pforta, those of the cloister of Memleben were likewise devoted to defraying the expenses of the new establishment, which received the appropriate name of Schulpforte. The successors of Maurice, particularly Augustus and Christian II., in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and Frederic Augustus, in his long and eventful rule in the eighteenth and nineteenth, were generous patrons to Schulpforte, which suffered so severely from the ravages of the thirty years' war, that at one period it seemed to be on the point of dissolution. The irruption of the Swedes into Saxony, in the year 1706, and the seven years' war, diminished the revenues of Schulpforte by excessive exactions; but, singularly enough, in the great battles that were frequently fought in its vicinity, during the advance of Napoleon, and in 1813, after his retreat from Moscow, although sometimes surrounded by French troops, both parties seem to have united in making the miseries and exactions of war fall as lightly as possible on this favoured place of education.

Since the year 1815, when Schulpforte was assigned to Prussia, it has enjoyed the peculiar favour of the government. It was newly organized in the year 1820, its system of instruction brought more into unison with the wants of modern times; but, although in the improved plan more time is devoted to the study of the mother tongue, to history, and the mathematics, the principal attention is still bestowed upon the Latin and Greek languages. Many distinguished men have been educated at Schulpforte, of whom, Klopstock, Fichte, and Ernesti are, perhaps, those who are best known in foreign countries.





*W. Henry H. H.*

Within the walls, which inclose the school and the dwelling-rooms of the boys and masters, are also the church, to which two preachers are appointed, and which serves as a parish church for the village and salt-works of Koesen, the residence of the school-physician and surgeon, the farm-buildings, brewery, flour-mills, bakehouse, and paper-mill.

The number of scholars in Pforta may not exceed one hundred and eighty, all, or the greater part of which, are free scholarships; one hundred in the gift of the Prussian ministers of state, for religious, scholastic, and medicinal affairs; and eighty in the gift of the cities of the Prussian Duchy of Saxony, the chapter of the Cathedral of Naumburg, of the rector, and of some noble families: but all the scholars must be natives of Prussia. The masters are allowed to take twenty boarders, who likewise receive gratuitous instruction. The different expenses of the school are defrayed by the revenues of the many estates belonging to the foundation, and are estimated at about six thousand pounds a year. The Prussian government uses every exertion to carry out the original intentions of the founders of this splendid scholastic establishment. A considerable quantity of very valuable patronage still remains in the gift of the head-master.

The environs of Schulpforte (which lies near the city of Naumburg, on the high road from Francfort on the Main and Leipzig) are very pleasing, and the adjacent salt-works of Koesen enjoy an increasing celebrity as a salubrious and retired watering-place.

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## W E B E R.

KARL MARIA VON WEBER was born at Eutin, in Holstein, December 18th, 1786. His parents educated him with great care, and he displayed considerable talents at a very early age. At first he divided his attention between music and painting with equal success, until, unconsciously, he gradually abandoned the latter art, in which he would likewise, doubtless, have distinguished himself. His father, Major von Weber, seldom resided long in one place; and this frequent change of residence was naturally unfavourable to the systematic progress of the education of his young son, although it may have been attended with beneficial results in the development of his character. When he was ten years of age he studied with great advantage under Heuschkel, in Hildburghausen. As soon as his father recognised the germ



of his future excellence, he made every sacrifice to procure him the best instructors, and placed him for some time under Michael Haydn, in Salzburg. But the character of this composer was too serious, and he did not possess the qualities which win the affections of youth. Weber learned very little from him, and that, too, but with the greatest exertions. In 1793 his father, to encourage him, published six little fugues of his composition: this, his first work, was favourably mentioned by the critics. At the end of 1798 Weber came to Munich, and was instructed in singing by Valesi, and in composition by the organist, Kalcher. To the careful, perspicuous, and gradual instructions of the latter, Weber was principally indebted for his mastery in the art, more particularly for the skilful application of compositions for four voices, in which his operas are so rich. The youthful composer pursued his studies with unwearied diligence. Here he first displayed his preference for the drama, and composed under this master an opera, "The Power of Love and Wine," a mass, and several other pieces, all of which were subsequently devoted to the flames. His active mind, however, still roved in different departments of art; he had occupied himself with lithography, and believed himself to be the inventor of this new art. He therefore determined to follow up his discovery with zeal, and persuaded his father to remove to Freiberg in Saxony, where he could most easily procure the materials for carrying on his operations on a larger scale. But he soon grew weary of the mechanical nature of his new occupation, and returned to his musical studies with redoubled zeal. He published in Munich six variations for the pianoforte. When fourteen years of age he composed the opera of "The Wood Girl," which was produced in November, 1800, and was performed with great success at Vienna, Prague, and Petersburg. At a later period of his life Weber regretted the success of this work, which he considered not quite devoid of invention, but as an unripe, youthful composition. An article in one of the musical journals excited in him a desire to write in a new style, and to re-introduce several instruments which had become obsolete in the progress of the art. He accordingly wrote, in Salzburg, which city he had visited on family affairs, his opera, "Peter Schmoll and his Neighbours," 1801, which was performed in Augsburg without much success. In 1802 he made with his father a musical tour to Leipzig, Hamburg, and Holstein, where he continued his studies, and collected theoretical works on music with the zeal of a bibliomaniac.

He was induced by many doubts to study harmony anew, and profoundly constructed for himself a new musical system, in which he worked up the noble rules of the old masters. His wish to study in Vienna was now gratified; and here he became acquainted with the great Haydn and the Abbé Vogler. The latter soon became affectionately attached to his genial pupil, and communicated to him unre-

servedly from the rich stores of his scientific knowledge. By the advice of the Abbé, Weber, although not without a severe struggle, gave up for the present the composition of any greater work, and devoted himself for two years exclusively to the study of the most varied works of the great masters. These, with Vogler's assistance, he analyzed in their structure, in the expression of the leading ideas, and in their application of the different means which were at the disposal of their authors. During this period he published only two works, Variations, and an arrangement for the piano of Vogler's opera "Samori." A wider sphere of action soon opened: he was appointed music-director at Breslau. He here formed a new chorus and orchestra, worked out many earlier compositions, and composed the greater part of the opera "Ruebezahl." He was, however, too much occupied in his new position to be able to devote much time to composition.

In 1806, Duke Eugène, of Wurtemberg, invited him to Karlsruhe, in Silesia. The duke was a great lover of music, and in this pleasing retirement Weber wrote two symphonies and several concertos. But war soon dispersed the theatre and band at Karlsruhe. He then made a musical tour, from which he soon returned to Stuttgart to the house of the duke. Here he wrote his opera "Sylvana," an alteration of "The Wood Girl;" composed anew his cantata "The First Tone," with several symphonies, overtures, and works for the pianoforte. Under the Abbé Vogler he had attained considerable excellence as a pianoforte player, and in 1810 he went on a longer musical tour. His operas were performed in France, Munich, Berlin, and other places; his concerts too were well attended. He returned to Vienna, and with a more enlarged experience resumed his studies under the Abbé Vogler: Meyerbeer and Gânsbacher were his companions. He now composed his opera "Abou Hassan." From 1813 to 1816 he directed the opera at Prague, and here he composed his great cantata "War and Victory." This work exhibits much grandeur and fulness of ideas, a splendid instrumentation, but no fixed style. Entirely devoted to his art, he gave up his office as soon as he had accomplished the objects for which he had accepted it. In 1816 he lived for some time at Dresden, and wrote there some of his finest works for the pianoforte. He received many splendid offers, and at length accepted the commission to form a German opera at Dresden, and to this object he devoted all his powers from the year 1817. It was here that he wrote most of his works, of which we can only mention "The Cantata for the Jubilee of the King of Saxony," "The Jubilee Overture," several marriage cantatas, the fine mass and offertory for the name-day of the king, and his opera "Der Freischuetz," too well known to need any further description. This opera was first performed at Berlin in 1821, and soon afterwards went the round of the civilized world. He here likewise composed the original music to "Preciosa," which was

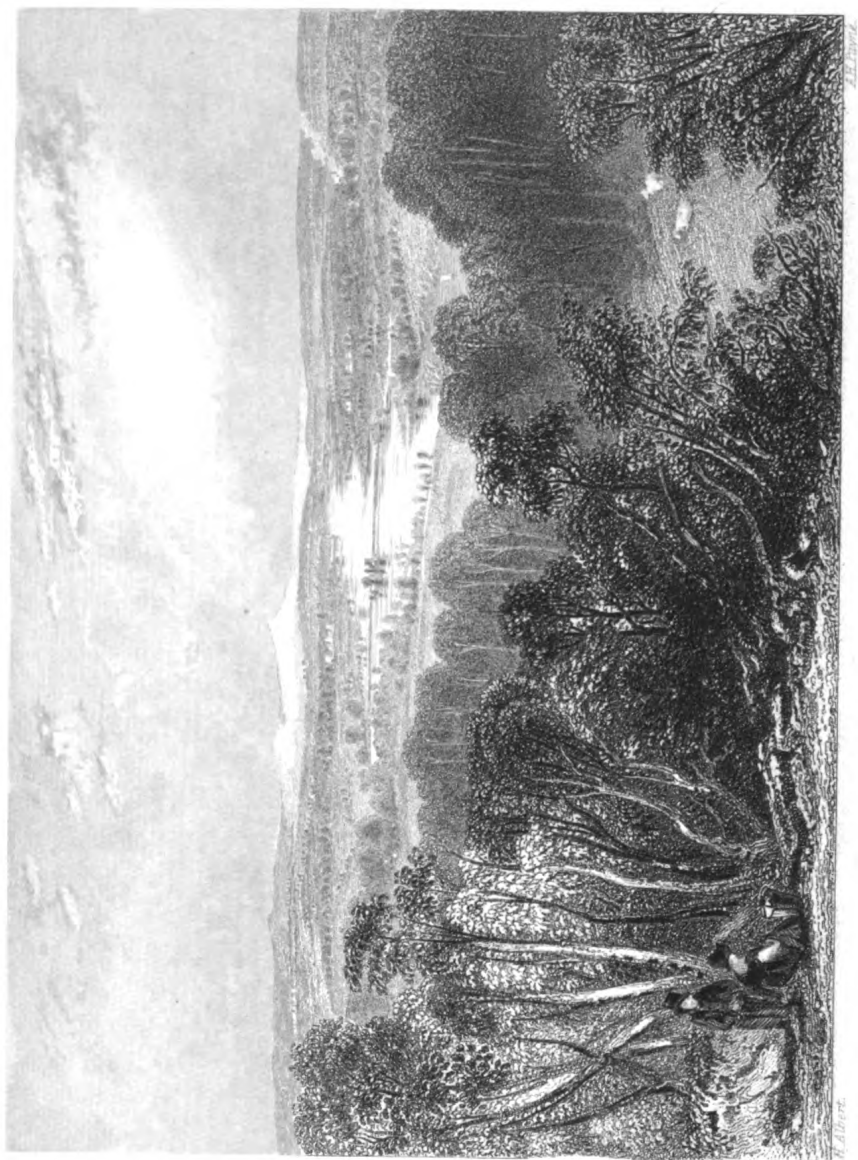
performed in Berlin in 1820. The extraordinary success of *Der Freischuetz*, which it owed to its popular melodies and scenic adaptability, procured him an offer to write an opera for Vienna. He composed "*Euryanthe*" in the years 1822 and 1823, and in this latter year he went to Vienna to direct its first performance, which met with great applause.

After some delay *Der Freischuetz* was performed for the first time at London, July 23rd, 1824, at the English Opera House. The signal success of this famous opera induced Mr. Charles Kemble, in 1825, to visit Weber at Dresden, and to invite him to compose an opera for the theatre of Covent Garden, of which he was at that time lessee. He presented him with the first act of the text of *Oberon*, founded on Wieland's poem, and written by Mr. Planché. Weber accepted the offer, and commenced seriously to study the English language. But the fatigues of his office, (which were augmented by the necessity of acting frequently as a substitute for his colleague Morlacchi, whose ill health rendered a visit to Italy necessary,) added to the unceasing activity of his mind in composition, had already begun to affect his health.

He visited the baths at Ems in the summer of 1825; and at the end of this year he directed the first performance of his *Euryanthe* at Berlin. His sufferings from pulmonary disease increased in the year 1826 to such a degree as to excite the fears of his friends. He worked with unremitting zeal on his new opera, and left Germany in February for London, where he arrived with a constitution already impaired by illness and over-exertion. He here completed his "*Oberon*," which was brought out on the 12th of April, 1826. It did not meet with such an instantaneous and enthusiastic reception as "*Der Freischuetz*;" but musical judges at once acknowledged its excellence, and repeated performances rendered more attractive the varied beauties that abound in this noble opera.

He bore with great fortitude his sufferings, which were aggravated by his travel and change of climate at this unfavourable season of the year. On the 5th of May he had a benefit concert, which was but badly attended, particularly by the higher classes; a circumstance which was very severely commented upon by the musical journals of the time. At this concert Weber "had scarcely strength enough left to get through the business as conductor." At the conclusion he threw himself upon a sofa, and was so exhausted as to create considerable alarm in the by-standers. On Monday, the 5th of June, on which day "*Der Freischuetz*" was to be given for his benefit, he was found dead in his bed. His friends wished to have him buried in St. Paul's Cathedral; but as they resolved to have a requiem sung at his funeral, permission was refused. On the 21st of June his remains were interred in the Roman Catholic chapel, Moorfields: they have, however, recently been transferred to Germany.





*View from Pappadopolis, near Vienna.*

The works of Weber form an epoch in the history of dramatic music. They possess much novelty; the instrumentation is profound, and singularly effective; the melodies are popular without being trivial, and he has infused new life and feeling into the vocal parts. Some of the songs in "Oberon" may be classed among the finest and most ideal compositions that have ever been written. The comic opera, "The Three Pintos," which had occupied Weber, at intervals, for several years, was unfortunately not completed. Weber was a man of very varied talents: one of the first composers—profoundly versed in the theory and grammatical department of his art—a distinguished pianoforte player; as a director, he united energy with tact. In private life he was universally esteemed as an agreeable, able, and accomplished man, who contemplated life from a higher point of view than is usual among artists. He has left an autobiography, from which the preceding details are taken.

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### VIEW FROM PFAFFENHOFEN, NEAR VIENNA.

THE view before the reader represents the Danube below Vienna. The great bridge of Thabor is the largest over the river. In the distance are the mountains near Presburg. The intervening fields possess great historical interest, as the scene of the famous battle of Aspern—"the most glorious," say Mr. Alison, "in the Austrian annals; for ever memorable in the annals of military fame. It was the first great action in which Napoleon had been defeated; for at Eylau, though, as the event ultimately proved, he had been worsted, yet, in the first instance, he remained master of the field of battle. The loss on both sides was enormous; but that of the French was much greater than that of their opponents, owing to their decided inferiority in numbers, and especially artillery, on the first day, and the tremendous effect of the concentric fire of three hundred pieces of cannon on the second, upon the dense columns of attack, whom the narrow extent of the ground, the awful cannonade, and obstinate resistance of the imperial squares, prevented from deploying into line. Eighty-seven superior officers and four thousand two hundred privates were killed, besides sixteen thousand three hundred wounded on the side of the Imperialists; a loss which, how great soever, the Archduke, with true German honesty, had the magnanimity at once to admit in his official account of the battle. The French lost above thirty thousand men, of whom seven thousand were buried by the Austrians on the field. A few guns, and some



hundred prisoners were taken on both sides. Five thousand wounded fell into the hands of the Imperialists. For several days after the battle the Austrians were constantly occupied in burying the dead; innumerable corpses were found in the smaller channels of the Danube; the waters even of that mighty stream were for some days poisoned by the multitude of slain which encumbered its banks, and a pestilential air was wafted down the theatre of death."

The value of the French bulletins of the period may be estimated by their account of the number of killed and wounded. Napoleon therein gave his loss at three thousand killed and eight thousand wounded; whereas, in fact, the Austrians buried seven thousand French on the field of battle, and twenty-nine thousand seven hundred and seventy-three wounded were carried to the hospitals at Vienna.

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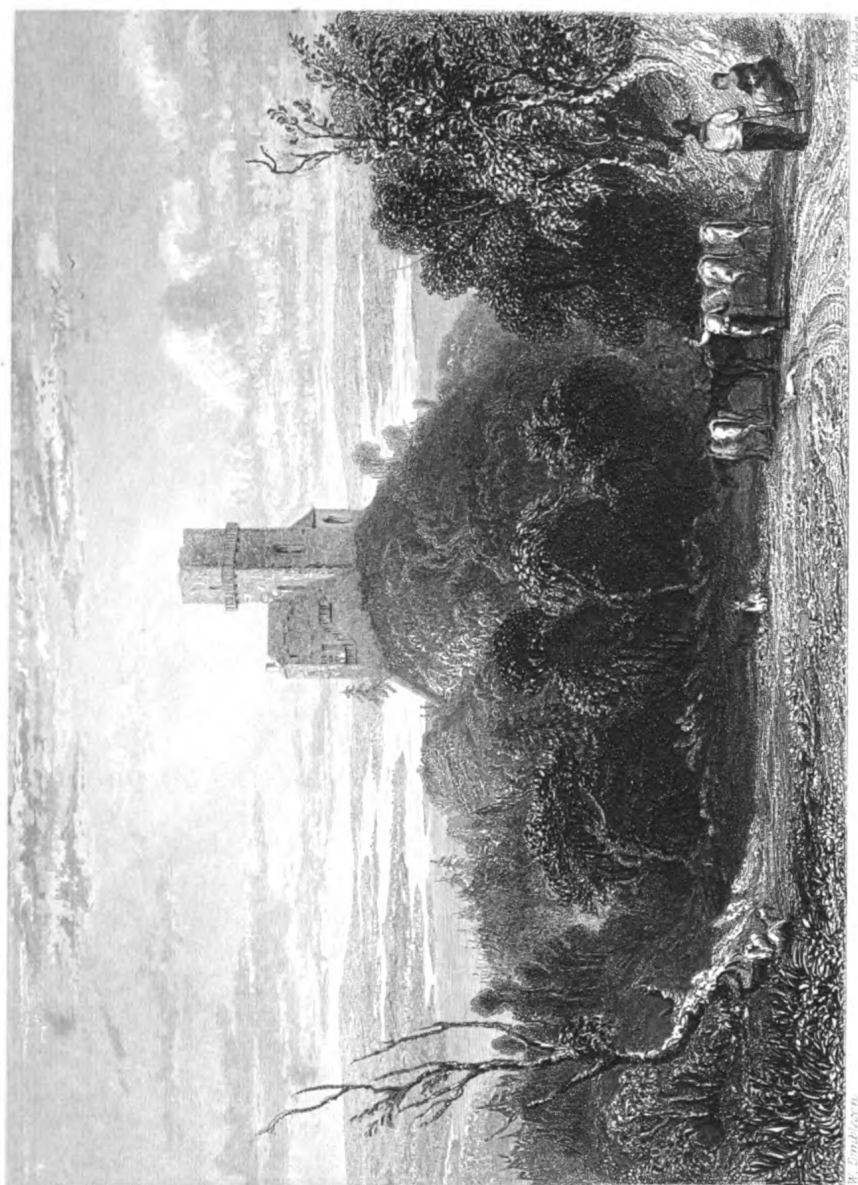
### GREIFENSTEIN.

THE picturesque castle of Greifenstein commands a very interesting view of the Danube above Vienna. It has been frequently mentioned as the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion, but that monarch was confined in Duerrenstein. It is said to have received its name (Greifenstein, Griffin-stone) from the mark of a griffin's claw, which is still visible in the rock. The pedestrian can return to Vienna over Leopoldsberg and Kahlenberg, which afford most beautiful and extensive prospects. The environs of this great city abound with a variety of picturesque scenery, hardly to be equalled by any other capital.

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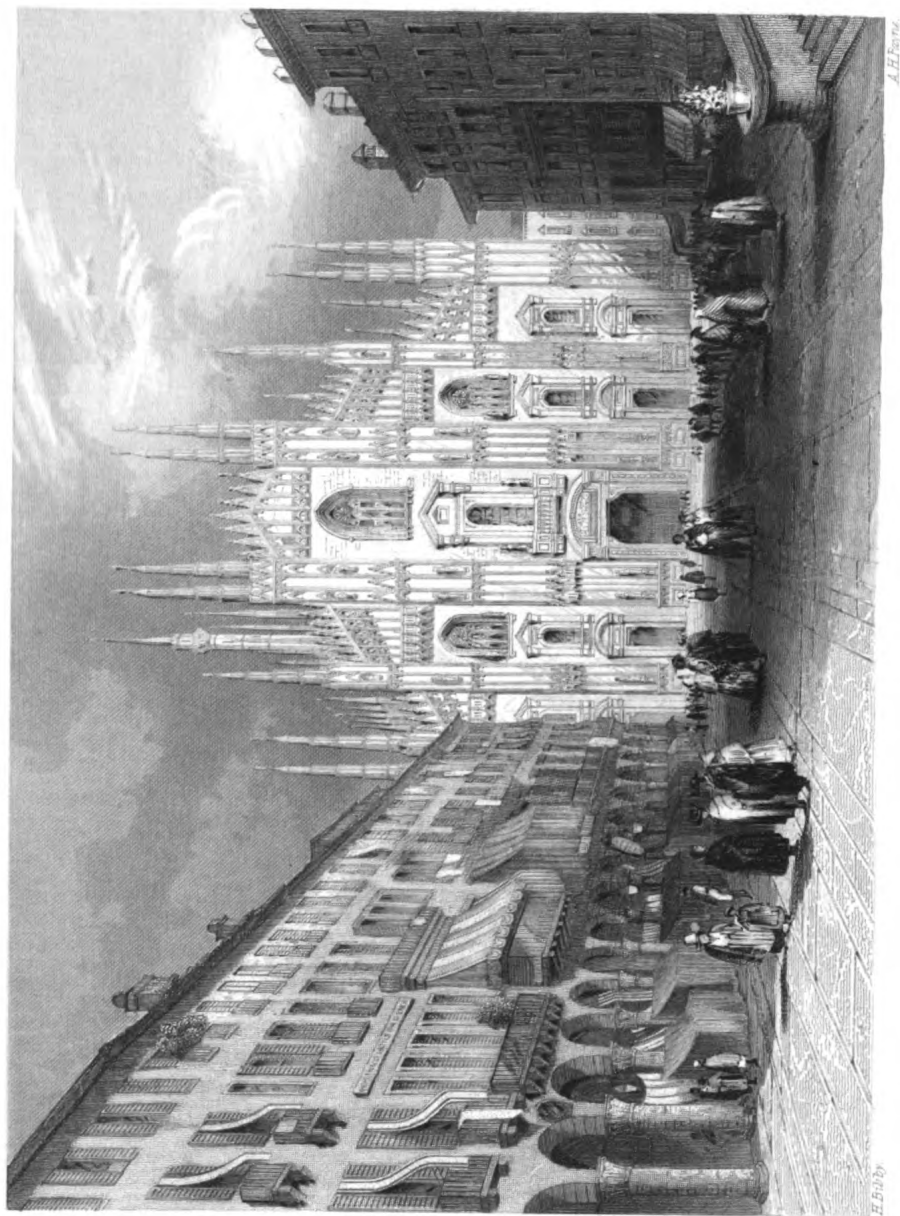
### MILAN CATHEDRAL.

THE Cathedral of Milan, called by the inhabitants of that city the eighth wonder of the world, is, next to St. Peter's at Rome, the largest ecclesiastical edifice in Italy. On the site on which it stands there was formerly a church, which was founded A. D. 836, and consecrated to St. Maria Maggiore; but of its history we know little, except that it is said to have suffered considerably during the wars in the time of Frederic Barbarossa. The present cathedral was founded in 1386, by Galeazzo



Geigenstein.





*Milan Cathedral*



Visconti, Duke of Milan. It was first under the superintendence of the German architect, Gamodia, or Zamodia, but remained unfinished during several centuries. The doom and pinnacle are said to have been constructed by Omodeo, the central column and the spire by Brunelleschi. The most eminent artists, amongst others, Leonardo da Vinci and Giulio Romano, were employed in this great work during the first half of the sixteenth century. According to other antiquarians, the name of the original architect has not been ascertained with any degree of certainty; appearances, however, would seem to warrant the supposition that he borrowed some of his ideas from the celebrated Cathedral of Cologne.

The effect of this building is imposing in the highest degree; unfortunately, the confined space around it does not allow it to be seen to full advantage. The dimensions of the cathedral, which is built of white marble from the quarries of Candoja, are four hundred and forty-five feet in length, and two hundred and seventy feet in breadth; the cupola is two hundred and thirty-two feet high.

The interior is extremely beautiful. It is divided into five naves, and supported by one hundred and sixty pillars; in richness of ornament and in the number of statues, exceeding four thousand within and without the cathedral, it is unrivalled. The exterior has not escaped the severe criticism of connoisseurs, and it cannot be denied that it exhibits many incongruities of style. This must be attributed to the length of time during which this cathedral was left unfinished, and to the ambitious thirst for novelty in some of the more recent architects, who had not the good taste or self-denial to assimilate the additions to the original plan. In the year 1567, the architect Pellegrini, who was employed by the Cardinal Charles Borromeo, introduced the peculiarities of Grecian architecture into this Gothic building. His successors returned to the imitation of the Gothic, but not always with great success. The front is by Amati. The western end of the church displays many of these incongruities, but is greatly admired for the peculiar beauties of single parts. The numerous alt-reliefs and statues of this portal deserve a more attentive study, as do likewise the sculptured pinnacles and the figures standing on them.

Napoleon, who contributed much to the completion of this splendid edifice, was crowned here. He would not allow the archbishop to place the crown on his head, but, seizing it in his own hands, crowned himself; the haughty conqueror exclaimed, "*Dio me la diede, quai à chi lu tocca!*" "God gave it to me: woe to him that touches it!" These words now form the motto of the order of the Iron Crown.

To have a clear view of the whole extent of the building, the visitor should not neglect to ascend the roof, which is likewise faced with marble. Seen in the moonlight, the effect of this immense mass of marble (one of the emperors somewhat depreciatingly called it "a mountain of marble") is singularly beautiful. In the



bright sunshine of an Italian sky, it is so dazzling as to be oppressive. From the roof we can enjoy one of the finest views in all Lombardy.

Among the numerous chapels that of Giovanni Giacomo Medici deserves particular mention; it was built from a plan by Michael Angelo, and contains statues by Aretino. The font is of porphyry; the two columns of red granite, at the interior entrance, are reckoned among the finest ever employed in architecture. The most celebrated specimens of sculpture are the St. Helena, St. Peter, Magdalen, by Fr. Fusina, David, by Vairone. In the vestry to the south are, a picture by Baroccio, two Gospels which were in the possession of Heribert, 1018, and two statues, as large as life, of St. Ambrose and Charles Borromeo, of silver.

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## THE TRUMPETER.

BY GERHARD TERBURGH.

THE picture before us is no unfavourable specimen of this eminent painter of domestic life, although the actors belong to a less elevated class than those which usually employed his pencil. The attitudes are easy and graceful; the costume characteristic and natural; the faces pleasing, with a quiet mixture of the frank boldness that so well becomes the soldier. The position of the hand and the expression of the features convey simply, and without exaggeration, some slight degree of doubt as to the next phrase which our friend the trumpeter shall dictate to his faithful scribe. The various gradations of light and shade indicate the harmony which generally pervades the pictures of Gerhard Terburgh.

This artist was born at ZwoU, near OverysseL, in 1608. His father, who was likewise a painter, and appears to have lived some time in Italy, was his first master. After continuing his studies at Haarlem, he devoted himself to portrait-painting. His early works were of a smaller size than those which he undertook at a later period. He soon became known in his native country, but resolved to study the works of the great masters of the Italian school. After spending some time in Italy, he visited Paris, where he was much esteemed as a portrait-painter. His fame preceded him on his return to Holland. His most celebrated work is the great picture containing the portraits of the sixty-nine plenipotentiaries who were assembled at Münster, in the congress that put an end to the Thirty Years' War. He accepted an invitation from the Spanish plenipotentiary at this famous congress to visit Spain,



G. H. Pagnon

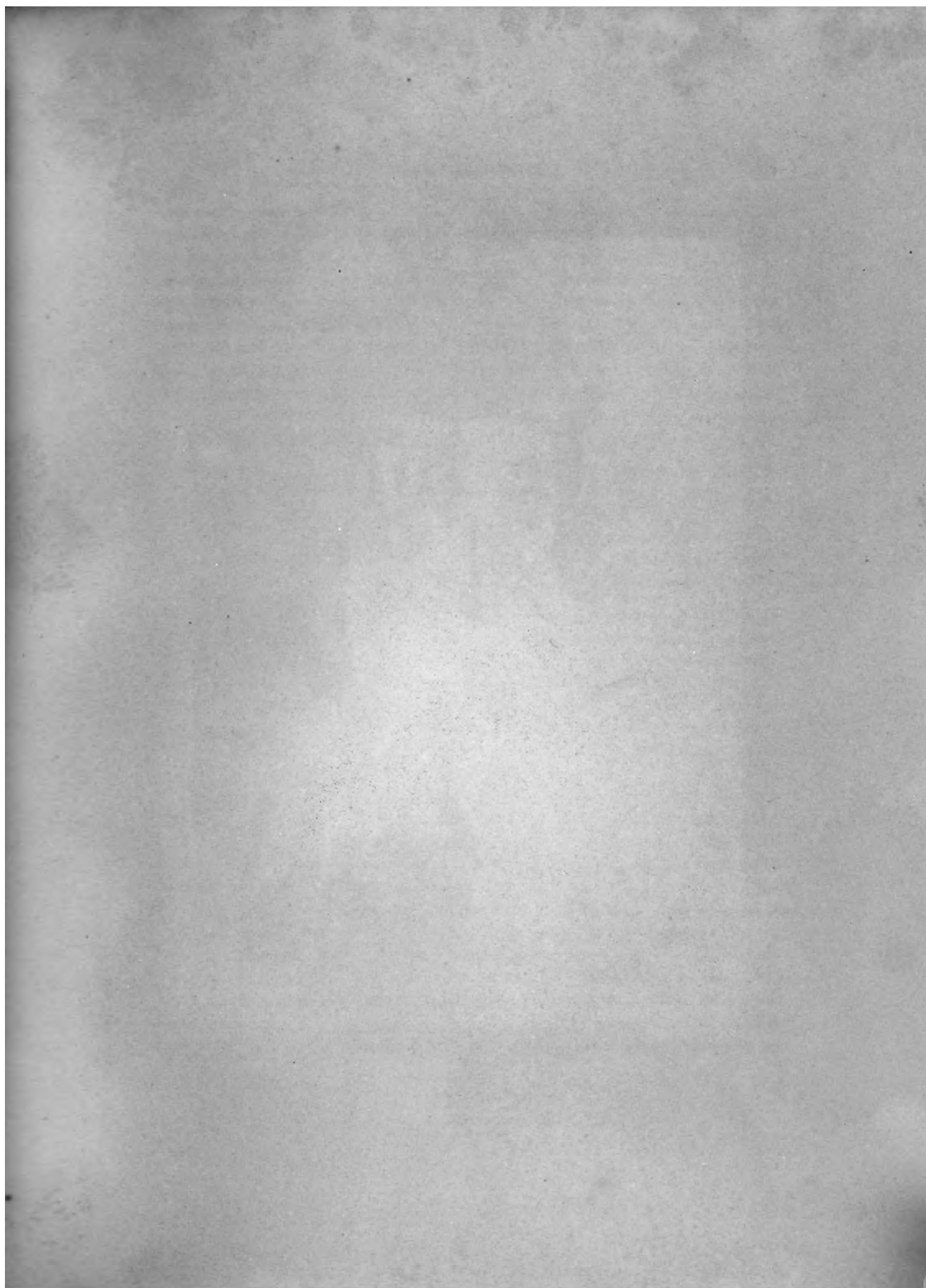
A. H. Pagnon

*The Trumpeter.*

*Der Trompeter.*









J. H. P. sculp.

A. H. Payne sc.

*Modesty and Vanity.*

Engraved from a painting by J. H. P.

where his merits soon gained the favour of King Philip the Fourth, who conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. He married on his return to his own country, became burgomaster of Deventer, and died in the year 1681. Many of his best pictures may be seen in private galleries of this country. Dr. Waagen confers upon this artist the following high eulogy ;—" Terburg is the real founder of the art of painting conversational pieces, and at the same time the most eminent master in this style. In delicacy of execution he is inferior to none, and in a certain tender fusion of the colours he excels all others ; but none can be compared with him in the enchanting harmony, and silvery tone, and the observance of the aerial perspective. His figures, which are well drawn, have an uncommon ease of refinement, and are frequently very graceful."

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## MODESTY AND VANITY.

" THERE is positively no bearing it," said Arthur Beverton, a young and dashing captain in one of her majesty's crack regiments, to his friend, as they left the garden, the open gate of which allowed a glimpse of two fair forms within : " by Heavens ! I will not bear it any longer : to waste my time upon an ungrateful girl, that thinks her fine eyes were only given her to tell the colour of the ground she walks on ! I don't think she looked me in the face once the whole evening ; and as for conversation, she was as silent as if she was the grand-daughter of Pythagoras. Ah ! Charles, you're a happy man ; what a pleasant chat you had with her sister Harriet : " and the captain looked as if he thought his uniform had been insulted.

" I, a pleasant chat with Harriet ! you were never more mistaken in your life," said his more sedate companion, Charles Lisford, who was in training to represent the majesty of Britain with true diplomatic dignity at foreign courts. " She would not let me say a word ; but went on singing, laughing, playing with her lap-dog, her flowers, and fan, with such bewitching grace, that I almost forgot my anger in my very admiration. What a pity she has not a little of the cheerful seriousness of her sister Rosa ! "

" Cheerful seriousness ! don't talk such nonsense, Charles. If to dress like a nun in a black veil, which she draws so confoundedly close as if the breath of the slightest zephyr would spoil her complexion ; to speak like a girl that has not got beyond her words with two letters ; if this deserve your epithet of ' cheerful,' I admire your taste prodigiously. When she's my wife it shall be otherwise, trust me for it ;



for have me she must and shall." And the two young men mounted their horses and rode towards town for some time in silence.

At last the mercurial captain suddenly exclaimed, "I think we shall catch them at last. I have a capital plan, and it shall be executed this very night. Come home with me, and we will concoct it together. It must succeed." And, putting spurs to their horses, they galloped out of sight in a moment.

Two or three days afterwards, old Squire Sedley, of Sedley Park, was sitting with his daughters Rosa and Harriet, when the servant brought two letters. Harriet took instant possession of them, exclaiming, "Dear papa, I'll read them to you directly;" and, humming a tune and giving a glance at the glass as she arose, which rendered some little adjustment of her shawl necessary, she drew her chair to her father's.

"Oh, the curiosity of the sex!" said the old man, smiling; "if I had my spectacles here, I would keep the news to myself. But give the letters to your sister. One might as well run a race with a locomotive as keep up with you. Why, I should not understand half of what you read. Rosa, my dear, open the letters, and let us hear what they contain."

Rosa obeyed her father's commands, broke the seal of the first letter. It was from Captain Arthur Beverton, and ran thus:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I write these few lines to inform you that our regiment has received sudden orders to prepare to go abroad. As we have been some time in England, it is not improbable that our absence may be of some years' duration. I shall be glad to see a little more active service than I could have hoped for at home. I have no relations; and the only regret I experience is at losing the society of your kind and hospitable circle. It would give me the greatest pleasure to bid you a personal farewell; but I am afraid that the preparations for our departure will hardly admit of this. With many thanks for your past kindnesses, allow me to remain,

"Dear Sir, yours most truly,

"ARTHUR BEVERTON."

"P. S. My adieus to the young ladies."

"What! Arthur Beverton going abroad! I am sorry for it," said the good old man; "but it's what a soldier must expect—here to-day and gone to-morrow:" for the squire was a bit of a moralist. "What's in the other letter?"

But Rosa, although in a studious, was in no reading mood. Harriet closed her fan, and with an arch smile proceeded to act as her substitute. The second letter was, as the reader rightly conjectures, from our young diplomatist. The fair reader glanced hastily at the signature, and slightly blushed as she read as follows:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—You will be glad to learn that I am now about to commence my career as attaché to the British embassy at the court of the Grand Duke of Nirgendheim. As the situation has been some time vacant, it is the wish of the minister that I should lose no time in setting out for Germany; but I hope to find leisure enough to pay my respects to you and your fair daughters before my departure.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours most obedient,

"CHARLES LISFORD."

The old gentleman was about to make his comments upon this second epistle, but his daughters had already disappeared; and a report, which seems to have come from the housekeeper's room, asserts that neither the lady's maid nor the lap-dog were particularly charmed with the deportment of Miss Harriet on the morning in question. The latter felt himself most unjustifiably neglected, and the former vowed she had never known her young lady so hard to please.

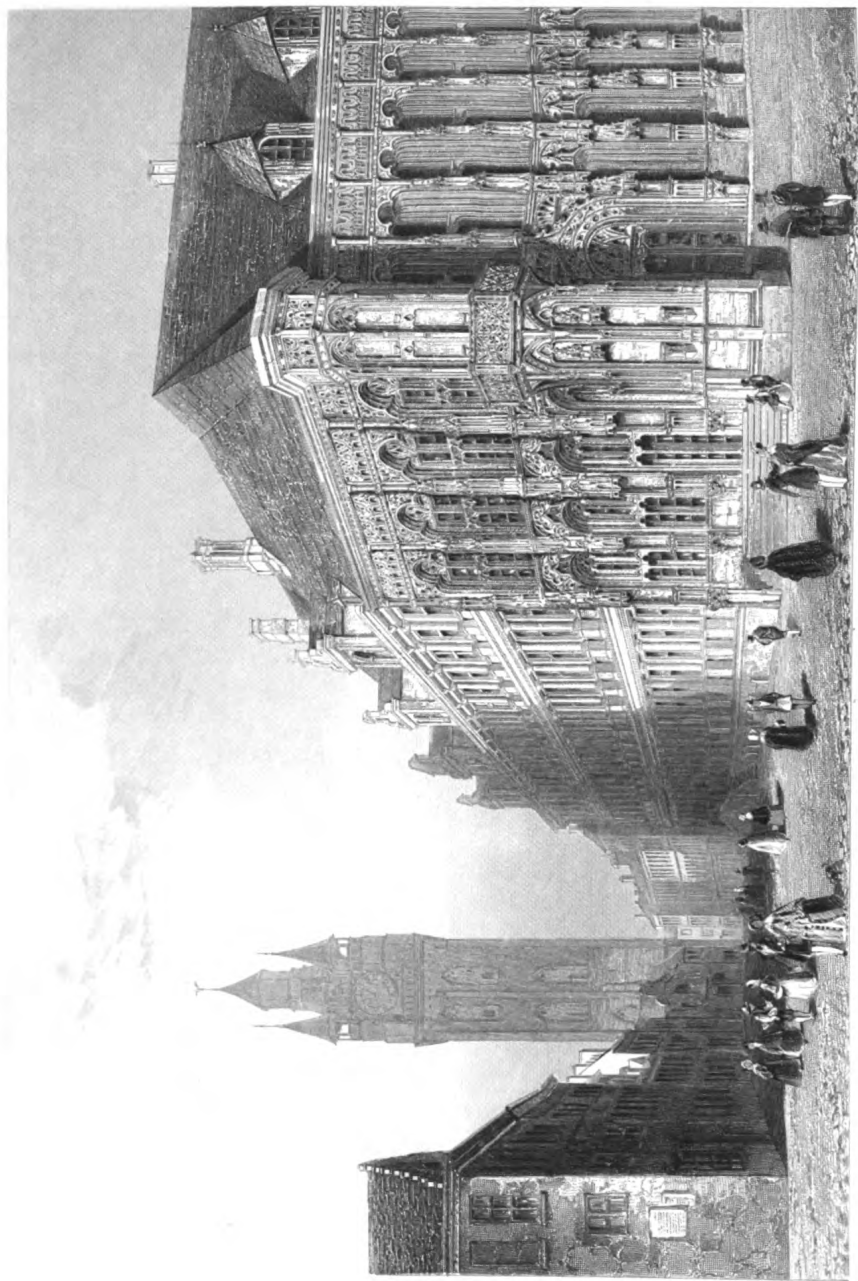
Towards evening the sisters strolled together on the terrace, their favourite walk. But the beauties of the scene before them were unheeded; each seemed absorbed by her own thoughts, when the rapid sounds of horses' feet met their ear, and soon after Captain Arthur Beverton and Charles Lisford unexpectedly advanced from the house through the garden. The sisters, who had been standing arm-in-arm, in striking contrast, although a stranger might have read their relationship in their countenances, withdrew instinctively; but their lovers begged for a few short moments of sweet converse. The arguments which they advanced remain a profound secret. Miss Rosa kept her eyes on the ground as undeviatingly as ever, but the captain seemed not so irate at this circumstance as when it occurred on his preceding visit; her words were not more eloquent than before, yet the son of Mars seemed to bear the want of conversation with cheerful philosophy. The happy pair returned to the saloon, where the good old squire sat in silent solitude, for we can hardly call the decaners society. Charles and Harriet followed, and our embryo envoy seemed to find no difficulty in bringing in a word to-night, for his companion seemed to have borrowed her sister's silent tongue.

The father willingly gave his consent; the lovers, proud of their success, confessed their stratagem, which seems to have produced a most beneficial change in the character of the sisters. Rosa's modesty is less prim, but more natural; Harriet's love of admiration more subdued; in short, they both exhibit that union of modesty and vanity which renders them most captivating to our sex, and most agreeable to their own, for they make no display of that superior excellence which women are so seldom disposed to forgive.

## THE TOWN-HALL OF GHENT.

GHENT, the capital of the Belgian province of East Flanders, (formerly of the whole province of Flanders,) is situated at the confluence of the Lys, Lieve, and More, into the Scheldt. The city is built in the form of a triangle, and divided by canals, some of them navigable, into twenty-six islands, which are united by innumerable bridges. It is about ten, other writers say fifteen, miles in circumference, of which, however, one half is occupied by gardens, bleaching-grounds, and corn-fields. Ghent contains 82,000 inhabitants, eighteen gates, thirteen squares, and fifty-five churches. Of the Cathedral of St. Bavon's, with its famous pictures by Van Eyck, we have given an account in a former number. This city is the seat of a court and chamber of commerce, a university, an Athenæum, a seminary, an academy of painting, and a conservatory of music; it likewise contains twenty-four hospitals, several orphan asylums, and a house of Beguins, which was founded in 1230. Although it has fallen from the high rank which it had attained in the fifteenth century, it can still boast of many extensive manufactories and commercial establishments. Ghent is likewise celebrated for its cultivation of flowers, which forms an important article of trade, and the exhibitions in the four hundred greenhouses of this city place it in the very first rank in the department of floriculture.

This city is of great antiquity, mention of it being made as early as the seventh century. To protect it against the counts of Flanders, the emperor, Otto the Great, constructed a citadel; (949;) but about the end of the tenth century, the counts, whose power was on the increase, expelled the Imperial Burggraves. Under their dominion the power of the city greatly augmented; in the times of Philip of Valois and Charles the Sixth of France, it was able to bring fifty thousand men into the field. The proud citizens, confiding in their numbers, often defended their civic rights, or what they conceived to be such, against their sovereigns by force of arms. In 1415, when Duke Philip of Burgundy laid a new impost upon salt, his subjects rose against him with an army of thirty thousand men, destroyed three hundred villages, and kept the field for four years, until at last they were defeated at the battle of Aalst. When Mary of Burgundy, who resided in Ghent, after the death of her father, Charles the Bold, had sent her chancellor and Imbercourt to Louis XI., to treat for peace, her rebellious subjects seized upon the two nobles on their return from France, condemned them to death for undertaking the mission, and beheaded them in presence of the princess, who in vain sued to her subjects for mercy to her counsellors. This scene is doubtless familiar to many of our readers from Mr. James's



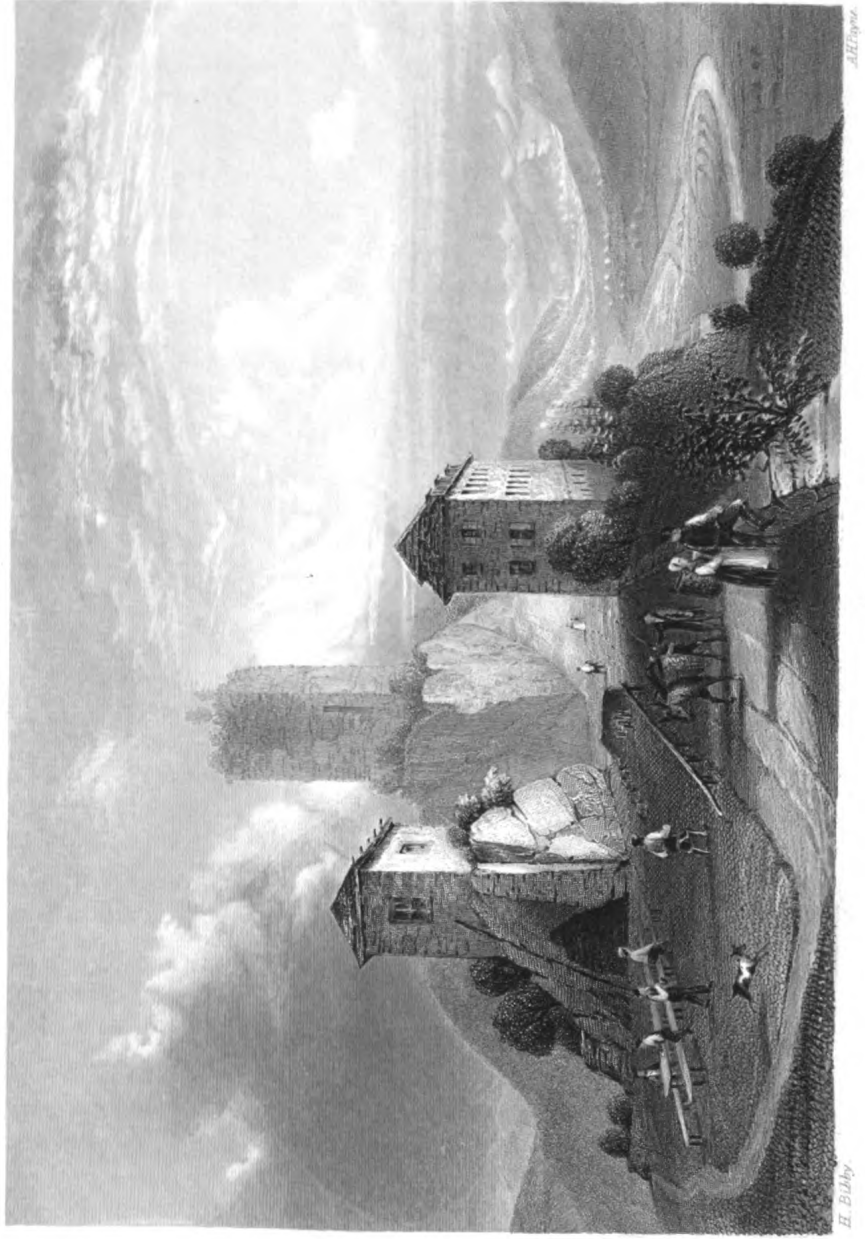
*Hôtel de Ville*  
Paris

A. Dreyer









A.H. Payne.

H. B. B. B.

Winnberg.

novel of Mary of Burgundy. In 1539 they refused to contribute to a tax levied upon the county of Flanders, alleging that it was a violation of their privileges. The governor of the Netherlands, Mary, sister of the Emperor, Charles the Fifth, imprisoned all the citizens of Ghent whom she found without the city, and vowed to retain them captives until the town should have submitted. The inhabitants established a government of their own, drove out the nobility, and threatened to proclaim the King of France their sovereign. But they paid dearly for this opposition to the imperial authority; for Charles hastened from Spain with a considerable force, soon quelled the rebellion in his native city, executed twenty of the ringleaders, banished the rest, forced the magistrates to appear with cords round their necks, and condemned the city to a fine of fifty thousand florins in gold, with which he constructed a citadel. Ghent took a very active part in throwing off the Spanish yoke; it was, however, obliged to surrender to the Duke of Parma in 1584. It was twice taken by the French in the seventeenth and once in the eighteenth century.

The Town-Hall, which we here present to the reader, is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture. Its erection is placed as far back as the ninth century. One part is still in its original state, the rest has been unfortunately modernized. In this spacious building many of the turbulent proceedings recorded above were decided.

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## H O R N B E R G.

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY calls Hornberg the most beautiful and picturesque town which he ever beheld. It is situated at the foot of the mountain-range of the Black Forest, and the new road up the sequestered valley of the Gutach enables the traveller to enjoy the fine scenery for which this district is celebrated. Near the post-house of Krum Schiltach is the water-shed of the two great rivers of central Europe; the waters of the Rhine flowing in one direction, those of the Danube in the other.

Hornberg is the capital of the district of the same name in the Circle of the Upper Rhine, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. It contains one hundred and fifty-four houses, and two hundred and fifty-seven families: the number of inhabitants is one thousand and eighty-five Protestants and eighty-two Catholics. Hornberg is mentioned as early as the year 1191, at which time it belonged to a noble family of the same name, who lived in the castle above the town. About the middle of the fourteenth century they acknowledged the supremacy of the counts of Wurtemberg, and allowed them the right of entry into the castle. When this family became extinct

Hornberg devolved to the neighbouring borough of St. Georgen, under the jurisdiction of the lords of Falkenstein, and after other changes in 1532, under that of Wurtemberg. Ulrich of Wurtemberg assumed the sovereignty, and introduced the reformation. The inhabitants of Villengen conquered Hornberg in the name of the Swabian Confederation; and in the thirty years' war the Emperor Ferdinand the Third took possession of the town, but made over the revenues of the domains to the Villengers, as an indemnity, in 1633. By the treaty which put an end to the war, the town again devolved to Wurtemberg. In 1778 Hornberg suffered greatly from an inundation of the Gutach, and in 1810 it was attached to Baden, to which state it still belongs.

The castle, which is likewise called Althornberg, or Old Hornberg, was conquered by the French in 1703, since which time it has been frequently taken and retaken. In the latter half of the eighteenth century two houses were built on the castle-hill, in which the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, a princess of the house of Wurtemberg, passed twelve years in exile. Of the castle itself only a ruined tower remains. The two houses command a most beautiful view of the surrounding scenery.

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## CHARLES THE FIRST.

THE portrait of the unfortunate prince, which we here present to the reader, is taken from the well-known picture in the Dresden Gallery. It is unnecessary to revert at length to the character of Charles. Notwithstanding the many domestic virtues, which would have enabled him to pass through life respectably in a private station, posterity has pronounced a severe judgment upon him in his public capacity as king, and few can question its justice. Even those writers who profess to be his panegyrists are obliged to admit the want of sincerity which pervaded his actions, nor could the critical events of the civil war induce him to act with perfect faith even towards those who risked their lives and fortunes in his service. Whatever were his faults he suffered severely for them; and the dignity with which he bore his misfortunes, and closed his unhappy life, under the most trying and dreadful circumstances, fill the mind of the severest reader with compassion for the fate of this wavering champion of royal prerogative.



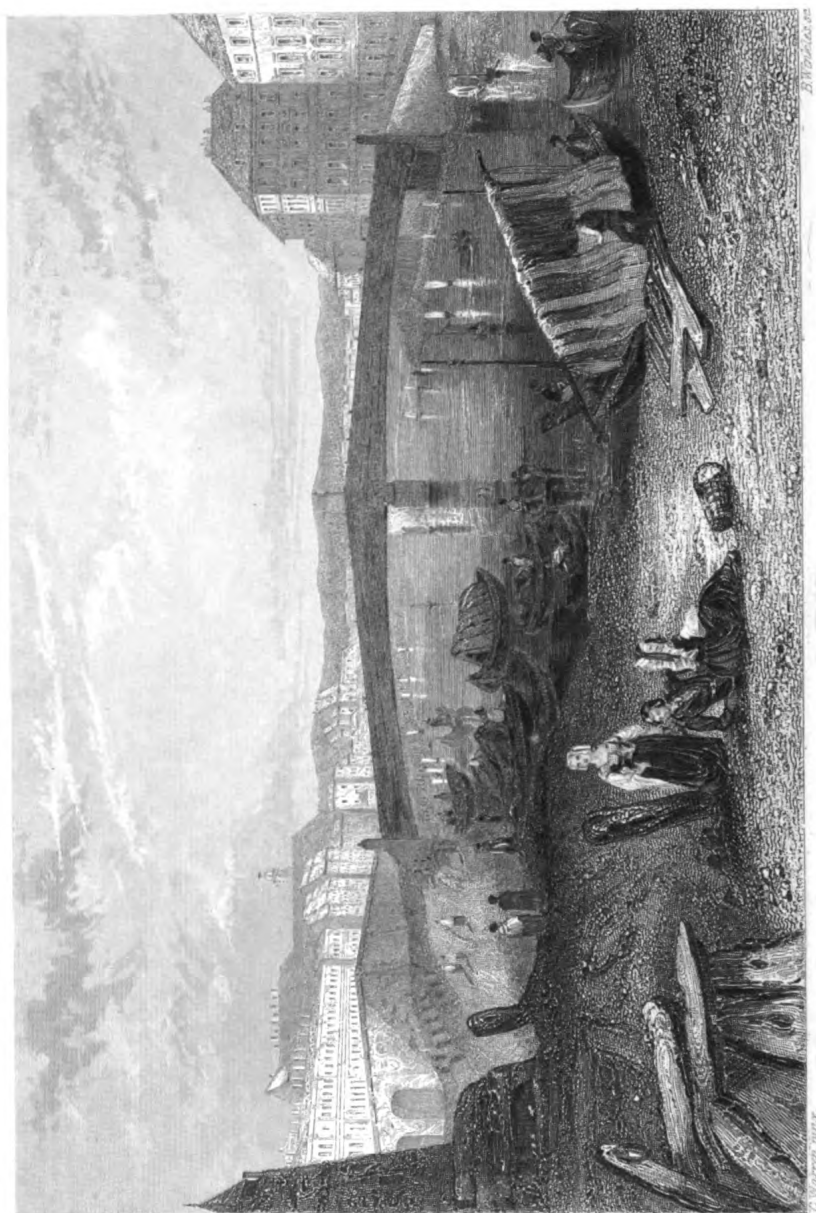
*Charles I*

*Carl I*









*Rialto Bridge.*





*Students Life in Germany.*

## FERDINAND'S BRIDGE, VIENNA.

THE "City" of Vienna, to borrow a London expression, forms but a very small part of the capital of the Austrian empire. It is, however, the focus of public business; and from it as a centre, and separated by the fortifications and the promenades which form such an agreeable feature in German cities, radiate thirty-four suburbs, in which reside by far the greater part of the population, which must now amount to nearly 400,000. The daily passing of such an immense multitude to one common point presents a curious and active scene to the stranger. Ferdinand's Bridge, here presented to our readers, is one of the chief thoroughfares; and the coffee-house at its extremity affords a comfortable lounging-place to view the busy throng, which comprises men of all countries and costumes; and the appearance of the Orientals in their national garb recalls to the mind of the traveller the period when the Turks, far different from the Mussulmen of our times, were already in possession of the suburbs, and this pleasure-loving metropolis was saved from the dominion of the crescent by the heroic Sobieski.

## STUDENT LIFE.—THE LANDESVATER.

AMONG the student-songs of Germany, the Landeshater, or "Song of Consecration," is certainly one of the most remarkable. It probably dates from the Tugendbund, when the deep feeling of indignation at the degradation and cruel spoliation of their native country, by the military extortion of Napoleon and the rapacious cupidity of his marshals, produced that universal burst of patriotism which, at length, in the great battle of Leipzig, insured the liberation of Germany. The singular ceremony of piercing the caps with a sword, at the initiation of a new member, will be sufficiently evident from the following prose translation, as the peculiar rhythm of the original almost defies an interpretation in the same measure. We have annexed the German words for the edification of the curious.

## WEIHELIED.

Alles schweige !  
Jeder neige  
Ernsten Toenen nun sein Ohr.

VOL. II.

## CONSECRATION SONG.

All be silent !  
Let each incline  
To serious tones his ear.

2 L

Hoert, ich sing' das Lied der Lieder :  
Hoert es, meine Deutschen Brueder  
Hall es wieder, froher Chor.

Deutschlands Soehne,  
Laut ertoene  
Euer Vaterlandsgesang :  
Vaterland ! Du Land des Ruhmes,  
Weih zu deines Heiligthumes  
Hueter, uns und unser Schwert.

Hab' und Leben  
Dir zu geben  
Sind wir allesammt bereit :  
Sterben gern zu jeder Stunde,  
Achten nicht des Todes Wunde,  
Wenn das Vaterland gebeut.

Wer's nicht fuehlet,  
Selbst nicht zieleet,  
Stets naeh Deutscher Maenner Werth :  
Soll nicht unsern Bund entehren,  
Nicht bei diesem Schlaeger schwören,  
Nicht entweih'n das Deutsche Schwert.

Lied der Lieder,  
Hall es wieder ;  
Gross und Deutsch sei unser Muth ;  
Seht hier den geweihten Degen,  
Thut, wie brave Burschen pflegen,  
Und durchbohrt den freien Hut.

Seht ihn blinken  
In der Linken,  
Diesen Schlaeger, nie entweiht !  
Ich durchbohr' den Hut, und schwore,  
Halten will ich stets auf Ehre,  
Stets ein braver Bursche sein.

Hear, I sing the song of songs :  
Hear it, my German brothers  
Repeat it, joyful chorus.

Germany's sons,  
Let your patriotic song  
Loud resound :  
Fatherland ! thou land of glory,  
Consecrate us and our sword  
Guardians of thy sanctuary.

Goods and life  
For thee to give  
Are we all prepared ;  
With joy at every hour to die,  
Nor think of the death-wound,  
When our fatherland commands.

Who feels it not,  
Nor always strives  
For the worth of German men,  
Shall not our league disgrace,  
Nor swear by this sword ;  
Shall not desecrate the German sword.

Song of songs,  
Sing it again ;  
Great and German be our courage ;  
See the consecrated sword,  
Do, as brave Burschen are wont,  
Pierce the free hat through.

See it shining  
In the left, (hand,)  
Never desecrate this sword !  
I pierce through the hat, and swear  
I will ever act honourably,  
Ever be a brave Bursche.

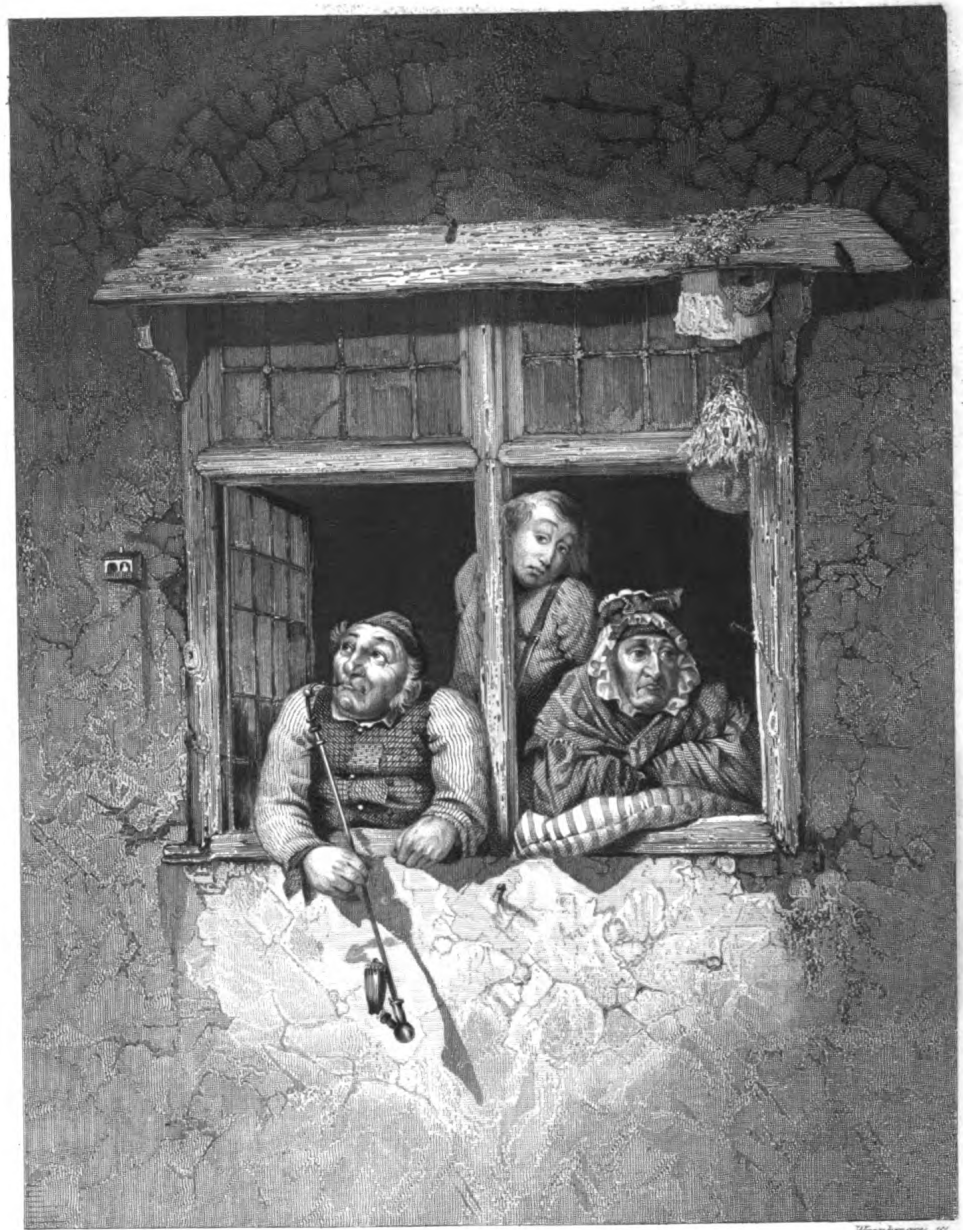
The sword is handed round in succession ; every member sings the verse solo, and at the fourth line pierces his cap : the chorus joins in, "Thou piercest through," &c. The president gives his neighbour the cup and sword—

Nimm den Becher,  
Wack'rer Zecher,  
Vaterlaend'schen Trankes voll !  
Nimm den Schlaeger in die Linke,  
Bohr' ihn durch den Hut und trinke,  
Vaterlandes Wohl.

Take the goblet,  
Brave drinker,  
Full of wine of native growth ;  
Take the sword in thy left, (hand,)  
Pierce the hat through and drink  
Success to fatherland.







Maron del.

Wankmore sc.

# *The Weather Prophet.*

LONDON, BRAINE & PAYNE, 25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

(The president sings—)

Komm, du blanker Weihe-degen,  
 Freier Maenner freie Wehr!  
 Bringt ihn festlich mir entgegen,  
 Von durchbohrten Hueten schwer.

Lasst uns festlich ihn entlasten;  
 Jeder Scheitel sei bedeckt,  
 Und dann lasst ihn unbefleckt  
 Bis zur naechsten Feier rasten.

Come, thou bright Sword of Consecration,  
 The free defence of free men;  
 Bring it joyfully to me,  
 Heavy with pierced hats.

Let us release it joyfully;  
 Let every head be covered;  
 Let it rest unspotted,  
 Till our next solemnity.

## THE WEATHER-PROPHET.

HANS WETTERKUND, of Nirgendheim,  
 May surely in my humble rhyme,  
 A passing tribute fairly claim,  
 For he was known in village fame.  
 Folks call'd him aye, the weather-prophet,  
 And very proud too he was of it.  
 He vow'd he knew each hint and sign  
 That told us when the sun would shine:  
 Man, bird, beast, insect, fish, or worm,  
 Proclaim'd to him the coming storm.  
 When bats their ev'ning flight neglected,  
 Bad weather then might be expected;  
 Or when, with flitting wing, the swallows  
 Flew low and almost touched the shallows.  
 When ducks in pools were seen to tumble,  
 Thunder would soon be heard to rumble.  
 The solitary crow in the sand  
 Declar'd that rain was near at hand;  
 And when the frogs the pool forsook,  
 And in the fields a ramble took,  
 Bad weather would be sure to ensue,  
 For well the croaking tribe he knew.  
 The insect race too,—spider, gnat,  
 Bee, fly,—he had their habits pat.

In short, if you would but believe him,  
No thing on earth could e'er deceive him.  
Thus had he liv'd and ever boasted  
His wondrous skill, though often roasted  
By envious tongues, who, murm'ring, vow'd  
He could not see the coming cloud.  
" But this was envy," Hans declar'd ;  
" Rightly the careless loons had far'd,  
" For had they heard him to an end,  
" In safety they their way might wend.  
" But scarce had he his speech begun,  
" Off would the impatient varlets run,  
" And for their haste were rightly serv'd,  
" No better treatment they deserv'd."

His speeches were so ably fram'd  
Whate'er the event, he boldly claim'd  
That he, with prophet's intuition,  
Foretold the case with due precision.  
His words, both dexterous and sinister,  
Were worthy our prime minister.

Thus at the window he would croak  
With sapient mien; his pipe would smoke  
As none but Germans can do, who  
Puff morning, noon, and evening too.

His looby boy, with heavy look,  
Would clamber up by hook or crook,  
And holding fast by wood or nail,  
His sire's wise oracles inhale.

But, ah ! what boots the weather-wise,  
That he can scan the earth and skies ?  
In vain he boasts unerring skill  
As once of yore ; 't is useless, still :  
Frau Wetterkund looks sullen down,  
Or only answers with a frown.  
She vows she does not care a pin  
For all his prophecies, they took her in.  
" Once she believed him, to her sorrow,  
" And fixed her washing for the morrow."





Island and Fort Coo-moy, Island and Fort Coo-moy  
China

A. H. Rogers del.

C. Phillips del.

Alas ! all human fame is vain,  
 And thunder, lightning, hail, and rain,  
 Belied poor Hans : too plainly now,  
 Although he sorely tried to show  
 That he was right, and that it ought  
 To be fine weather, he was caught.  
 His wife his weather-skill impeaches,  
 And ever since has worn the ——

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## QUEMOY.

QUEMOY, or Kinman, belongs to the Amoy group of islands, and first became known during the recent war with China. As we shall subsequently have occasion to refer to the physical features of these islands, and to the events of which they became the scene in the conflict of the celestial empire with the English, we shall confine ourselves on the present occasion to the former history of the chief island in its commercial connexion with Europeans.

Amoy, as it is called by European navigators, or Heaman, in the Mandarin language, (Hahmoy in the Tukian dialect,) is situated directly opposite to Formosa, and the group of the Pongou, Pescadores, or Fishermen's, islands. The convenience of anchorage which these latter afford to ships sailing through the Formosa Channel, on their way from India to Japan, rendered them valuable in the eyes of the early European navigators. The Portuguese, who for a long time carried on a commercial intercourse with Ningpo, do not seem to have visited Amoy ; but the Dutch (1620—1662) and the English, who settled early in Formosa, selected it as an emporium. After the Dutch had been driven from their fort in Formosa by the pirate Coxinga, the harbour of Amoy remained for a time accessible to the English, until this city was occupied by the Manchoo conquerors in 1681, when the English East India Company thought it more prudent, with their four Chinese trading-vessels, to join the Portuguese in Macao. In the year 1700 the three English trading-vessels were still ordered to Ningpo and Chusan, or, if they could not advance so far, to Amoy. Notwithstanding the many difficulties by which the local authorities strove to check the intercourse with the foreigners, the factories were not totally abandoned until the year 1735. In 1753 the English made new attempts to maintain or extend their commerce ; but in 1757 the emperor, by an edict, forbade



their entrance into the ports of Ningpo, Chusan, and Amoy, with the intention of concentrating the foreign trade in Canton, where it might more easily be kept under control. Since this period Lindsay and Gutzlaff were the first Europeans who, in 1832, visited the Amoy group. Great was the astonishment of the natives when the Lord Amherst made her appearance in the harbour, and in the first half-hour the civil and military mandarins arrived, and, in answer to the wish of the strangers to carry on a free trade with the Chinese merchants, declared that this was contrary to the laws of the empire. Soldiers were stationed on the shore; the mandarins took up their abode in the temple nearest the harbour, and the negotiations began with all the lengthy ceremonial of Chinese etiquette. Provisions were given to the strangers gratis; but they were not allowed to land, and requested to depart as soon as possible. The next day several war-junks were posted round the Lord Amherst; all attempts to establish a communication were rejected, and the presents to the mandarins refused. Some of the English, however, succeeded in visiting the city of Amoy, and were kindly received by the inhabitants. The merchants and people crowded round them, and were astonished and delighted when Gutzlaff addressed them in their own dialect, which he had learned when a missionary in Siam, where he had had an opportunity to converse with many emigrants from Fukien. During their six days' stay Lindsay and Gutzlaff visited the city daily; the philological talents and eloquence of the latter irritated the mandarin to such a degree that he declared him to be a native of Fukien and traitor to his country. The disgraceful ignorance of the English traders, which placed them completely at the mercy of their interpreters, had contributed not a little to the contempt in which foreigners were held by the Chinese, which was the less to be wondered at as they had, on their first appearance on these shores, behaved like barbarians and pirates.

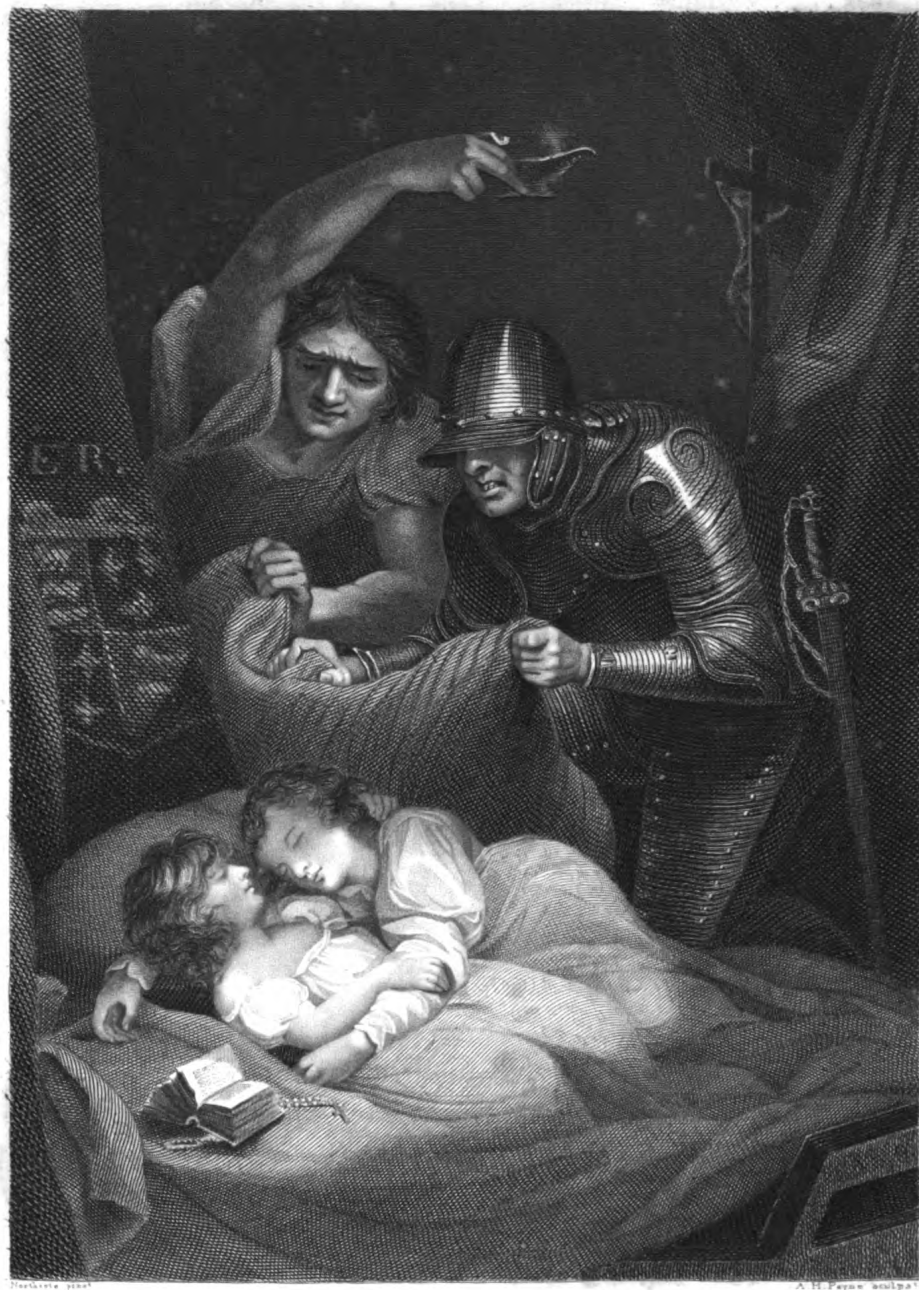
As the coast gradually assumed a more warlike appearance, and as there was no chance of transacting business, the Lord Amherst sailed on the 8th of April, 1832, to Formosa.

The next appearance of the English was more formidable, and Quemoy underwent the fate of its neighbours, and submitted to the barbarians.

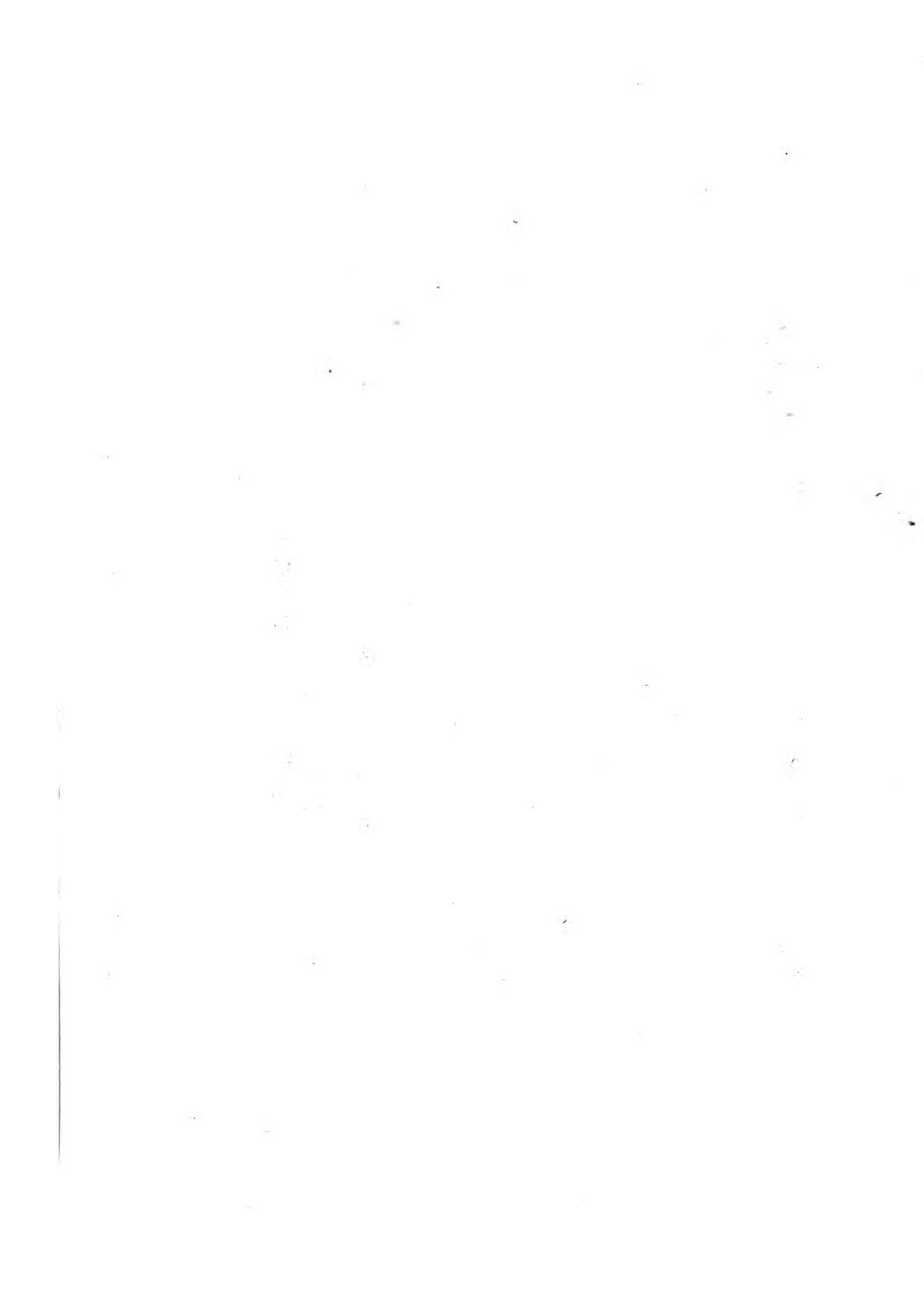
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## MURDER OF THE TWO PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

TYRREL.—The tyrannous and bloody act is done;  
The most arch deed of piteous massacre



*The Murder of the Princes in the Tower.*







*Gipsy Anglers.*

That ever yet this land was guilty of.  
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn  
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,  
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,  
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,  
 Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.  
 "O thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—  
 "Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another  
 "Within their alabaster innocent arms :  
 "Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,  
 "Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.  
 "A book of prayers on their pillow lay,  
 "Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind ;  
 "But, O, the devil"—there the villain stopp'd ;  
 When Dighton thus told on :—"We smother'd  
 "The most replenished sweet work of nature,  
 "That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."  
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse ;  
 They could not speak ; and so I left them both,  
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

KING RICHARD III., *Act iv., Scene 3.*

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## THE GIPSY ANGLERS.

How still the scene around ! No rippling wave  
 Disturbs the surface of the glassy pool.  
 The youthful comrades of the roving tribe  
 Confess the soothing influence of eve,  
 And speechless sit upon the rocky bank,—  
 He, with an angler's patience, all intent  
 Upon his finny prey, the maiden but too glad  
 To share her brother's pastime, whom she lov'd  
 More dearly that she had none else to love.  
 A touching spectacle ! Of goodly form  
 And bold of eye, with graceful motion, such



As well becomes those who have ever breath'd  
The pure and unpolluted air of heav'n,  
Nor pined, restrain'd, in hot and crowded rooms,  
The youthful pair, alone in the wide world,  
Present a pleasing picture.

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### THE GIPSY-GIRL.

A sunburnt swarthy race !  
From Nubian realms their tawny line they bring,  
And their brown chieftain vaunts the name of king.  
With loitering steps from town to town they pass,  
Their lazy dames rock'd on the pannier'd ass ;  
From pilfer'd roots, or nauseous carrion fed ;  
By hedgerows green they strew their leafy bed,  
While scarce the cloak of tawdry red conceals  
The fine-turn'd limbs which every breeze reveals.  
Their bright black eyes through silken lashes shine ;  
Around their necks the raven tresses twine ;  
But chilling damp and dews of night impair  
Its soft sleek gloss, and tan the bosom bare.  
Adroit the lines of palmistry to trace,  
Or read the maiden's wishes in her face,  
Her hoarded silver store they charm away,  
A pleasing debt, for promis'd wealth to pay.—LEYDEN.

END OF VOL. II.



L. Hicks del.

A. H. Payne sc.

*The Gypsy      Die Zigeunerin.*













